UC-NRLF
$B 297 148

Young Folks History

# THE CIVIL WAR

by

C. EMMA CHENEY

BERKELEY
LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

EDUCATION LIBR.

Mrs E Irving

Mrs Ellen Irving

*Frontispiece.*

GENERAL SHERIDAN AT FIVE FORKS.

# YOUNG FOLKS'

# HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY

MRS. C. EMMA CHENEY.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED.

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

SHAKESPEARE.

JOHN S. PRELL
Civil & Mechanical Engineer.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY ESTES AND LAURIAT,
301–305 WASHINGTON STREET.
1884.

*Copyright, 1883,*
BY ESTES AND LAURIAT.

Education

Franklin Press:
RAND, AVERY, AND COMPANY,
BOSTON.

GIFT

E468
C5
Educ.
Library

TO MY NEPHEW

CHARLIE CHENEY HYDE,

*FOR WHOSE SAKE ALL BOYS ARE DEAR,*

IN THE HOPE THAT HE MAY SO LOVE HIS COUNTRY AS TO LIVE ACCORDING TO ITS LAWS, AND, IF NEED BE, TO TAKE UP ARMS IN ITS DEFENCE,

This Book is affectionately inscribed

BY

AUNT EMMA.

# PREFACE.

IN writing this little book, it has been the aim of the author to tell the story of the late civil war so simply, that it might interest a class of youthful readers not hitherto reached. For this reason, and in order to present a clearer picture of the events narrated, it has been found necessary to describe many battles in definite outline merely, omitting thus, with however much regret, the mention of many names which would have adorned the page on which they were written. All the statements, however, which have been here made, have been carefully and even repeatedly verified; and in consulting authorities the accounts given by the earlier have been compared with those given by the more recent writers on their stirring theme.

The author has great pleasure in acknowledging here her obligations to the several friends whose kindness has greatly aided her in her self-imposed task, — a task the greater in the responsibility it involves, for that, even after the lapse of twenty years, there are yet living so many personal witnesses who bear with an honorable pride the scars of the conflict in which they shared.

While it is not possible in these brief lines to mention the names of all whose memories of the war have thus rendered her aid, the author desires to acknowledge in particular her obligations to Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan, who with great kindness placed at her disposal several private papers relating to his personal services in the war. To General William T. Sherman and to Major-General O. O. Howard also, she is indebted for transcribing incidents for her use in this connection. The Honorable John A. Logan generously placed important documents at her disposal; and General William E. Strong, with the same kind purpose in view, gave her permission to make extracts from a superb manuscript volume written by himself for the sake of his son, containing the rich harvest of his army experiences. Mr. Horatio L. Wait, in many ways which it is scarcely possible to recount, both aided and encouraged her in her work.

Special mention should also be made of the permission, freely accorded her, to make use of Mr. L. C. Earle's faithful and spirited portrait of General Sheridan at the battle of Five Forks, an accurate copy of which the liberality of her publishers has enabled her to present to her readers.

To Mr. William F. Poole, of the Chicago Public Library, it is pleasant to extend special thanks for the unfailing courtesy with which he granted the requests made for favors in the use of valuable historical records.

C. E. C.

# CONTENTS.


| CHAPTER | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| I. | THE REASON WHY | 1 |
| II. | A FAMILY QUARREL | 18 |
| III. | A SPARK IN A POWDER-MAGAZINE | 33 |
| IV. | A CALL FOR HELP | 47 |
| V. | THE NATION'S ANSWER | 63 |
| VI. | CLOUDS | 78 |
| VII. | A BLACK MONDAY | 91 |
| VIII. | WESTERN WARRIORS | 108 |
| IX. | ODDS AND ENDS | 124 |
| X. | OLD MEN FOR COUNCIL, YOUNG MEN FOR WAR | 138 |
| XI. | ON THE SEA | 154 |
| XII. | "TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE" | 170 |
| XIII. | "WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY" | 187 |
| XIV. | TWO SURPRISES | 199 |
| XV. | HERE A LITTLE, AND THERE A LITTLE | 214 |
| XVI. | "ON TO RICHMOND!" | 226 |
| XVII. | A STORY OF DISAPPOINTMENT | 242 |
| XVIII. | "FAINT, YET PURSUING" | 257 |
| XIX. | A NEW COMMANDER | 271 |
| XX. | BROKEN CHAINS | 294 |
| XXI. | THE STUFF THAT HEROES ARE MADE OF | 309 |
| XXII. | CRUMBS PICKED UP | 329 |
| XXIII. | DEFEAT AND VICTORY | 341 |
| XXIV. | VICKSBURG | 364 |

CHAPTER PAGE

XXV.—On Many Waters . . . . . 384
XXVI.—Steps that Count . . . . . 396
XXVII.—In Divers and Sundry Places . . . . 411
XXVIII.—A Pull All Together . . . . . 424
XXIX.—Deeds, not Words . . . . . 438
XXX.—"If One wishes a Thing done well, let Him do It Himself" . . . . . 451
XXXI.—Marching through Georgia . . . . . 462
XXXII.—They that go down to the Sea in Ships . 475
XXXIII.—A Peep Inside . . . . . 490
XXXIV.—The Beginning of the End . . . . 502
XXXV.—At Close Quarters . . . . . 516
XXXVI.—The End . . . . . 530

# ILLUSTRATIONS.


| | Page |
|---|---|
| General Sheridan at Five Forks | *Frontispiece* |
| Sailing from England | 2 |
| The Nation's Ward | 3 |
| Mr. Garrison in the Hands of the Mob | 7 |
| Harper's Ferry | 11 |
| The Slave | 15 |
| President Lincoln | 19 |
| Interior of Fort Sumter | 23 |
| Fort Sumter | 27 |
| Refreshments for Volunteers | 29 |
| Lincoln as a Rail-Splitter | 35 |
| A Volunteer Drum-Corps | 37 |
| Steam-Frigate | 42 |
| Planting the Flag on the Ramparts | 43 |
| General Scott | 48 |
| The First Subscription | 49 |
| Through Baltimore | 53 |
| Capitol at Washington | 59 |
| Spirit of the North | 64 |
| Aid Society | 65 |
| Ellsworth and his Zouaves | 67 |
| Negroes coming into the Lines | 73 |
| St. Louis | 81 |
| Battle of Boonville | 85 |

PAGE

THE OLD FLAG . . . . . 93
BULL RUN . . . . . 99
IN HOSPITAL . . . . . 103
CHILDREN'S FAIR . . . . . 107
ARSENAL, ST. LOUIS . . . . . 109
GENERAL LYON LEADING THE CHARGE . . . . . 111
FRÉMONT'S HOUSE IN ST. LOUIS . . . . . 115
COLONEL MULLIGAN'S CHARGE . . . . . 117
NEW BOOTS FOR OLD . . . . . 125
EAST TENNESSEE REFUGEES . . . . . 127
SOLDIERS IN CAMP . . . . . 131
ARTILLERY SKIRMISH . . . . . 137
MCCLELLAN WITH HIS TROOPS . . . . . 141
BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF . . . . . 147
VOLUNTEER HOSPITAL . . . . . 149
HAULING COTTON . . . . . 155
INTERIOR OF FORT HATTERAS . . . . . 159
JAMES A. GARFIELD . . . . . 171
GUNBOATS IN LINE . . . . . 175
FIELD HOSPITAL . . . . . 182
BUSY FINGERS . . . . . 185
AT THE GUNS . . . . . 188
PASSING ISLAND NUMBER TEN . . . . . 191
OLD ABE . . . . . 195
GENERAL GRANT . . . . . 201
PASSING THE BATTERIES . . . . . 205
PITTSBURG LANDING . . . . . 209
ADMIRAL GOLDSBOROUGH'S FLEET . . . . . 217
GENERAL B. F. BUTLER . . . . . 221
SHIP MERRIMAC BEFORE BEING CUT DOWN . . . . . 231
INTERIOR OF A TURRET . . . . . 235
FIGHT OF MERRIMAC AND MONITOR . . . . . 239
GENERAL MCCLELLAN IN THE BATTLE . . . . . 245

PAGE

McClellan at Williamsburg . . . . . 249
A Double-Turret Ironclad . . . . . 254
The Wounded Boy . . . . . 259
Telegraphy . . . . . 260
Military Ballooning . . . . . 273
Battery at Chancellorsville . . . . . 279
Aid Society Store-Room . . . . . 283
Barbara Freitchie . . . . . 287
Cutting off Jackson . . . . . 291
Battle of Antietam . . . . . 299
Antietam Battle-Ground . . . . . 303
Column in Marching Order . . . . . 311
Hunted with Bloodhounds . . . . . 315
Farragut's Favorite Place in an Engagement . . 319
Night March of Cavalry . . . . . 325
"Keep out of the Draft" . . . . . 332
The Draft . . . . . 339
Fredericksburg . . . . . 342
Slaves fleeing to the Army for Protection . . . 347
One Young Lady waved her Handkerchief as they passed . . . . . 353
The Color-Bearer . . . . . 355
"With a Hurrah, they rush on" . . . . . 359
General Sherman . . . . . 365
A Mississippi Schoolhouse . . . . . 369
Planting the Flag at Vicksburg . . . . . 377
Naval Engagement . . . . . 389
Old-Style Fortress . . . . . 397
Johnny Clem . . . . . 405
Sherman and his Army . . . . . 413
Death of Morgan . . . . . 421
General Grant . . . . . 425
Wilderness . . . . . 429

PAGE

SPOTTSYLVANIA . . . . . 432
NORTH ANNA . . . . . 435
PETERSBURG, JULY 17, 1864 . . . . . 436
ARMY-CORPS CHAPEL NEAR PETERSBURG . . . . . 439
RUINS OF CHAMBERSBURG . . . . . 445
GENERAL SHERIDAN IN THE VALLEY . . . . . 449
PATRIOT ORPHAN HOME . . . . . 452
DEATH OF MCPHERSON . . . . . 457
CHRISTIAN COMMISSION . . . . . 463
A BUMMER . . . . . 467
SHERMAN'S BUMMERS . . . . . 471
WINSLOW AND THE KEARSARGE . . . . . 477
FARRAGUT IN THE SHROUDS . . . . . 483
THE MAGIC-LANTERN IN THE HOSPITAL . . . . . 487
GUNBOAT SUBSCRIPTION IN AID OF THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION . . . . . 493
IN THE FIELD . . . . . 499
"HURRY UP, GENERAL!" . . . . . 507
SINGING "JOHN BROWN" IN CHARLESTON . . . . . 511
SHERIDAN'S CHARGE . . . . . 517
SURRENDER OF LEE . . . . . 523
LEE'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY . . . . . 527
LINCOLN ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE . . . . . 531
ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN . . . . . 535
THE LINCOLN MONUMENT . . . . . 541

# YOUNG FOLKS'
# HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE REASON WHY.

IT was slavery that made all the trouble. Now that it exists no longer, we remember it only as a bad dream from which we are thankful to awaken.

The day is long past in which men and women, and even little children, were bought and sold for money in our own free country; for it is indeed true that the laws of our land once permitted negroes to be treated as dumb animals might have been before there was a humane society to protect them. They had no rights, and their wrongs were many. Faithful labor for a lifetime brought them no wages. No choice of masters was possible. The question whether they should suffer hardships, or enjoy comforts, depended wholly upon the sort of men who owned them. Some masters were kind, and looked after their people; but by far the greater number left the care of their slaves to overseers whose tender mercies were cruel.

But the colored race is easy-going and cheerful by nature, taking life patiently, and waiting hopefully for the "good time coming" by and by. So these poor people dried their tears, and sang and prayed and danced; and their masters called them happy children, content with their lot. A true

story of those times, picturing to your minds the wealth and luxury and sin on the one hand, and the sorrow and misery on the other, would be as hard to believe as any of the "Tales of the Arabian Nights."

The Pilgrim Fathers settled at Plymouth more than two hundred years ago. At that time a shipload of negroes had already been sent by an English slave-trading company to Virginia, landing at Old Point Comfort.

Vessels from England, Spain, or Portugal, sailed over to the coast of Africa to steal the poor blacks who lived there; or, buying them with a few beads or a little money, they were brought to this country, and sold as slaves. Of course, weeks were consumed in this terrible voyage; and often one-fifth of the cargo died on the way, from heat and hunger, and lack of pure air to breathe.

SAILING FROM ENGLAND.

You will be surprised to hear that the English nation was not ashamed of this business. In the year 1713 Queen Anne of England took one-quarter of the stock in a company of this kind; that is, she gave one-fourth of the money to fit out the expedition and to buy the slaves, expecting to get one-quarter of the profit. Shiploads of these poor creatures were brought to this country every year. As early as the Revolutionary War, three hundred thousand negroes had arrived, and there was not one of the thirteen States that did not hold slaves. Even the children of the Pilgrims owned Indians, and afterwards negroes.

The Nation's Ward

Still, men who had fought so many hard battles to secure freedom to themselves were not quite comfortable at the thought of enslaving others. In the convention which prepared the Constitution for the new nation, much dissatisfaction was manifested with such a state of things; and, had not South Carolina and Georgia resisted so firmly, there is little doubt that the slave-trade would have been forbidden at that time. This would have been an easy matter then; but it was put off for "twenty years," to save trouble, when, alas! it was too late.

Nobody pretended then that slavery was not wrong, but it was very profitable. Years after, John C. Calhoun, a South-Carolinian, dared to stand up in Congress, and defend it, upon the ground that the slave himself was benefited. The South believed this doctrine already, and did not need to be persuaded. So you can easily see that the custom of slavery was an inheritance; that is, handed down from father to son, for many, many years. Indeed, it was such an old habit, that few gave it a thought. If, however, it troubled the conscience of anybody to own slaves, he felt sorry for it in a lazy sort of way, and comforted himself with the thought, "It cannot be helped now," never trying to get rid of the sin.

North of a certain limit, usually called "Mason and Dixon's line," slavery was prohibited by a law passed in 1820. This line ran across the country east and west, from the Atlantic coast to Mexico, and was so called after the men who surveyed it. "This line runs on the parallel of 39° 43′ 26″, and divides Pennsylvania from Maryland." I should like to think that all who read this story will trace this division on the map.

The States lying north of this boundary were called free States, because a slave who might happen to cross it became a free man so long as he remained beyond it. Masters did not often take the risk of bringing their slaves to the North,

unless they were very sure that their negroes had no good reason for wishing to be free.

But LIBERTY is a sweet word. It sounded so pleasant to the ears of the colored people when they heard it, that they began to think about it, and afterwards to speak of it too. It meant a great deal of which they had never dared to dream. It meant the right to read and write. It meant the right to earn one's own bread, and to eat it honestly. It meant the right to live with one's own wife and children, without the fear of being separated by the dreaded "trader."

Yet there seemed but one way to get the thing the poor slave wished for so constantly. That was to run away from his master to the free country which lay so near.

At last the loss of slave property in this way became very common, and the South grew alarmed. So a Virginian named Mason succeeded in getting Congress to pass a law which gave to the master a right to seize a runaway slave wherever he might be found. "All good citizens," so the law read, "were commanded to aid and assist" in the search and capture. This was the famous "Fugitive Slave Law," and it made a great stir. It was very natural that Northern people should not take kindly to slave-hunting; and especially did this law vex the people of Boston.

Indeed, the New-England States were so much opposed to the institution or plan of slavery, that they wished to abolish it, or to get rid of it altogether. Those who felt in this way were called "abolitionists." In Boston a newspaper which was devoted to this cause was edited by William Lloyd Garrison. In Philadelphia a society called the "American Antislavery Society" was formed, whose purpose was to destroy the system.

This association sent books and pamphlets all over the country, declaring that slavery was a sin, and which were intended to set men to thinking upon the subject.

MR. GARRISON IN THE HANDS OF THE MOB.

Well, after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, there was a great deal of trouble about catching the negroes who escaped over the line. Many refused to assist the owners, and helped the slaves to get away; while the fugitives were sometimes treated in a very cruel manner both by citizens and by officers of the law. So, after that, the runaways always tried to get over the border of the United States into Canada. The reason was plain. Canada belongs to Great Britain: therefore our laws do not hold good there. And certainly it only seemed fair that the race which Queen Anne helped to sell into bondage so many years before should find protection and freedom under Queen Victoria's happier reign.

The Northern people grew every day more indignant as time went on. Speeches were made, books were written, even novels were founded, upon the wrongs of the colored race. Newspapers were filled with the dreadful things which were done in the name of the law in order to capture these poor creatures.

At last, nearly ten years after the Fugitive Slave Law was made, the first blow for the freedom of the negroes was struck, honestly, but most unwisely. It startled the nation, and echoed throughout the world.

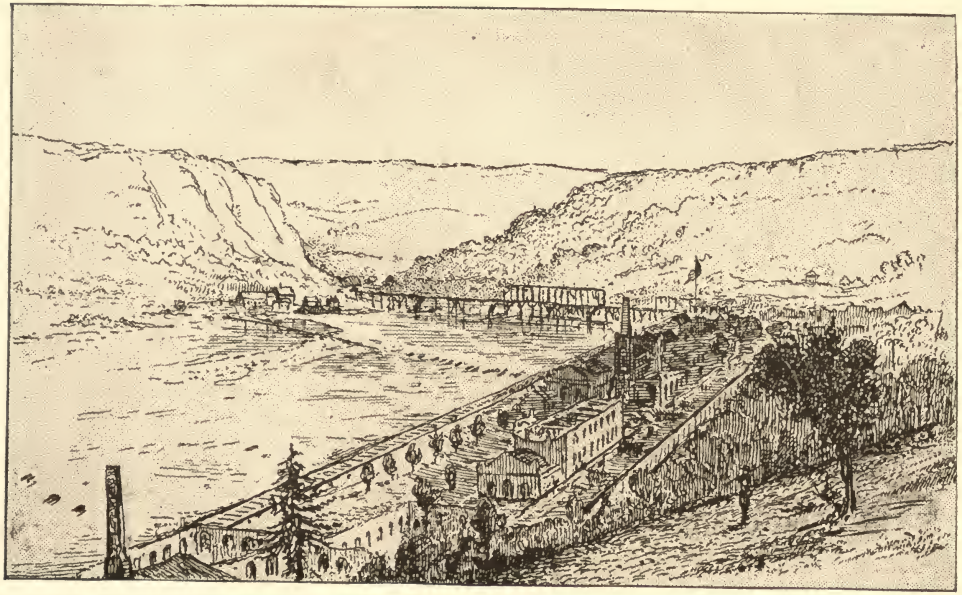
You have all sung about John Brown, whose "body lies a-mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on." Did you know that he was a real man, who gave his life to free the colored people? He was a hero and a Christian. Led on by the one thought which had ruled his life for many years, John Brown determined to secure the freedom of the blacks at any risk, trusting to God and his own strong right arm for the means.

When Kansas was in great danger of being made a slave State, he had gone there, taking with him his four sons, to help to make it free. Many a brave battle did these stout-

hearted men fight for the cause of liberty, and many a poor slave did they send to Canada at the risk of their own lives. You will, perhaps, wonder how the Territory of Kansas should be such a "bone of contention." There was a law providing that the Territories should decide the matter of slavery for themselves. Of course that question could only be settled by vote. It was the wish of all free-State men, that Kansas should be settled by so large a majority of those who disapproved of slavery, that, when it was admitted to the Union, it should be free. The struggle was long and desperate. Steadily, however, Kansas was filled up with Northern men, and at length it was admitted to the Union as a free State. But John Brown's share in this victory had been dearly bought, — in the loss of two of his sons, and the burning of his home. When he was no longer needed in Kansas, he went to Harper's Ferry in Virginia, where he was joined by his sons and a few other "madmen," as people said; for everybody thought him crazy. This was in the autumn of 1859.

For several months they lived quietly on a farm which they had rented. It is said that "no meal was eaten on the farm, while Old Brown was there, until a blessing had been asked upon it." There is little doubt that he was conscientious, for he had an inborn hatred of slavery. He believed himself doing God's work.

Harper's Ferry is a small village in a deep gorge of the Blue Ridge Mountains. It lies where the Potomac and the Shenandoah Rivers meet. Here was an arsenal belonging to the government, and a national armory, where stores of cannon and muskets were kept, as well as powder and shot, which we call "ammunition." Many of the villagers were employed at the armory, or in the shops belonging to it. Brown chose this for his point of attack, no doubt on account of the vast quantity of arms stored at Harper's Ferry.



HARPER'S FERRY.

But only think! John Brown's whole army was made up of seventeen white men and five or six negroes. With these he opened the war in the hope that he would soon be joined by others. Like a gallant knight, with a brave heart and a handful of followers, John Brown set out to right a great wrong.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railway crosses the Potomac at Harper's Ferry. The raiders began by tearing up the railroad track, and afterwards cutting the telegraph wires. Time could be gained in this way, for you know how fast news flies nowadays. Quietly the street-lamps were put out. At ten o'clock most of the inhabitants were asleep.

It was easy enough to seize the three men who guarded the armory, and lock them up in the guard-room. All this was done before midnight.

"'Twas the sixteenth of October, on the evening of a Sunday;
'This good work,' declared the captain 'shall be on a holy night.'
It was on a Sunday evening, and before the noon of Monday,
With two sons, and Captain Stephens, fifteen privates, — black and white,
Captain Brown,
Ossawattomie Brown,
Marched across the bridged Potomac, and knocked the sentry down."

In the mean time, Brown and his men visited the houses of several gentlemen in the neighborhood, freeing their slaves, and making the masters prisoners. Brown's men guarded the streets and bridges; and by eight o'clock the next morning the town was completely in his power, while he had taken fifty or sixty prisoners. By and by, however, the news spread far and wide throughout the South. When noon came, several companies of State militia had arrived, and the little band was completely surrounded, though not taken. Shots were fired on both sides. All night the

raiders held their ground, although before dark, Watson, one of Brown's sons, was killed.

The valley was now too well guarded to permit the escape of Brown and his men. During the night another son was killed. Now they were prisoners, having taken refuge in the engine-house. On Tuesday morning a parley, or talk, was held: then, finding that Brown would not yield, the Virginians seized a ladder, with which they rushed upon the door of the engine-house, and all was over.

Brown was struck in the face by a sabre, and he received several other wounds.

Thus this poor, mistaken old man, as brave as a lion, yet as noble as a king, bleeding, but calm, was led out a prisoner. On that sad night Brown said to a gentleman who questioned him, that he was glad his sons were dead, because they were slain in a good cause.

Of course he was tried for treason, and condemned to die. This was done according to law; for treason is making war upon the State, and the penalty is death. Brown was sentenced to be hanged, but he was kept in prison for a long time. Some of his friends wished him to say that he was not in his right mind, and therefore he did not know what he was doing. He scorned to do such a thing. He died on the scaffold, on the 2d of December, 1859, gladly laying down his life for the cause he so dearly loved.

On the morning of his death Brown left the jail with a firm step and a bright face. As he passed a colored woman with a little child in her arms, he kissed the infant. Another negro woman who stood near said earnestly, "God bless you, old man! I wish I could help you, but I can't." For the first time tears filled the old man's eyes. He felt that the colored people knew him to be their friend, and he was satisfied.

THE SLAVE.

So John Brown — so humble, so bold, so tender, and so brave — really began the civil, or home war; because, after this, things never settled down to their former state. Much bitter feeling had been aroused which could not be smothered.

## CHAPTER II.

### A FAMILY QUARREL.

IN the autumn of 1860 there were thirty-four sister States in the Union.

Once in four years, as you know, a President is chosen by them to manage the affairs of this great family, as well as to protect its rights.

The vote of all these States had been taken this year, as usual; but, when Abraham Lincoln received the election to that office, the clamor which followed was any thing but sisterly. No sooner was the news sent over the telegraph-wires than South Carolina, always a little hot-tempered and wilful, flew into a rage. Every free State, excepting New Jersey, had given her voice for Mr. Lincoln; and even she gave him more than half her votes.

For a great many years, almost all the years of the Republic, the Southern States had exercised a powerful influence in the government. Now, for the first time, the Northern States claimed the right to express an opinion; and South Carolina, for one, would not admit it, and so she declared herself out of the Union.

The reason for this unhappy difference of opinion was very plain. The South wished, not only to hold slaves, which nobody expected to hinder, but, as we have already seen, she wished to extend the system of slavery to other States and Territories.

Mr. Lincoln earnestly opposed the idea of making new

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

slave States, and he had not hesitated to say so. Indeed, when he was nominated, or chosen, for the Republican candidate for President, that opinion was one of the planks of the "platform," as politicians say, upon which he stood.

South Carolina received the news of the election on the 7th of November. Instead of mourning over the defeat of her own candidate, she broke forth into shouts of rejoicing; for it gave her an excuse to do what she had long desired.

Like a naughty child, that "won't play" unless it can always have its own way, she took immediate steps to secede from the Union, and thus to become an independent State, flatly refusing to accept the decision of the polls. Charleston instantly presented a scene of the wildest excitement. Bells were rung; speeches were made; and bonfires glowed: even women paraded the streets, wearing secession colors and badges. Urged on by the governor, himself a hearty secessionist, preparations were set on foot to withdraw without delay.

A State Convention was called, to meet at Columbia, the capital, on the 17th of December, but, owing to a prevailing sickness there, it was changed to Charleston. Here was passed, in secret session, a formal Order of Secession. When it was afterward made known to the people, it was welcomed with every sign of joy. One who was present at that convention said, "This is a matter which has been gathering head for thirty years."

And, as if it were not bad enough for South Carolina to behave in this manner, she sent urgent invitations to all her Southern sisters to join her. Somebody has aptly put in rhyme the feeling of the North at this time in regard to its wayward sister: —

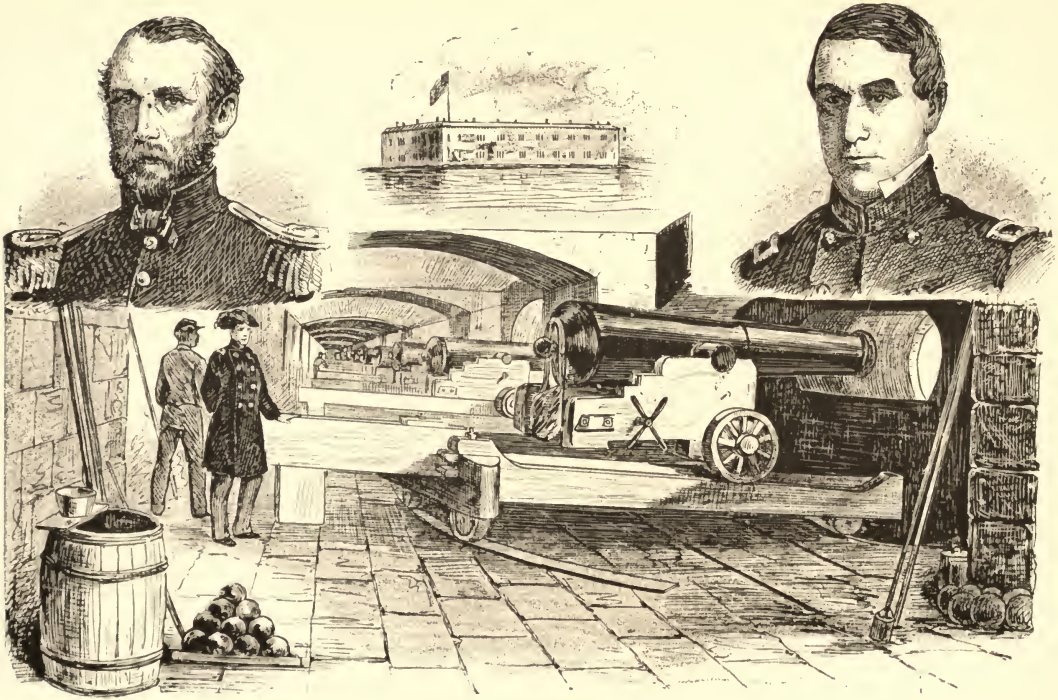
"O Carolina! sister, pray come back;
Scorn not our flag, nor nightly talk of wars,
Lest Uncle Sam, once fairly on your track,
Should make you feel the stripes, and see the stars."

The new year was only a month old when six other States had followed her bad example. Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas had also declared themselves free from the laws and government of the United States. Delegates were chosen from all these States to hold another convention in Montgomery, Ala., where, upon the 8th of February, 1861, a new government was formed, much after the pattern of the old one, but which protected the growth of slavery, and which was named "The Confederate States of America." The word confederate means banded together.

The next day Jefferson Davis was made President of this new Republic, and Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President. We must, however, do Mr. Stephens the justice to say that he strongly opposed secession at first; but when Georgia, his own beloved State of Georgia, withdrew from the Union, he could no longer hold out. And when the time came, he readily took the oath of his new office. Mr. Davis, in the first speech which he made after his election, urged the South to get ready for war, whether it should be necessary or not.

At this time a "Peace Conference" was held in Washington, in the hope of settling the difficulty in some way. Indeed, Congress had done very little all winter beside trying to patch up the quarrel between the North and the South, and yet had accomplished nothing.

James Buchanan was President of the United States when these things occurred. Although he did not check the discontented sisters, he was not by any means a traitor. He was loyal to his country; but naturally a timid man, and afraid of offending both North and South, he trusted too much to the advice and opinions of those around him. We call the chief advisers of the President his Cabinet, and each of the men of whom it is made up has a special kind of



INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER.

duty to perform. The men at the head of the various branches of the national affairs during Mr. Buchanan's presidency were nearly all slaveholders, who naturally desired to assist their Southern friends in their plans.

John B. Floyd was Secretary of War, whose business it was to keep the national troops, forts, and arsenals always ready for the defence of the Union. Instead of that, Mr. Floyd warmly sympathized with the South; for he was himself a Virginian slaveholder. As discontent grew bolder, and the South began to whisper about war, he secretly sent large quantities of arms and ammunition from the North to Southern forts and arsenals, and placed Southern men in charge of every thing. There is also an ugly story, that, for the purpose of assisting the seceding States, he was party to the misappropriation of a large amount of money belonging to the government.

Mr. Howell Cobb was Secretary of the Treasury, or keeper of the national money-box. He was a slaveholder from Georgia: so you can easily guess that the mints, custom-houses, and post-offices south of "Mason and Dixon's line," were popped into the pocket of the Confederate States, without a word of complaint from Mr. Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. Toucey was Secretary of the Navy; and, though a native of Connecticut, he was not much more loyal to the Union than the rest. He allowed the largest and best ships of our very small navy to be left in Southern waters, or to be sent so far away, that it would be impossible to use them if a sudden need occurred. He also allowed many officers of the navy to resign in order that they might be free to take up arms against the government. Mr. Toucey was publicly censured by the House of Representatives for this conduct.

Mr. Buchanan was entreated by the friends of the Union to send supplies and re-enforcements to Fort Moultrie in

Charleston harbor, and to Fort Pickens in Florida. The garrisons in these forts were especially threatened, and the necessity was urgent.

But the President hesitated, and listened to the members of his cabinet, nearly all of whom advised him to delay, for fear of provoking the South. And he was glad of any excuse to put off the trouble that was sure to come.

Floyd, Cobb, and Thompson (Secretary of the Interior, from Mississippi), all rebels at heart, argued and threatened and pleaded for more time, or pictured the danger of sending help just then to Charleston.

On the other hand, General Lewis Cass, Secretary of State, implored the President not to delay one hour. The poor old man was nearly driven mad with such contradictory counsel.

At length Mr. Buchanan told General Cass plainly that he would send no help to Charleston harbor, and Secretary Cass without delay gave up his position in the Cabinet. Mr. Cobb had resigned a few days before this, and returned to Georgia to assist in the work of secession at home. He was afterward made an officer in the Confederate army.

While these things were taking place in Washington, Major Robert Anderson, with a very small garrison, held Fort Moultrie in Charleston harbor. It was really of little use as a fort for their protection, should occasion for defence arise.

Well persuaded that a storm was brewing which would burst in fury before long, Major Anderson made up his mind to change his quarters without waiting for orders. Therefore, on the night before Christmas, this little band of loyal men very quietly pushed off in boats, rowing directly to Fort Sumter. The night was lovely, and in the moonlight Sumter looked like a huge rock rising out of the sea. Its position, lying in the mouth of the harbor, was excellent.

It was built of brick, and was thought to be very strong, being furnished with three rows of guns, — two in casemates, and one *en barbette*, or on the top of the ramparts. The removal was effected so cautiously that it might have been made in daylight without exciting much suspicion. Besides, there were armies of workmen constantly going back and forth, who were engaged in repairing the fort, for whom they might have been mistaken. Major Anderson had been pushing the work here for several months; and the rebels were only waiting for it to be ready in order to seize, and occupy it themselves.

FORT SUMTER.

As the rebels would of course take immediate possession of Fort Moultrie when its garrison was gone, good care was had to carry away all that could be removed, — such as small-arms, ammunition, and stores, — and to destroy every thing else. Guns were spiked, the flagstaff cut down, and gun-carriages burned.

At noon on the following day Major Anderson gathered his company around him. Taking the cords of the Union flag in his hand, they all knelt at the flagstaff, and asked the blessing of God upon them in that trying hour. The hearty "Amen!" which answered showed that they were in earnest. Then, while the band played "Hail Columbia," the flag was run up, and the soldiers cheered.

It need not be told that Secretary Floyd was furious when he found this out; and President Buchanan, even, was far from pleased with Major Anderson's conduct.

When Mr. Floyd placed Major Anderson in Charleston harbor, it is thought that he made the mistake of supposing that the Major was disloyal, because he was a Southern man. Happily, in this as well as in many other cases, the rule failed

to hold good, as we shall see; for Robert Anderson was one of many true patriots.

About this time South Carolina sent Commissioners, or State-messengers, to the President for the purpose of asking that the United-States troops should be removed from the harbor of Charleston, as well as to treat for the deliverance of all government property in the State. This was indeed a bold act. But, while the President was trying to decide what to do, the news came, that, immediately after Major Anderson's movement, South Carolina had seized Fort Moultrie, and another fort called Castle Pinckney, the custom-house, post-office, and arsenal, belonging, of course, to the United States. Over them all had been unfurled the Palmetto State flag. Now the question was an easy one to settle. The President refused to receive the Commissioners officially, and replied that he could not give them what they asked.

This brought matters to such a crisis, that Mr. Floyd could do no less than resign. Mr. Buchanan must have drawn a sigh of relief to get rid of a man who had worried him so long. Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, was given the place of Secretary of War, made vacant by Mr. Floyd. Soon Secretary Thompson gave up his place, because the President decided to send relief, even at this late hour, to the loyal forts at the South. He took the trouble, however, before he finished his own preparations to go, to inform Governor Pickens by telegraph, that aid was coming.

Such was the state of things at the close of 1860, — plots and conspiracies everywhere, with the almost certain prospect of a civil war.

The newspapers advised, and scolded, and suggested ways; but it was all lost on the President. "Vanity Fair" tells the story of that time in this funny way: —

REFRESHMENTS FOR VOLUNTEERS.

"Sing a song of Sumter,
A fort in Charleston Bay:
Eight and sixty brave men
Watch there night and day.

Those brave men to succor
Still no aid is sent:
Isn't James Buchanan
A pretty President!

James is in his cabinet,
Doubting and debating;
Anderson, in Sumter,
Very tired of waiting.

Pickens[1] is in Charleston,
Blustering of blows;
Thank goodness! March the fourth is near,
To nip Secession's nose."

We have seen that the President had been completely under the influence of men who were opposed to the Union. Now, however, these honest gentlemen having completed their work and departed, he could once more think for himself.

He consented to give "aid and comfort" to Major Anderson under a well-ordered scheme of his present Cabinet. The steamer Star of the West, a merchant-ship, was chartered, and loaded with provisions and soldiers, and steamed out of New York on the 5th of January, bound for Sumter. But we know, that, through the kindness of Secretary Thompson, she was expected. All this time the authorities of South Carolina had been very busy. Fort Moultrie had been repaired, and other batteries planted in position to play upon Sumter. So when the Star of the West came within range of these guns, they opened fire upon her; yet she kept on her course, with the "Stars and Stripes" flying. At last the shots

[1] Governor of South Carolina.

were too frequent and too heavy to be risked any longer: so she put out to sea again, and was soon lost to sight; and with her the hope of relief faded from the eyes of the brave little company at Sumter.

When there was, therefore, no longer any question whether sooner or later Fort Sumter would be attacked, it was thought best to remove the women and children to safer quarters. Consent was easily obtained from Governor Pickens, and they were taken to Charleston in order to secure passage on a steamer bound for New York. Fort Sumter lies nearly in the centre of Charleston harbor, you know. To reach the open sea, the Marion, which carried the soldiers' families, must pass very close to it. It was Sunday morning. Nearer and nearer came the little steamer bearing such precious freight. Sadly the women gazed at the fort which had so lately been home to them.

Through wet eyes they saw the little garrison drawn up on the ramparts, — whether to meet these loved ones in life, who could tell? Just as the Marion passed the fort, a gun was fired; and "three heart-thrilling cheers" were given by that heroic company cut off from friends, and surrounded by enemies. Tears and sobs, and white handkerchiefs waved in farewell, were the only answer. But it did not make the parting easier to bear to know that five deadly batteries, ready to open at any moment, were pointing their guns directly toward Fort Sumter.

## CHAPTER III.

### A SPARK IN A POWDER-MAGAZINE.

IN the mean time Mr. Lincoln had left his home in Springfield, Ill., for Washington. The journey was made in a private or special car, in the company of a few of his friends. The party took plenty of time, stopping at all the cities through which they passed; and the President-elect received a royal welcome everywhere. His speeches to the people were temperate and straightforward.

All along the route, whether the trains stopped or not, he was greeted by the sound of booming guns, by the waving of hats, and the flutter of handkerchiefs; while hearty cries from the throngs that crowded every platform told him of the good-will of the people. This must have been very encouraging to a man who was nearing his inauguration under such trying circumstances.

Mr. Lincoln had been invited to honor Philadelphia with a visit, upon the occasion of the celebration of Washington's birthday. This he readily accepted; and he raised the American flag, which is so dear to every loyal heart, over Independence Hall. It was here that the Declaration of Independence was signed nearly one hundred years before.

The next visit was paid to Harrisburg, where a rumor reached the ears of Mr. Lincoln's friends, that a plot was laid to assassinate him the following day, as he should pass through Baltimore. So sure were they that their information was

trustworthy, that they urged him to hurry to Washington without stopping anywhere. Mr. Lincoln was not a bit of a coward, and he was therefore naturally very unwilling to change his plans; but, always willing to yield unimportant points, he gave way to the wishes of the gentlemen who escorted him. Taking a night-train therefore, like any other passenger, instead of waiting until morning, as had been intended, he went straight to Washington. This was wise, of course; but many of his warm friends in Baltimore were rather hurt by it.

Still, the nation could afford to take no risks at this point in its history; and the visit to Baltimore was put off till another time.

When the 4th of March had come, there were two governments, all officered, within the boundary of the United States. No doubt President Buchanan gladly left the chair of State, where he had sat so uneasily; but one would think that Mr. Lincoln would shrink from occupying it. The outlook was indeed a stormy one.

Just as the blacksmith makes iron tough and strong by heat and heavy blows, so Abraham Lincoln's character had been developed by poverty and hardships.

He was born in Kentucky. His father was very poor, and the boy had never even heard of luxuries. He had scarcely the necessities of life, but he was never known to complain of his hard lot: perhaps he never thought about his own wants at all. He used to work all day, and at night he would read borrowed books by firelight. When his name came before the nation as a candidate for its highest honor, he was called the "Rail-splitter." This was because he helped his father to split the rails with which to fence the farm after the family removed to Illinois.

But neither Mr. Lincoln nor his party was ashamed of the name, or of the reason for it. His whole life had been free

LINCOLN AS A RAIL-SPLITTER.

from vice. He even "shunned the appearance of evil," as, step by step, he rose through his own industry to the highest place that an American can desire. Just now it seemed providential that such a man should be chosen to fill this office, when wisdom and firmness and patience were so much needed to untangle the political snarl.

As you already know, South Carolina had seceded from the Union in December, 1860, soon after Mr. Lincoln was

A VOLUNTEER DRUM-CORPS.

elected; and the Confederacy was formed early in the year of 1861.

On the 4th of March in that year, Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated. This means that he stood at the head of the steps on the east front of the Capitol at Washington, in the presence of thousands of people, and, lifting up his right hand toward Heaven, he took the oath of allegiance to the Government and the Laws.

An oath is a solemn promise, which God is called upon to hear; and he who makes it asks God's help in keeping it, calling upon Him to punish, if it should be broken. Now you see what a fearful thing it was for the trusted servants

of the Government, both in civil and military offices, to betray their country after having taken the oath of loyalty; for every person who holds such office must take it.

Well, Mr. Lincoln made an address before he received his oath of office, as it is called, telling the people what he meant to do. He promised to see that the laws were obeyed, and that no blood should be shed except in the defence of those laws, if it should become necessary. There is one clause in this speech which shows that the new President was well aware of his position: —

"*In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine,*" he said, "*is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict, without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Government; while I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect, and defend it.'*"

A few weeks after the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, the whole world was startled by the news that the rebels had fired upon Fort Sumter.

As we have already seen, while President Buchanan was "doubting and debating," the Confederates had built batteries around Sumter in every direction, and had assembled a large force in Charleston, under the command of General Beauregard.

As soon as Mr. Lincoln had authority to do so, after he came to his office, he gathered his Cabinet to consult about the best means of sending relief to Major Anderson at Fort Sumter, and to Lieutenant Slemmer at Fort Pickens, both of whom were in sore distress. The names of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet were: —

William H. Seward, Secretary of State; Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury; Simon Cameron, Secretary of War; Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy; Caleb B.

Smith, Secretary of the Interior; Edward Bates, Attorney-general; Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-general.

The last two were Southern men; but there was no slave-holder in the Cabinet, — a thing which had never happened before since the formation of the Government.

It was finally decided to fit out an expedition under Captain Fox, which should carry "provision only" to Sumter; and Mr. Lincoln sent a messenger to Governor Pickens to declare this intention. Immediately upon receiving this communication, the Confederates determined to attack Sumter without delay, in case Major Anderson should refuse to surrender peaceably. Therefore, on the 11th of April, General Beauregard notified Major Anderson that he must leave Fort Sumter at once. In reply, Major Anderson said, that, if he did not receive instructions or supplies from his Government by the 15th, he would withdraw his command. This answer showed plainly that he expected relief, and the rebels did not choose to wait for it. Other messages were exchanged, but General Beauregard was not satisfied with the answers to his demands.

All that night the bells of Charleston rang loudly and fast. As the sound drifted across the harbor to the little band of loyal men in the threatened fort, they knew it boded no good to them.

In the morning very early, there came word that General Beauregard would bombard the fort in one hour if not surrendered. What did it matter to heroes like these? They were doing their duty, and they were ready for the consequences. Had they not asked God to bless their cause, and to protect them?

The Confederates had meant to starve this little garrison out; but, with the possibility of help very near, force must be resorted to. General Beauregard was in earnest. With the "first gray streak of the morning" on the 12th of April,

the first shot was fired in the battle which lasted for four years.

It may be of interest to know that the man who begged the privilege of opening the civil or home war, was an old Virginian named Edmund Ruffin. His whole heart was with the Confederacy, and when he knew that its cause was lost he took his life with his own hand.

One big shell came crashing into the fort, then another and another, until all the batteries which had been built for that purpose were turned upon it. The reply was very faint at first. As usual, the soldiers in Sumter prepared and ate breakfast. They knew that no amount of cannonading, with so few men at such a disadvantage, could defend the fort against such odds. All day the assault continued, and all day the poor fellows returned the fire. Very often the barracks, where the soldiers lived, took fire. Their stock of ammunition was getting low. About noon three ships appeared. "These must bring the long-looked-for relief," they thought, as they eagerly watched them through the loop-holes.

"Yes, they bear the Stars and Stripes! Now they are dipping the flag for a signal," somebody cried. And, although shot and shell were flying about the parade-ground where the flagstaff stood, plenty of men were glad to risk the danger, for the pleasure of lowering its folds in reply. But the rebels were watching too, and they had no idea of letting these strangers pass their batteries. By a misfortune the little fleet had become separated; and these three vessels were not able, alone, to force their way to the friends who were in such bitter need of aid. So, with relief at the very door, the brave band at Sumter suffered the disappointment of seeing these "three ships go sailing by," although they were "so richly laden with good things" for them.

At night the firing from the rebels grew less frequent, and from Sumter it ceased altogether.

The next morning, however, the bombardment began again with redoubled fury. The suffering to the garrison during those thirty-four hours can scarcely be imagined. The heat of the sun, together with the glow of the burning buildings, became intolerable.

When Mrs. Anderson paid a visit to her husband in Sumter, before the bombardment, she was accompanied by Peter Hart, "an officer of the twentieth ward in New-York City." He was a tried and faithful friend of Major Anderson, and begged to be allowed to remain with his old commander. He was at length given permission to stay, provided that he would promise not to fight. This promise he kept; but, when the fort was on fire, he devoted his whole strength to putting it out, saying, "I did not promise not to fight *fire*."

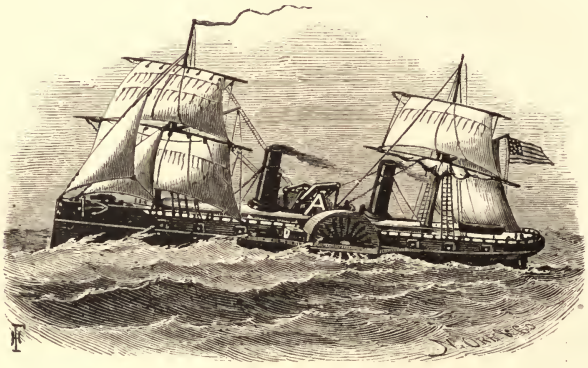
It was impossible to use to any advantage the few guns which still remained in working order. Now and then, just by way of an emphatic "no," a few shots were returned.

A great deal of gunpowder had to be rolled into the sea to avoid the danger of explosion.

At noon of the second day the flagstaff was shot away. This would never do. Peter Hart had another chance to save his country without fighting; so he rushed through the clouds of smoke, and the hail of shot, and brought the flag away, planting it upon the ramparts, while Major Anderson and his soldiers cheered. But at last the end came. When the fort was in ruins, a messenger, Mr. Wigfall, who had but lately been a United States senator, arrived, bearing a white flag, which is called "a flag of truce," and which always protects its bearer. Mr. Wigfall brought word from General Beauregard that Major Anderson was at liberty to choose his own terms of evacuation, and that neither he nor his men should be molested. We say a place is evacuated when a force is withdrawn from it. As there was no food left, but three cartridges, and no roof to shelter his men, the only

thing for Major Anderson to do was to accept General Beauregard's offer.

An officer gives up his sword when he surrenders; but General Beauregard returned Major Anderson's sword, saying, "I am happy to return the sword of so brave an officer." After a fervent prayer and a salute of fifty guns, the national flag was hauled down, and the brave defenders of Fort Sumter marched out of it with the honors of war. With flag flying, and drum beating, one would fancy them conquerors, rather than the conquered. That day the names of that



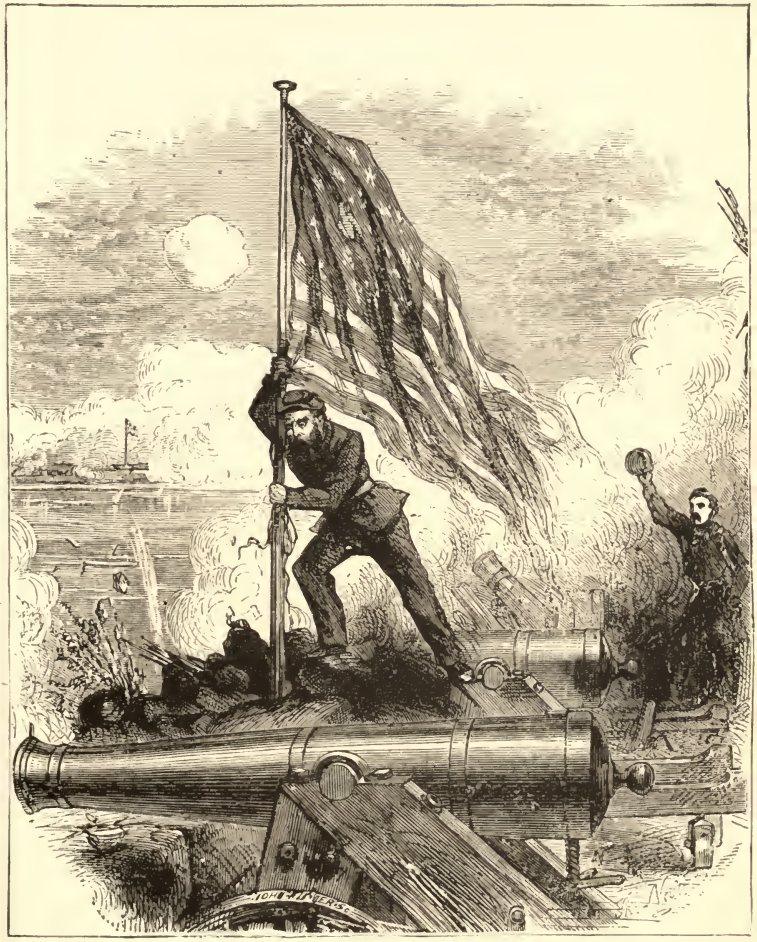
STEAM-FRIGATE.

heroic little band were written in the history of our country, which men shall read with thrilling hearts for many a day to come.

Outside the harbor, the steamship Baltic was lying; and to her the Isabel carried them in safety.

She sailed immediately for New York, with the flag of Sumter flying at her peak. Once there, Major Anderson, and those who had stood by him, received a cordial welcome.

It was very remarkable that not one was killed or wounded on either side during the battle of those two dreadful days.



PLANTING THE FLAG ON THE RAMPARTS.

One man was accidentally killed at Sumter by the bursting of a gun, which might have happened at any time; and by the explosion of a pile of cartridges several were wounded.

A few days after the battle, some gentlemen visiting the ruined fort found a newly made grave in the parade-grounds, on which was placed the rude inscription: —

"DANIEL HOWE,
DIED APRIL 4, 1861."

This was the poor fellow who was killed by the explosion of a gun in saluting the flag.

In Charleston the people were almost insane with joy over this empty victory. How brave the Confederates had been! What a glorious triumph! "Seven thousand fearless Confederates with seventy-five cannon had routed eighty-five men who had grown lean with hunger, and out of whose guns one might as well have thrown pills." For three days this dangerous enemy whom the rebels had put to flight had been feasting upon pork and water, flour having been gone since the day before the bombardment.

This success, no doubt, proved to the rebels that the Confederacy was far more powerful than the Union which they had so lately deserted. Now they thought their troubles all over. Bonfires, cannon, bells, and shouts mingled in the general uproar. The roofs of houses were covered with spectators of the fight. The streets were thronged with excited men and women wearing the secession badges, and talking treason against the United States.

Nevertheless, this first success in arms for the Confederacy had a strong influence in another way. Several States in sympathy with the Rebellion, that had been timid until now, came out boldly, and joined the seceders.

Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas also

left the Union, and helped to swell the number. The Confederates now mustered eleven States.

While these events were taking place in Charleston harbor, Lieutenant Slemmer of the regular army had followed Major Anderson's example. The navy-yard at Pensacola, Fla., had been given up by its commandant; and the neighboring garrison at Fort Barrancas was held by a little band of forty-six men under Lieutenant A. J. Slemmer.

Threatened by foes in every direction, he determined to change his position; and, being joined by thirty sailors from the navy-yard, he removed his company to Fort Pickens, about a fortnight after Major Anderson left Fort Moultrie. Fort Pickens was situated in the mouth of Pensacola Bay, on Santa Rosa Island; and it was much easier to defend than Fort Barrancas. Ships, carrying provisions and troops, were sent to relieve Lieutenant Slemmer, at the same time with the expedition to Sumter, and luckily they arrived safely. So, when a Confederate volunteer force besieged him, he was prepared to defend himself.

But anxiety and privation and fatigue, which Lieutenant Slemmer and his men had borne so long, left them ill, and unfit for duty. They were therefore given a furlough, or leave of absence, and were allowed to return to the North, while Captain Brown, not less fearless, assumed command at Fort Pickens.

Now look on your map, to the left, across the Gulf of Mexico, to Texas. Here we find a commander of a very different kind. General Twiggs, military chief of the department of Texas, under the United States, betrayed his entire army and all the Government forts, arsenals, and arms, into the hands of the rebels, without a struggle. This happened about the middle of February; and it was considered such unpardonable treachery, that General Twiggs was "dishonorably dismissed" from the service, on the 1st of March.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A CALL FOR HELP.

AFFAIRS had now taken a serious turn. You remember that Sumter was surrendered on Sunday the 14th of April.

In the newspapers the next morning, millions of eager, anxious citizens, read the thrilling story, and were grieved and indignant. But in another column, with staring headlines to attract attention, there came a despatch which produced a very different feeling.

The President called for seventy-five thousand men to take arms in defence of the Union. Not only had the national flag been insulted, the Capital was already threatened. The Confederacy had laid its plans well. For a long time it had been whispered that Washington was in danger: information was now received, which proved that instant measures must be taken to defend the city.

A large force was to overpower the small guard at Harper's Ferry, — just as John Brown had done, — to seize these very guns, and under cover of the night to go down the Potomac, and surprise the Capital. This could be done with the greatest ease, because the Confederacy still had many friends in Washington whose aid was looked for. Hand in hand with the movement upon Washington, it was agreed to stop any troops that might be sent from the North, as they passed through Baltimore. So the story ran. General Winfield Scott was commander-in-chief of the army,

under the President. Although he was an old man, and a Virginian, he was both loyal and prompt, as we shall see.

On the occasion of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, General Scott had assembled a considerable military force in Washington to prevent trouble, and he had wisely kept a large proportion there for the same purpose. As soon as Sumter was surrendered, President Lincoln and General Scott began to prepare for the "surprise party" which the rebels intended for them.

GENERAL SCOTT.

Mr. Lincoln telegraphed to the governor of every State in the Union that he needed soldiers to defend the country against her own children. How do you think loyal people treated this cry for help? Do you suppose they asked for time to think about it? Not they. They answered the first time.

All party feeling was wiped out. There were no longer Democrats and Republicans. Everybody became a Unionist or a Secessionist. There was no half-way ground. Those who were not *for* the Union were *against* it, and such people were not very comfortable at the North. Not only did seventy-five thousand men rush to arms, and hurry to the rescue; but in twenty-four hours one hundred and fifty thousand were ready and eager to go. Many received the message at night, and were on the way to the Capital in the morning. We call these soldiers volunteers, because they offered their services to the Government, instead of being ordered to go, like regular soldiers.

You know that every town or city has one military company, and often several, which are made up of business

men who drill for amusement and exercise. Of course, these were the first to go, as they were all ready, being armed and uniformed.

Besides the volunteer soldiers, there was a regular or standing army, paid by the Government, whose duty it was to fight whenever it was needed. But we had been at peace for so many years, that this force had grown to be very small. Then, too, we must remember that the greater part of this army was stationed in the West to defend the frontier, or farthest settlements, against the Indians. It would require time to bring these troops East, and it was not safe to withdraw them from their present position. Nearly all the officers in the Confederacy had been officers in the army of the United States when South Carolina seceded. They forgot who had fed and reared them, forgot their oath of loyalty, and deserted their country to take up arms against her.

Perhaps you will the better understand how grave a step this was, when you read the oath which they had taken: —

"I do solemnly swear that I will bear true allegiance to the United States of America, and that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies or opposers whatsoever, and observe and obey the orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of the officers appointed over me according to the rules and articles of the government of the armies of the United States."

I have told you all this, that you may be able to see why things were in such a tangle, and why we were not ready to go to war.

Every Northern State sent its quota, or proportion, of volunteers, in a twinkling: but many Southern States returned very impertinent answers to the President; while a few were hesitating, or, as they called themselves, "neutral;" which means, literally, taking no part in a quarrel.

The District of Columbia, in which the city of Washing-

ton lies, is on the left bank of the Potomac River, and is only ten miles square. Slaves were owned in this district; and excepting that it was not represented in Congress, and that its people were not allowed to vote for any officer of the General Government, it was like any Southern State. This was unfortunate, because its natural sympathy with the slaveholding States made it a very dangerous neighborhood for the threatened Capital. It was impossible to be sure of friend or foe in those dark days; and loyal Unionists began to feel that the safety of the city depended upon themselves alone. So they managed quietly to arrange for a secret meeting to be held on that Saturday night, April 14, in an old church in the rear of Willard's Hotel, to talk the matter over, and to fix upon some plan of concerted action for the city's safety. These gentlemen, among whom were some very distinguished men, took care that no surprise should occur; for they themselves patrolled the streets until the city was furnished with a military force sufficient to protect it.

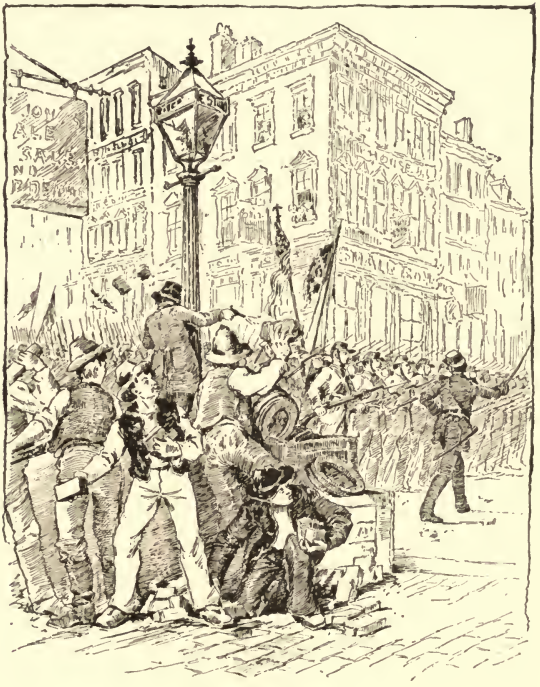
So prompt were volunteers to answer the President's call, that, as early as Monday night, several Pennsylvania companies had already arrived. If you will look at your map, you will see that only a few hours were necessary to reach Washington, from that State.

General Scott quartered soldiers in the East Room of the White House, where for many weeks they remained for the safety and defence of the President. The Capitol and the Treasury Building were barricaded, and cannon were placed inside. The gay city of Washington soon presented a most warlike appearance.

The very first full regiment to respond to the call to arms, was the Massachusetts Sixth, one thousand strong. It arrived in Baltimore on Friday, at noon, at about the same time with several companies of Pennsylvania volunteers. In

those days the cars were drawn from one station to another through the city by horses, instead of engines.

The train bringing the Massachusetts Sixth was a long one, and several cars were allowed to pass unmolested. An



THROUGH BALTIMORE.

angry crowd had quickly gathered, however; and it began attacking the rear of the train, growing more savage each moment. Sand, stones, and bricks were used to pelt the unoffending soldiers. As the colonel and his staff were in the first car, they did not know of the riot that was in progress; and thus there was no one at hand to give orders.

At last the men made up their minds that a march of two miles would be better than waiting, for the track before them had been obstructed by rails and stones. Under the command of Captain Follansbee they formed, and pressed their way toward the Washington station, followed by a howling mob. Before long the mayor came out to them, and walked in front; but this was only a partial protection. Afterward Marshal Kane, the chief of the police force of Baltimore, arrived with a squad of policemen, who placed themselves between the rioters and soldiers. This served to diminish the danger of the march; but, notwithstanding the efforts of the city authorities, three men were killed and several wounded before the Massachusetts Sixth reached the Washington station. The remaining Philadelphia troops were also attacked in a similar way; but Marshal Kane persuaded them to return to Philadelphia for the present, without risking the danger of crossing the city in the alarming state of public feeling. Before the next morning several railroad-bridges had been burned in the neighborhood of Baltimore by these very rioters, encouraged to do so by the authorities. This was done to prevent other troops from passing through the city.

Virginia went through the formality of secession, on the 17th of April. The next day Governor Letcher pushed his State troops toward Harper's Ferry. General Scott had wished to place a strong guard at that point; but, unfortunately, not one company could be spared. When Lieutenant Jones, who was in command, heard that the rebels were so near, he set fire to the government buildings, and with his few men retreated into Pennsylvania. Of course, he destroyed this property to keep it from falling into the hands of the Confederates, as he had no way of protecting it. Although the loss was great, a large part of the machinery and stores was saved. The rebels soon congregated here in great numbers,

and it was supposed that they intended attacking Washington whenever they should be strong enough.

Misfortunes seemed to pursue the Unionists; for, the day following the capture of Harper's Ferry, another disaster occurred. The number of ships in the United States navy had become very small, for the same reason that the army had decreased, — we had been a peaceful nation so long. Only think, from one end of our wide seacoast to the other, there were but ninety men-of-war to protect it from outside enemies. One-ninth of this whole number had in some way gotten into Gosport navy-yard, at Norfolk, Va.; and these happened to be some of the best. Besides the ships, there were about two thousand cannon, and large quantities of ammunition and military stores, — such as small-arms, swords, and every thing that is used in a fort. All this was worth more than two millions of dollars. The officer under whose charge the navy-yard was placed was no longer young, which, perhaps, accounts for the tardiness with which he obeyed orders. He was directed to put the Gosport navy-yard in a state of defence, which he could easily have done if he had not been so slow. Governor Letcher, suspecting that the valuable ships and ammunition would soon be withdrawn, sank small vessels in the channel in order to obstruct it. Since the commandant did not promptly obey his orders, Captain Paulding was sent to see that the work was done. He found that all the ships had been actually scuttled, excepting the Cumberland, which had been saved to carry away his command. To scuttle a ship, is to bore holes in its bottom and sides, so that water may come in and sink it.

Captain Paulding brought with him men enough to defend the navy-yard against an attack, but he found himself too late. So he immediately put every thing which was movable, such as side-arms, revolvers, ammunition, and stores,

on board the Pawnee, and destroyed all that he could not carry away. The last thing that was done was to lay a train of powder to the barracks and to the ships, as well as to the magnificent dry-dock. Scarcely had the Pawnee got out into the river, when a rocket was sent up, followed by a terrific crash. It was the explosion of the powder-trains, and the discharge of the guns on the burning ships. Never were such fireworks seen before. The Pawnee, which had brought Captain Paulding to the navy-yard, soon towed the Cumberland away by the red light of the burning ships. But as at Harper's Ferry, although Gosport navy-yard had been destroyed to save it from the rebels, the work of ruin had not been half done. As soon as the flames had burned low, the Confederates hurried in, and undid nearly all the harm which had been done. By nine o'clock the next morning many of the disabled cannon were ready to fire at any one who might object to the Confederate possession of the fortress.

There is a story, that the famous dry-dock was saved by a little rebel boy. Unobserved, he had watched the preparations to destroy it. He knew, no doubt, that it was very valuable to the Confederacy. The train of powder which was to be lighted was laid along a row of planks; and, when the Unionists had left the yard, he turned a plank over, cutting off the line of powder, and preventing an explosion. The steam frigate Merrimac was afterward raised by the rebels, and made over into an iron-clad war vessel called the Virginia.

When General Benjamin F. Butler, in command of the Massachusetts Eighth Regiment, arrived with his troops at the Susquehanna River, he learned that all the bridges around Baltimore had been burned. So he seized a ferry-boat, and went by water to Annapolis, thus going around Baltimore. There is a naval school at Annapolis, where boys are taught

every thing necessary for a seaman to know. The old United States frigate Constitution — "Old Ironsides" she was often called — was used for a training-ship for this school.

General Butler found out that the rebels meant to take possession of her, and he determined to save her from such an inglorious fate. So he drew his regiment up in line; and, after the necessary explanation, he said, "Boys, is there any one among you who can sail her?" And more than fifty men stepped out of the ranks, who were able seamen, one of whom was the son of the builder.

The Constitution was built in 1797. First manned by a Massachusetts man, after all the heroic deeds she had taken part in, it seemed only fair that a Massachusetts man should have the chance of saving her to do the first work for the Union in the civil war. For four days her officers and crew stood by their guns; and it was only with great difficulty, and by constant watchfulness, that she was gotten over the bar, and towed around to New York. As we shall not have occasion to speak of this good ship again, perhaps you would like to know what became of her. She was "put out of commission" only very lately, having been in service eighty-four years. She had been pronounced unseaworthy years before; and the navy department had decided to "break her up," when Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote a stirring bit of poetry about it, which roused the whole nation to protest against it, and the idea was given up.

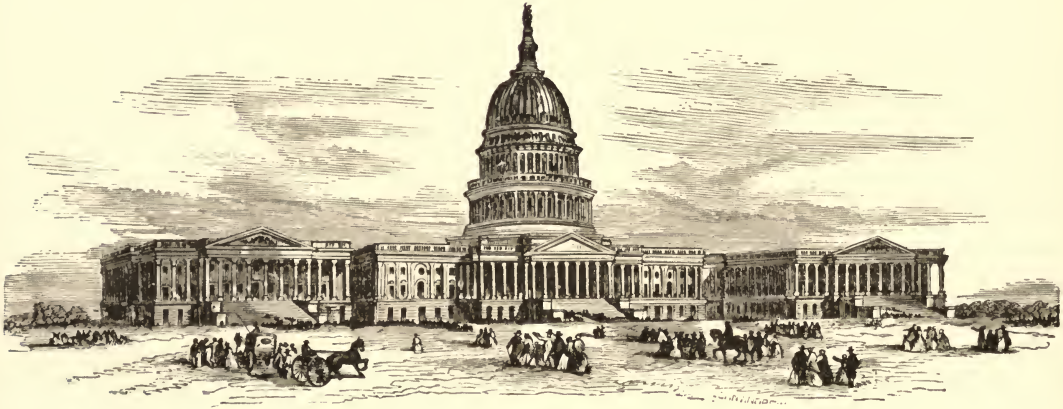
On the 15th of December, 1881, however, she was towed from her dock in the New-York navy-yard to the Brooklyn navy-yard, where she was officially abandoned. It was a sad sight to see, almost like the burial of a good old friend. All the officers of the naval station, as well as many private citizens, were present, and watched in tearful silence the national flag, as it was hauled down for the last time.

Now that General Butler had gotten the Constitution into loyal hands, he set off with his command for Washington, in company with the famous New York Seventh, under Colonel Lefferts. In many places the railroad-track had been torn up. Engines had been disabled and bridges burned. On the way, General Butler needed a skilled workman to assist in repairing a locomotive. A bright Yankee immediately offered his services. Picking up some plate or screw belonging to the locomotive to examine it, his eyes brightened; and he said quietly, "I guess I can fix that engine, for I helped to make it."

Of stuff like this the Union army was made. Well, the New York Seventh found a train waiting, when, after a hungry journey, half marching, half by rail, they reached Annapolis Junction. In a little while they were aboard; and they soon found themselves in Washington, receiving hearty welcome and congratulations on all sides. Other regiments kept pouring in from day to day, till, at the end of April, not less than fifty thousand men held the line of the Potomac, and guarded the Capital.

Who knows what a pirate is? Perhaps you will be surprised to hear that the President of the Confederacy gave pirates the right to do business under the protection of the "Stars and Bars." This was called giving "letters of marque and reprisal." In plain English, it was an act to license robbery on the high seas, which was no better than highway robbery anywhere else.

In his proclamation, Mr. Davis invited "all those who may desire" to fit out privateers under the seal of the Confederate States, for the purpose of preying upon merchant-ships carrying the national flag. This was very tempting to adventurers; for, of course, those who captured a "prize," as it was called, received a good share of the value when the ship and its cargo were sold. At the end of May, in the



CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

port of New Orleans alone, there were twenty prize-ships; and other seaports had their share of spoils also.

In return for Mr. Davis's neighborly action, Mr. Lincoln immediately ordered the blockade of every port on the coast of the seceding States. Men-of-war were so placed as to command the harbors, and thus prevent all commerce with foreign nations. Cotton, sugar, and tobacco were the chief products upon which the Southern States depended for an income. When, therefore, there was no longer any way to exchange these for other goods, their case would become desperate indeed; for there were no manufactories within the borders of the Confederacy. They needed arms, ammunition, clothing, and all kinds of provisions; while the blockade was intended to keep their ships from going out to get such supplies.

As fast as possible, the nationals armed and fitted up merchant-vessels to serve as blockaders, in order to relieve men-of-war for other duty. In Charleston harbor a stone blockade was also employed. Yet, notwithstanding all the dangers which must be risked, a great many vessels of all kinds did get in and out of the blockaded ports without accident or detection, and they were therefore called "blockade-runners." A daring little schooner named the Savannah, carrying only one gun, stole out of Charleston harbor, and put to sea to watch for a prize. She had not long to wait; for the very next day she seized the brig Joseph, loaded with sugar for Philadelphia. The privateer put an armed crew on the Joseph; and then, elated by her success, she devoted herself to looking for more prizes. About five o'clock that afternoon another brig came in sight. Away went the Savannah in pursuit. When the two ships were near enough, the privateer made the startling discovery that her neighbor was well armed. She found, to her cost, that she had made a blunder; and she was forced to surrender to

what proved to be the United States brig Perry, commanded by Lieutenant Parrott. Her officers and crew were sent on their own ship as prisoners to New York.

The Petrel, once a United States revenue cutter, was another pioneer in the business of piracy. She also ran the blockade at Charleston without mishap. She soon spied the United-States frigate St. Lawrence, and, mistaking her for a merchantman, immediately gave chase.

Pretending to run away, the St. Lawrence crowded sail; but, when the Petrel was nearly alongside, she opened a broadside upon her, which sunk her in a few minutes.

A few of her crew were drowned; but the most of them were "fished out of the water" by the St. Lawrence, which turned out to be a blockading frigate on duty when she was attacked by the Petrel.

The very first privateer that bore the Confederate flag was called the Lady Davis; which was rather a doubtful compliment to the wife of President Davis, since it was named for her.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE NATION'S ANSWER.

"From prairie, O ploughman! speed boldly away,
There's seed to be sown in God's furrows to-day;
Row landward, lone fisher; stout woodman, come home;
Let the smith leave his anvil, and weaver his loom;
Let hamlet and city ring loud with the cry;
'For God and our country we'll fight till we die.
Here's welcome to wounding and conflict and scars,
And the glory of death for the stripes and the stars.'"

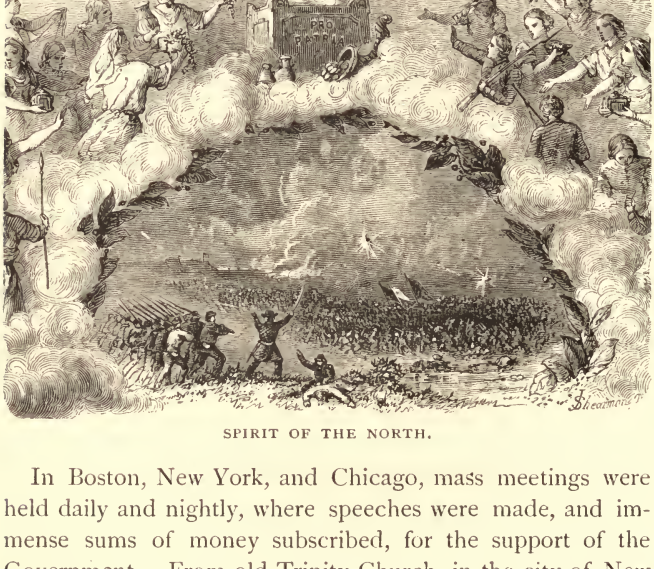
IT was indeed high time that there should be a larger military force at hand. From the very windows of the White House, could be distinctly seen a rebel flag flying at Alexandria. The Rebellion was growing bolder, without doubt.

But prompt as the sailor's "Ay, ay, sir!" when his captain orders him aloft in a storm, there came the hearty answer of the forty-two thousand men, in person too, which was worth a dozen promises.

The fall of Sumter kindled a blaze of patriotism from Maine to California. Enthusiasm knew no bounds. It was estimated at the time, that, by the end of April, three hundred and fifty thousand men stood ready and willing to enter the service of the Government, either on land or on sea.

Lads were eager to enlist, and begged to be allowed to serve as drummer-boys when they were too young to be accepted for the ranks. Old men forgot their stiff joints, and offered themselves to their country.

A story is told of Mr. Bates, of Indiana, who enlisted, and went into camp with his regiment at Indianapolis. When asked his age, he unwillingly confessed that he was ninety-two years old; but he said that he wished to show young men that old men were not afraid to fight.

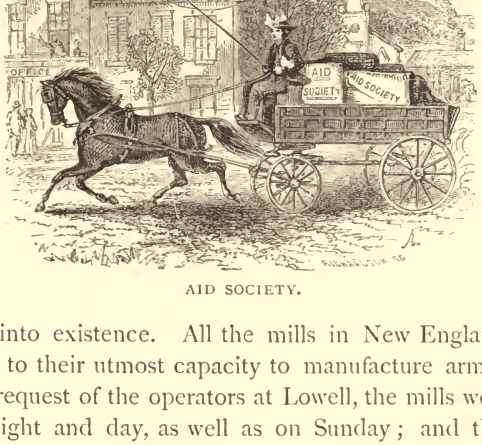


SPIRIT OF THE NORTH.

In Boston, New York, and Chicago, mass meetings were held daily and nightly, where speeches were made, and immense sums of money subscribed, for the support of the Government. From old Trinity Church, in the city of New York, an immense flag floated, two hundred and forty feet from the ground. The chimes played "Yankee Doodle," and "The Red, White, and Blue;" while the cheers from the throng on the street were almost deafening. The ladies of New York held a meeting at the Cooper Institute, to organize a society to provide "care for the sick and wounded of the army." This really looked like war. To make plans for the care of the wounded, showed that battles were already

thought of; and yet the war was but one week old. The American Express Company paid one-half his salary, during his whole term of service, to every man in its employ who volunteered; and it transported free all supplies for hospitals. The teachers in the Boston public schools voted a certain proportion of their salaries to carry on the war. The artists of New York contributed pictures to be sold for the benefit of the families of volunteers. Everybody, men, women, and children, caught the spirit, and tried to do something for the Union.

It now became a very hard matter to supply cloth enough to make uniforms for the large armies which had so suddenly




AID SOCIETY.

sprung into existence. All the mills in New England were pressed to their utmost capacity to manufacture army cloth. At the request of the operators at Lowell, the mills were kept going night and day, as well as on Sunday; and the mill-girls gave their Sunday wages for the benefit of the soldiers. Blue was the color of the uniform for the Federal, or Northern army; dark blue, for officers; for the men, dark blue jackets, and trousers of light blue.

The Confederates in the ranks wore cadet-gray coats and sky-blue trousers; while the officers were dressed in dark-blue cloth, like the Union army. Now that the Confederates were really organized, they gave up the Palmetto flag, and made a new one to take the place of it, which they called the "Stars and Bars." It had but three bars, red at the top and bottom, with white in the centre; while on the left-hand upper corner, on a blue field, were nine stars arranged in a circle. Which of my readers can tell, without looking, how the stars are placed in the national flag, or how many stripes there are upon it? For many years there was no fixed rule for the position of the stars. The first flag had thirteen stars and thirteen stripes, to represent the thirteen original States.

Now, there are the thirteen stripes still, the upper and lower stripes being red. But in the blue field in the upper left-hand corner, are ranged thirty-eight stars, in lines parallel with the stripes, or else grouped in one great star.

The first encounter which resulted in bloodshed in Virginia, was caused by the difference in the way in which the red, white, and blue were arranged on a certain flag in Alexandria.

Perhaps some of my readers have heard of Colonel Elmer E. Ellsworth, who commanded the New York Fire Zouaves. "Zouave" is the name of a body of Arab soldiers, who served France after she conquered Algiers. The dress is very bright and graceful, and was worn by Ellsworth's regiment. The drill was quite different from the ordinary military exercise, and was much admired.

Colonel Ellsworth was a gifted young man of good habits and gentle manners, and a favorite with all classes of society. He first drilled a company of Zouaves in Chicago, where he lived. Every member of this company was pledged to drink no liquor, to abstain from evil habits of all kinds, and to do nothing unbecoming a gentleman. It numbered one hundred men, and it was said to be the best-drilled body

in the United States. At the opening of the war, Colonel Ellsworth went to New York City, where, from the fire department, he organized a regiment called the Fire Zouaves; and they were among the first to go to Washington. Toward the end of May it was thought necessary, for the safety of the Capital, that several points in Virginia should be occupied by Federal troops. Among those chosen for that purpose, were Colonel Ellsworth's Zouaves and the First

ELLSWORTH AND HIS ZOUAVES.

Michigan Regiment: they were ordered to Alexandria, which is a town on the Potomac but a few miles from Washington. The First Michigan Regiment marched along the river-bank; while the Zouaves went by boat, arriving in the early morning. Ellsworth, with a squad of men, was hastening to the telegraph-office to cut off communication with the South, when they passed the Marshall House. Upon the roof of this hotel, was flying the rebel flag which had so lately been seen in Washington. Ellsworth was indignant. Quickly entering the house, he asked, "Who put that flag up?" Since

nobody seemed to know, he ran up-stairs, and tore it down, bringing it with him.

As Ellsworth came down again, a man named Jackson sprang out of a passage, and shot him dead. Quick as thought Brownell, one of Ellsworth's comrades, fired at Jackson, instantly killing him. But, alas! it did not bring back to life the friend who lay dead at his feet. One wrong is never righted by another.

The body of the young colonel was carried reverently back to the navy-yard in Washington, and placed in an engine-house, which was covered with flags and flowers and heavily draped in mourning. Thousands of visitors crowded to look upon the face of the dead, and among them were the President and his family. Later, the coffin was carried to the White House, where it rested in the East Room for several hours, and where, also, the funeral services were held. The President and several members of the Cabinet followed in the mournful procession which escorted the body of Ellsworth to the station, whence it was taken to the home of his parents at Mechanicsville, N.Y.

While this sad affair was taking place at the Marshall House in Alexandria, the telegraph-office was seized, as had been intended. The First Michigan Regiment, which entered the city a little later, took possession of the railroad station, capturing a body of Confederate cavalry. Soldiers on horseback are cavalry; infantry means soldiers on foot; while those who fight with cannon are called artillery. These explanations are especially meant for girls: boys know about such things already.

You know that we left General Butler at Annapolis. It was not necessary for him to stay there long, however; and he knew that it was the intention of General Scott to occupy Baltimore as soon as there should be a force sufficiently strong to do so safely. So, as General Butler was now quite

ready to make the attempt, he led his command forward, without waiting for orders, supposing that he was right in taking the responsibility. The night was dark, and a heavy rain was falling, when nine hundred men, with General Butler at their head, entered the city, and quietly took possession of Federal Hill, where they encamped.

The next morning the citizens of Baltimore read in their newspapers a proclamation from Federal Hill, which astonished them; for it was not known, until then, that there was an army in their midst. Since it was already there, however, nobody dared to object; and, as General Butler had come to keep peace instead of breaking it, there need be no trouble about it. It was not long after this, before Maryland declared herself loyal to the Government, and not a rebel flag was seen in the State. But General Scott was Butler's superior in rank, that is, higher than he. The act of occupying Baltimore, without special orders to do so, displeased the old general-in-chief; and he took occasion to reprimand General Butler for it. But Mr. Lincoln was very amiable and kind; and it was not long before he showed General Butler that his services were appreciated, by promoting him to the rank of major-general. He was not allowed to remain long in Baltimore, but was ordered to the command of Fortress Monroe, on a peninsula which lies between the James and York Rivers, in Virginia.

General Scott, who was a venerable, white-haired old man, had a warm heart, but an exaggerated idea of his authority, and the respect due to his position and rank.

One day early in the war, while the country was swarming with raw recruits who knew nothing of military etiquette, the old general came out of his office in Washington to enter his carriage. An orderly stepped up to him with a letter which he had been directed to deliver without delay. Hastily touching his cap in a careless way, the orderly began,

"O general! here is a paper I want you to look at before you" — For an instant the proud commander-in-chief was petrified; then, raising his cane, he said in a low voice, "'Clear out, sir! clear out of the way!' The startled orderly sprang to one side, and the general got into his carriage, and was driven away. The soldier then delivered his letter to some one in the office, and walked slowly out. General Scott's carriage had not gone thirty rods before it stopped and turned about. The driver, raising his voice, summoned the offending orderly to the door. Trembling in every limb, cap in hand, he approached. General Scott asked his name and regiment. He gave them. 'Well, sir,' said the general, 'report to your colonel that you were guilty of gross disrespect to General Scott as an officer, and that General Scott was guilty of gross disrespect to you as a man. General Scott begs your pardon. Go to your duty, sir.'" Whether the story be true or not, the characteristics of the stanch old general and martinet might have made such a scene easily possible.

Before the government of the Confederate States was properly officered, Judge Robinson of Richmond, an old friend and classmate, paid General Scott a visit for the purpose of offering him the command of all the Confederate forces. As soon as he perceived the nature of his friend's errand, Scott interrupted him, saying, "Judge, if you go any further in making me such a proposition, you will not be permitted to return to Richmond," and added, "having sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, I realize all the honorable obligations of that oath, and shall keep them."

The day after General Butler took command of Fortress Monroe, he sent a body of troops, under command of Colonel J. W. Phelps, to visit the little village of Hampton, near by. To their astonishment, it was discovered that the rebels had

set on fire the bridge over Hampton Creek. The Green Mountain Boys quickly put out the flames, however, and, driving off the enemy, established Camp Hamilton, not far from the country-house of John Tyler, formerly President of the United States. On the same day Colonel Phelps caused a redoubt to be cast up at the end of the bridge nearest Fortress Monroe, which "was the first military work made by Union troops on the soil of Virginia."

A few days later Colonel Phelps and his Vermonters were ordered to occupy Newport News, under the protecting guns of the United-States steamer Harriet Lane. Lieutenant John T. Greble accompanied Phelps to superintend the erection of the works. The post was named "Camp Butler." At the same time Colonel Duryea with his fine regiment of Zouaves arrived, and was assigned to the command at Fort Hamilton, with the rank of brigadier-general. There were many people in and around Fortress Monroe that summer who afterwards distinguished themselves for bravery. Among these were Colonel Edward Baker and Captain Kilpatrick. Major Theodore Winthrop, Butler's *aide* and secretary, already enjoyed some literary distinction. Colonel Duryea was soon succeeded by Brigadier-General E. W. Pierce of Massachusetts, in command at Fort Hamilton.

Fortress Monroe is said to be the largest single fortification in the world. The famous fortress of Gibraltar occupies more room, it is true; but it is composed of several separate forts built in the solid rock, while Fortress Monroe is but one. On the 25th of May there were six thousand soldiers within its walls.

A great many negroes ran away from their masters, and came into this fort for safety. General Butler took them in, and treated them kindly; but he did not allow them to be idle. Contrary to their expectations, perhaps, he set them at building earthworks, and strengthening fortifications, which served to keep them out of mischief.

A story was told of an old "uncle," who had been given a pretty hard day's work, and who, when night came, made up his mind that he had not bettered his condition; and so he said, "I b'l've dis yer nigger'll secede once moah."

It was here that the name "contraband" came to be given to slaves. Goods and articles which may be used to aid an enemy in carrying on warfare, are called "contraband," or forbidden. General Butler thought that negroes could easily be made useful to their masters for this purpose: so he called them contraband of war, refusing to restore them to their owners when they were sent for. The name clung to the colored people for many years.

Old Point Comfort was the name of the peninsula, or tongue of land, upon which Fortress Monroe is built. It received that name because it was the landing-place of the first settlers of Virginia, after a long and stormy voyage. There, also, in 1620, the first slaves were sold in this country. Was it not a piece of justice that they should find freedom where they had first been enslaved?

General Butler found his neighbors to be bitter secessionists, who hated the Union, its army, and its flag. So he took possession of the little towns of Hampton and Newport News, a few miles distant; but that did not keep the rebels from being very bold and saucy. No doubt they thought there was nothing to be afraid of.

So one night a force, under the direction of General E. W. Pierce, started upon an expedition to reconnoitre for several miles to the north-east of Fortress Monroe. Reconnoitre is a French word, meaning to look about, or examine. This was done in order to find out how large a body of Confederates was near. By a sad misfortune, the two parts of this force, starting from different points, met in the dark near a place north-east of Hampton, called Little Bethel. Each supposing the other an enemy, they both opened fire,

NEGROES COMING INTO THE LINES.

Many were killed and wounded before the mistake was discovered. Then they joined in the attempt to attack the Confederates at Little Bethel. Finding their camp deserted, however, General Pierce hastened to Big Bethel, farther on. Here he came unexpectedly upon more than one thousand Confederates, who had retreated at the sound of firing, and now lay behind a fine barricade, or breastwork, all ready to receive General Pierce and his men. A sharp skirmish followed, lasting several hours. The nationals were badly beaten. When General Pierce retreated, he left one hundred men on the battle-field. Here fell young Major Winthrop, so gifted and full of promise. But he met death bravely, leading and encouraging his men to the cannon's mouth. Failing to hear the order to retreat, he stood almost alone when a rebel bullet pierced his heart.

Not less sad was the loss of Lieutenant John T. Greble of the regular army; nor was his death less heroic. He was killed in the retreat by a rifle-shot as he was firing upon the Confederates.

But there were also heroes among non-commissioned officers. Orderly-Sergeant Goodfellow was wounded in the battle of Great Bethel. He was going to die. As his friends gathered around him with offers of assistance, he said, "Don't mind me, boys: go on with the fight. Don't stop for me!" And then he sank upon the ground. His colonel came near at that moment; and, looking up, he said pleasantly, "Good-by, colonel," and then he died.

In following General Butler's command, we have omitted many other important events that have occurred in the mean time.

It is to the credit of that State, that all Virginians did not share the feeling of those near Fortress Monroe. When the vote of the State was taken, a great many Virginians refused to consent to secession. The number of Unionists

being smaller than that of the secessionists, however, of course the Unionists had to submit. But after a while these loyal people made up their minds that they would not give up the Union, after all. So a convention was held at Wheeling, in the north-western part of the State, to consider the matter. The result was, that every man present cast his ballot for the division of the State rather than for the division of the nation.

It was proposed to make two States of Virginia, East and West, and to ask Congress to receive West Virginia into the Union again. It will not spoil the story to say here, that Congress did take it back during its session the next winter. How West Virginia became again free to do as she chose, will be told hereafter.

When Mr. Lincoln was nominated for President by the Republican party, Mr. Stephen A. Douglas was the Democratic candidate for the same office. But that he was not elected does not mean that he was one whit less loyal and true than Mr. Lincoln. On the 4th of June, Stephen A. Douglas died at his home in Chicago.

These two opposing politicians were good friends, notwithstanding their difference of opinion. Although they were so much in earnest, and thought so differently upon political questions, they had learned that it was not necessary to quarrel over a mere opinion, which every man has a right to hold.

It is said, that when, in 1843, Mr. Douglas and Mr. Browning were opposing candidates for Congress, they made an agreement that they would never be betrayed into saying unkind things about each other. And that promise was sacredly kept. They travelled in company from county to county, making speeches on opposite sides of the political issues of that time, during the whole summer and autumn. Still their friendship was never clouded.

In the same proclamation with his call for volunteers, Mr. Lincoln had appointed a special session of Congress, to meet on the 4th of July. To fill the seat in the Senate made vacant by the death of Mr. Douglas, the governor of Illinois chose Mr Browning.

Now that he, too, has passed away, men look back with tear-dimmed eyes to the scene, when, in his first speech in Congress, Mr. Browning made tender mention of his dead friend and rival.

When war was really certain, Mr. Douglas nobly declared himself on the side of the Government. In the last speech which he made, he urged the Northern people to stand by the President and to preserve the Union.

During his last moments, his wife asked him if he wished to leave a message for his boys.

"Tell them," whispered the dying statesman, and the old fire returned for the moment to his heavy eyes, "tell them to obey the laws and support the Constitution of the United States."

## CHAPTER VI.

### CLOUDS.

NOW take your map, and look away across the United States, to the left, in a straight line, till you come to the State of Missouri.

While we have been so busy watching the Army of the Potomac, feeling afraid that the Capital would be taken by the Confederates, we have forgotten that traitors might appear anywhere else. But, in the present state of things, we may be pretty sure of trouble ahead, wherever slavery is permitted.

In Missouri the secessionists had many friends; although the State had declared itself, as a whole, in favor of the Union. Governor Jackson was a rebel, and so were many representatives of the state government, which we call a Legislature, or law-makers. The governor refused to send his quota of troops when the President issued his first proclamation. For a long time, indeed, these disloyal plotters had been secretly getting ready to secede. To this end, General Frost was put in charge of the militia, or State guards. By order of Governor Jackson, the United States arsenal at Liberty, in the western part of Missouri, General Frost quietly seized; and it was his intention to take possession of the arsenal at St. Louis as soon as possible.

Governor Jackson had sowed the seeds of disloyalty with an open hand, and of course a plentiful crop of rebels was the harvest. Volunteers, ready to do his bidding and only

too glad to fight against the Government, were posted at the most important points in the State.

The small body of regular troops stationed in St. Louis, to protect the property of the United States, was commanded by Captain Nathaniel Lyon. He suddenly found himself in a very difficult position; for General Harney, to whom he naturally looked for direction, as his superior in rank, was absent from the city at the time.

General Frost had gathered as many of his State militia as he could muster, in Lindell's Grove, near St. Louis; and he properly named the encampment after the traitor governor. The Stars and Stripes were kept upon the flagstaff, however, because Camp Jackson was called a camp of instruction, or a drill-camp.

Captain Lyon heard that queer-looking boxes had come to General Frost from the South, marked "marble." He also learned pretty definitely, that these boxes contained muskets, cannon, and ammunition. Not only was Captain Lyon sure of the truth of these rumors, but he believed that the next step of the conspirators would be to attack the arsenal which it was his duty to protect. So he thought he had better look into the matter in person; and one day he paid a visit to Camp Jackson, in disguise. In other words, he dressed himself in a bonnet and cloak, and, wearing a light veil, he went in an open carriage with a friend for a drive around the camp. What he saw and heard that May morning, opened his eyes to the truth that there was not a moment to be lost.

In Colonel Frank P. Blair, jun., Captain Lyon had a warm friend, who had been busy recruiting Union regiments that would be of great service when the time came for action. These were called the "Home Guards," and they well deserved the name.

The two friends consulted together on the night after

Captain Lyon's inspection of Camp Jackson, and a line of conduct was agreed upon. The next day, to the astonishment of every one, Captain Lyon led his little band of regulars with six pieces of artillery, followed by Colonel Blair with four regiments of Home Guards, through the streets of St. Louis, straight to Camp Jackson. Surrounding it with picket-guards carrying fixed bayonets, they planted batteries on all sides. No one was allowed to go in or to come out. Captain Lyon then ordered the surrender of the encampment, offering to let them all go if they would take the oath to support the government of the United States. Only ten would do this, however: so the rest were taken prisoners of war. The wildest excitement followed the capture. All night St. Louis was in an uproar; and, before the prisoners were safe at the arsenal, twenty-five persons were killed in the riot.

Great credit is due to the loyal German regiment, who, under Colonel Franz Sigel, assisted in this capture.

The next day General William S. Harney returned, and issued a proclamation to the people, assuring them of their safety and of his protection, if they obeyed the law, and kept the peace.

For the skill and promptness with which Captain Lyon conducted the affair at St. Louis, he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers. Very soon, also, owing to some bungling upon General Harney's part, he was relieved; and General Lyon was placed in command of the department of St. Louis. This brought things to a crisis. The governor and the rebel major-general, Sterling E. Price, who now commanded the militia, offered to make the State neutral; that is, not to take either side. To this end they proposed that the United States troops leave the State, and that the Home Guards should disband, putting every thing, of course, in the power of the governor. But General

ST. LOUIS.

Lyon's plan was quite a different one. He urged that the Missouri State troops should disband, and that the Government should not be hampered by any promises.

The result was what might have been expected. With all haste, away sped these two traitors, Jackson and Price, with their troops, to Jefferson City, burning bridges behind them. General Lyon was in no less haste to follow. Two days afterward he was on their track, with fifteen hundred men. He did not care for bridges; as he went by boat up the Missouri River, where he hoped to find Price waiting for him, at Jefferson City. He was disappointed, however, for the rebels had already pushed on to Boonville. After hoisting the national flag over the State-House, General Lyon started again in pursuit of Price.

Near Boonville the two forces met at last, but General Price evidently did not expect the Unionists so soon. A sharp skirmish took place, in which the rebels were beaten and scattered, with little loss on either side.

General Price was taken suddenly ill, and left Boonville before the end of the battle; but Governor Jackson ran away, and thus ingloriously ended his career forever, so far as history records.

In July a State convention was called, and a new governor and other officers were elected. This time, true and loyal men were chosen to fill the vacant offices.

Ohio was enthusiastically and unanimously patriotic. She furnished her required number of volunteers so promptly, that she was at once entitled to a major-general to command them; and Governor Dennison appointed Captain George B. McClellan for the place. General McClellan was a graduate of West Point Academy. A young man of fine ability, as well as of thorough military education, he was made a major-general of volunteers. Not long after, the States of Indiana and Illinois were added to the Department

of the Ohio; for you will see that these States lie on one side of the Ohio River, and it was essential to keep control of its waters. McClellan was then made a major-general in the regular army.

Naturally, the rebels were unwilling to lose half of Virginia. To prevent it from returning to the Union, an armed force was sent into that part of the State which had declared itself loyal. Not only was private property destroyed, but bridges were burned, and much damage was done by the invaders.

As Ohio lay so near, it was only a sisterly thing to help Virginia in this emergency, and she was very ready to do it. Therefore General McClellan sent a letter to West Virginia, urging those who loved the Union, and desired to remain in it, to join him in driving the Confederate troops out of the State. Then, with his army, he crossed the Ohio River; one half going over at Parkersburg, and the other at Wheeling, with the intention of meeting at Grafton. General McClellan found a very satisfactory answer to his invitation awaiting him. Colonel B. F. Kelley, at the head of two regiments of West Virginians, was ready to join him.

The rebels had already heard of the approach of the Unionists, and had fallen back to Philippi. They were only waiting here for a heavy storm to cease, before making good their retreat still farther south. But the Nationals did not wait for fair weather. Two detachments started in pursuit; the one to the right, and the other to the left, of Philippi, both going south. On the morning of the 3d of June, the two divisions having arrived at nearly the same moment, a sudden attack upon the rebel encampment was made from two opposite hills on either side of the town. The effect was startling. Although the Confederates had received a hint that McClellan was coming, they were routed and scattered very quickly. Colonel Kelley was seriously wounded in the skirmish, but afterward recovered.

BATTLE OF BOONEVILLE.

Elated by the complete success of this attack, the Federals hastened to press the enemy southward into the Cheat River Valley. After this defeat at Philippi, the command of the rebel army was given to General Robert S. Garnett, a graduate of West Point, who had taken up arms for the Confederacy.

All this country is mountainous; and the only means of getting from one town to another is by the turnpike, or public wagon-road. At Beverly, where General Garnett was trying to collect Porterfield's scattered troops, the road going north is divided into two branches, or forks, one crossing Rich Mountain, the other going through a pass of Laurel Hill. Here General Garnett intrenched himself; while Colonel Pegram, with a smaller force, guarded the pass at Rich Mountain.

General McClellan's army was expected to approach from the direct mountain turnpike in either or both of these directions.

In part, the Confederates were right in their conjecture; for General McClellan, with seven regiments, came from the north-west toward Rich Mountain, till he arrived within two miles of the enemy's camp. Sending out spies to discover Garnett's position, McClellan learned that an attack made from the front would result in defeat and great loss. So General Rosecrans volunteered to lead a detachment, or portion of the army, to the top of Rich Mountain. This he did successfully, leaving the main road, and climbing steadily up, for hours, through a thick wood, in the midst of a heavy, drenching rain. Suddenly he came face to face with the enemy. Colonel Pegram had not expected the attack from the rear, but he made a stubborn fight as long as there was a chance for him.

In the mean time General McClellan was to attack in front at the same moment; but Rosecrans's messenger was

captured, and so McClellan knew nothing of his success till long afterward.

Colonel Pegram tried to get away, and join General Garnett at Laurel Hill; but he, hearing of the misfortune which had befallen the Confederates, had also retreated, closely followed by the Union army.

So Colonel Pegram was caught. He surrendered to McClellan at Beverly, officers and men, nearly six hundred prisoners. Still the Unionists pursued, and still the Confederates fled, cutting down trees as they went. Seeing that the way toward the south was blocked for him, Garnett turned toward the north, hoping to get out of the trap from the other way. At Carrick's Ford, on the Cheat River, a battle was fought in earnest. The Confederates were defeated here also, and General Garnett was killed. His personal conduct had been gallant, but he had entirely failed to rally his panic-stricken men. Indeed, at the time of his death, he was quite alone. A boyish young aide who fell by his side was his only companion. The body of General Garnett was cared for by the Federals, and sent to his friends.

General McClellan had been so skilful, or so lucky, or both, in this campaign, as a series of military operations is sometimes called, that he received, in consequence, the position of commander of the Army of the Potomac.

General Rosecrans was placed in charge of affairs in General McClellan's place, where we will leave him for the present, while we gossip about his neighbors a little. In the train of misfortunes which followed the Union arms about this time, came the Vienna disaster. General Irwin McDowell, who was in command at Arlington Heights, received information of an attempt to burn the bridges of a railway not far from Alexandria. So he sent General Robert C. Schenck to look after things in that neighborhood. Accordingly,

General Schenck embarked the First Ohio, under Colonel McCook, upon a train, and proceeded in the direction indicated. As they neared Vienna, a little town a few miles from Alexandria, the train was fired upon by a masked or concealed battery, and several were killed and wounded. As may be imagined, people were very indignant at this sort of Indian warfare.

In order to systematize military affairs, the various loyal States were grouped together by threes or fours, each cluster being called a department. When the heads of these newly-made departments were chosen, none was more satisfactory to the general-in-chief than was General Robert Patterson, who was appointed to the Department of Pennsylvania, which was made up of the States of Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania.

General Patterson had seen service; and his fine record bore testimony that he was no "dastard in war," although he was no longer a young man, since his next birthday would make him seventy years old.

As the rebels had strengthened Harper's Ferry, and increased the number of troops there to a very alarming degree, General Patterson's first intention seems to have been to give battle at once, and thus drive them out of their stronghold. But he dallied with excuses, and changed his plans so often, that the Confederates destroyed the railroad bridge and much of the Government property, and left Harper's Ferry, falling back towards the south as far as Winchester; when, lo! General Patterson followed General Joseph E. Johnston's example and retreated. So he continued to march and countermarch, giving no heed to frequent and urgent telegrams from General Scott, imploring him to do something. His operations remind one of the nursery rhyme: "The King of France, with forty thousand men, marched up a hill, and then marched down again."

The real purpose for which General Patterson's division was needed, was to keep General Johnston's rebel army in check, or to engage it in battle. In that way General McDowell might be free to attack General Beauregard's army at Manassas Junction, without fear of his re-enforcement by Johnston.

But, alas! nothing was done. And at last General Scott, quite out of patience, telegraphed, "Has not he [Johnston] stolen a march, and sent re-enforcements toward Manassas Junction?" But Patterson would not admit it, and neither would he fight. General Scott had guessed the truth. With a force much larger than that of the enemy, and with every other advantage, Patterson had indeed allowed Johnston to slip past him to assist in the battle of Bull Run, which soon followed.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A BLACK MONDAY.

A HUNDRED years ago the way of carrying on war was very simple. Messages were sent only by swift and trusty horsemen from camp to camp, or town to town. Signals were made by lighting bonfires on the tops of hills, or lanterns were hung in church-steeples to give warning of danger. That was in the time of the Revolutionary War. But in our Civil War, what with our network of railways stretched across the country, and the tattling telegraph, the secret of the best-laid plan that any general could imagine was out, long before it was executed. Besides, there were the newspapers. Some modern Jason must have sown every battle-field with "dragon's teeth;" for no sooner did two armies prepare for an engagement than up sprang a harvest of reporters; the difference being, that the weapon used by this army was the pen instead of the lance. In this the Confederates were wiser than the Unionists, for they knew that a pen in careless hands is the more dangerous. So they ordered the Southern newspapers to publish no intended movements of their armies, for fear of giving information to the Northern people. As if this were not enough, balloons were used for military purposes. Too high to be in any danger, they were sent up over an enemy's camp. Much could thus be learned which it would be impossible to know in any other way. The strength and position of the enemy, and how many guns he

had, could thus be easily discovered. Professor Lowe made an ascension at Washington for military purposes in June, 1861. He connected his balloon by telegraph with the War Department, and sent Mr. Lincoln the first despatch ever telegraphed from mid-air.

In still another way, too, great progress and improvement had been made in the art of war. Cannons and guns of all kinds had been invented wherewith to kill men, which would have astonished the soldiers who fought at Bunker Hill. Steam war-vessels and iron-clad gunboats sailed the sea, instead of ponderous and unwieldy ships like the old Constitution, of which we already know.

In the light of the nineteenth century, therefore, with all the death-dealing machines at hand which human skill could invent, the North and the South began a hand-to-hand struggle for the mastery.

Already had ten thousand men crossed the Potomac into Virginia. They were posted on the left bank of the river, stretching, in the shape of a crescent, or new moon, from Alexandria to Georgetown.

At Fortress Monroe, General Butler commanded fifteen thousand men; and General Patterson, with his eighteen thousand, was supposed to be in the neighborhood of Winchester.

The Confederates had also gathered an army, the greater part of which, under General P. G. T. Beauregard, lay at Manassas Junction, about thirty-five miles south-west from Washington. As we know, Johnston, with eight thousand Confederates, was at this moment trying to escape Patterson, whom he supposed to be at his heels, in order to join Beauregard at Manassas Junction. At this place two railroads cross each other; and, from its position among the hills, it would seem an easy matter to resist an attack which might be made from the north or west.

THE OLD FLAG.

The Union army, organized and commanded by Brigadier-General McDowell, was now greatly increased in view of making an immediate attack upon the enemy.

One morning about the middle of July, the Union camp was stirring very early. Soon, in the gray dawn, four long dark columns began to move toward the south, all going in the same direction, but by different roads.

So, thirty-four thousand strong, this Grand Army of the Potomac went gayly out to its first battle. Many of the men had enlisted at the first call of the President, and their time was nearly out. They had become a little used to military order and usages; but the greater part of this army was composed of new recruits who answered to the second call, and who were not, therefore, very soldierly in their habits. A very small proportion of this vast company was regulars.

It is true that General McDowell commanded, but each division was under the charge of a separate general.

A *division* is made of three or four brigades, and a *brigade* has several regiments in it, while every *regiment* is composed of ten companies. General E. B. Tyler led the first division, and Colonel David Hunter the second. The third was commanded by Colonel Samuel P. Heintzleman, and the fourth by General Theodore Runyon. This latter division, however, was left to guard the road between Centreville and Washington.

The fifth was given to the care of Colonel D. H. Miles. So quietly did they break camp, and move away, that nobody heard them.

They took as little baggage as possible. At that stage in the war a soldier would have required a Saratoga trunk to carry all the luxuries and knick-knacks with which unwise and loving friends at home overwhelmed him; but all these must be left behind.

Would you like to know what a soldier carries when he goes to battle? I will tell you what orders General McDowell gave to his troops. They were to take "arms, accoutrements, and ammunition; cartridges-boxes filled; their haversacks, with three days' cooked rations (or food); their blankets with the ends tied to each other across the shoulder, and, when possible, a pair of stockings inside the blanket; their canteens and their cups." Canteens are water-bottles; and accoutrements are pouches, belts, and such things. Knapsacks were to be packed and marked, and left, with tents and other heavy things, under the charge of an officer and a squad of soldiers. These followed later. A haversack is a canvas bag to put food in. A knapsack is a leathern bag in which a soldier packs his clothing, and which is carried on his back when he makes a long march.

Your map will show you, that, in order to reach Manassas, the direct route ran through Centreville. It would also be necessary to cross Bull Run, a small stream which is a tributary, or feeder, to the Potomac. General Tyler, with the first division, pushed on to Centreville. Finding it deserted, he was therefore ordered to reconnoitre, which is to "spy out the land," just as Moses sent spies into the land of Canaan to see it and the people, "whether they be strong or weak."

In both cases they found the country well guarded. The rebel army was stretched along the west bank of Bull Run for nearly eight miles. The stream was pretty deep, and ran so swiftly that it could be crossed only at certain points. At every one of these places the rebels had posted a strong guard.

When General Tyler attempted to reconnoitre at Blackburn's Ford, the enemy showed fight, and a sharp skirmish took place. The Nationals, being repulsed with a loss of sixty men, fell back again to Centreville. A ford is a shallow

place in a stream, where one can ride or wade through, instead of crossing on a bridge. There were several fords and a stone bridge across Bull Run. The question now was, which place to choose for the passage of the Union army; for all were well defended.

General McDowell remained at Centreville two days, arranging plans, and making ready for a fight. He intended to make the attack on Saturday; but, his supplies failing to arrive, he was obliged to wait. On Saturday, however, three days' rations were given out, with orders to march at daybreak on Sunday morning, July 21. A ration is a portion of food allowed daily to a soldier when on duty.

General Tyler was to make a pretence, or feint, of trying to cross the stone bridge. This was to occupy the enemy, and thus cover the real crossing of the main army, a little farther on, at Sudley's Ford, and was accomplished without difficulty.

The rebel general, Joseph E. Johnston, with a portion of his army, was already on the ground. It was past ten before the Nationals came in sight. The battle soon began in earnest. First the Nationals seemed to have the advantage, and then the Confederates. Just as the Nationals were beginning to waver from exhaustion, Keyes and Sherman appeared with fresh troops, scattering the rebels to right and left. This was about eleven o'clock.

That morning's work made many a child fatherless, and broke many a widow's heart. But before noon the news of victory to the Union army was bulletined at every newspaper office at the North. When such timely help came to the Nationals, the Confederates fled across an open space, and up a hill where the "Robinson" and "Henry" houses stood. Here, on a broad table-land, with a thick wood in the rear, they began once more to rally. They found General Jackson, with a battery and a few companies,

calmly holding the position, which was, in fact, an excellent one. It was about this time that General Bee, in trying to encourage his tired troops, cried: "Here stands Jackson like a stone wall!" "Stonewall!" was taken up upon all sides with the wildest enthusiasm. So the famous rebel general, Jackson, was ever afterward known as "Stonewall" Jackson.

Now the Nationals began the task of driving the enemy from that plateau, or table-land. In order to do it, the rebel batteries on the brow of the hill must be taken. The order was given. Up went the artillery, with their supporting regiments, "into the jaws of death." Another regiment followed. Now a battery was captured from the enemy, now a whole regiment of Nationals was cut to pieces. The conflict seemed so equal, that one might fancy it would go on while a man was left. The ground was red with blood. Many gallant officers on both sides had been killed, and many wounded. Even General Johnston began to feel discouraged, and the Nationals did not dare to hope.

Three times the Nationals climbed wearily up the hill; and when, at last, bearing their flags heavily, they gained the top for the third time, a terrible fire of musketry and artillery, "at pistol-range," mowed them down like grain in a harvest-field. Just at that moment the rest of General Johnston's command appeared, led by General Kirby Smith.

Cheer after cheer rose from the Confederates, who took fresh courage. On came two regiments of fresh recruits, pressing furiously upon the right wing of the Union army; and the same murderous fire continued in front. What wonder, then, that at the cry, "Johnston's army has come!" the Unionists lost all hope. One after another, regiment after regiment, broke and ran. The battle-field became a general race-course. Riderless horses, mules with wagons, and soldiers with their arms flung away, flying in wild haste

BULL RUN.

and confusion, made such a scene as was never before imagined. Threats and entreaties were useless. Orders had no effect on the men, and many a gallant officer died trying to rally his command. One battalion of regulars firmly held together, and moved steadily across the plain to hold the enemy in check, in order to give the Federals a chance to rally. But it was all in vain. Faster and faster the poor fellows ran, never stopping to look behind them.

They retreated to Centreville very naturally, and soon after midnight they were all on their way back to Washington. Their wounded and dead alas, how great a company! were left behind. If one could have seen them, blood-stained and soiled, struggling through the dark, it would have been hard to believe that these were the daring and eager soldiers who had so lately gone out determined to conquer.

"Never had the flag of the Union trailed so low in the dust before." Yet our boys in blue were not less brave than those in the gray.

Ah! that was a sad day at the North when the news was read of our defeat and shame. Above all, what a day of mourning it was for those who had given fathers and brothers and sons who should never come back to them!

For many a long year, July 22, 1861, will be remembered as "Black Monday;" for on that day fifteen hundred Unionists were killed or wounded, and from three thousand to four thousand were taken prisoners. The Confederate loss was about nineteen hundred. The "Henry house" was occupied by a woman who had been ill in her bed for years. She had a son and a daughter who took care of her; but it was not likely that they knew the danger which they were in, until it was too late to move their mother. The story is a sad one. When the day's work was done, she was found so badly wounded, that she died the next day.

The walls of the house were made into lace-work by bullets, for the hottest fight raged there.

The battle of Bull Run has been pronounced, by an able commander who had a large share in it, "one of the best-planned battles of the war, and one of the worst-fought." The troops were raw and undisciplined, officers and men alike being unused to war. Their uniforms were in different colors; their guns, of various patterns. They were strangers to hardships, and were appalled by the roar and shrieks of the battle-field. They did not even know how to obey properly when an order was given. They had never been "brigaded" before; that is, they had never received orders for so many men at once. So little were they used to military obedience, that General Sherman said afterward, that he could not possibly keep his men from straggling off to pick blackberries, or to get water, on the march.

Those who watched affairs in those days blamed General Patterson and Colonel Miles for the disaster; the one having disobeyed the orders of a superior officer, while the other proved that he could not be trusted.

Some thought General Patterson friendly to the Southern cause; but we will not say so hard a thing of a man who was held worthy to command a Union army. Certainly he was not very anxious to fight, for he let Johnston slip past him without so much as a scratch. General Patterson was "honorably discharged" as soon as his time expired. To be honorably discharged is to let one go without censure; and we may afford to be no less generous, now that he is dead.

Mr. Lincoln had called an extra or special session of Congress, to meet on the 4th of July. He celebrated the national holiday in 1861, not by a display of fireworks, but by asking Congress to give him money and men. He asked for the right to call out four hundred thousand men, and for

four hundred million dollars to carry on the war. The Secessionists were in earnest, and it was time for the government to be in earnest too.

The right which President Lincoln desired was granted. After the battle of Bull Run, however, another hundred million of money was added, giving five hundred million dollars for military purposes.

The rebel army also was eagerly enlarged. About this time the Confederate Congress met, but they were much perplexed about raising money. Gold-paying banks would not take their government notes : their Confederate bills sank in value as many as fifteen or twenty cents on every dollar. Laboring people would not accept Confederate money for their work. Where to get the means to carry on the war had become a serious question to them. But the North and the South were equally brave, and both bore the bitterest hardships without complaining. Each thought itself in the right. Each asked the blessing of God upon its cause. Women wore the national colors ; and children made "red, white, and blue" rosettes at the North. At the South, the Stars and Bars waved proudly everywhere.

Envelopes and letter-paper were gay with flags and eagles. Four thousand different kinds of envelopes were made in three weeks. Most of these found their way to the soldiers' camps, filled with loving cheer from friends at home. Patriotic songs were sung, — "Dixie" at the South, the "Star-spangled Banner" at the North. No little town was too small to raise its company of soldiers. Waiting for its turn to come, it drilled and marched in brave new uniforms, — blue at the North, gray at the South.

Public squares were dotted with new white tents ; and over them floated the Stars and Bars at the South, the Stars and Stripes at the North. The whole nation, from the Gulf of Mexico to British America, was thrilling with heroism.

But the heroes did not all go to war. It is sometimes much harder to be left at home, and wait, than to go out, and do a daring thing. After these husbands and fathers and sons had fairly enlisted, and buckled on their swords, or taken their muskets and marched away, it was lonely enough for the wives and mothers and children who were left at home. Yet nobody wanted to keep these soldiers back. No, indeed! Nor did the women weep with folded hands. Their hearts were just as full of patriotism as if they had been men. If they could not give their lives for their country, what then? It did not take long to find out. All over the land, in the North and South too, bands were formed for sewing for the soldiers. Every woman thought of some dear one, when she sewed the blue flannel shirts. And little girls always loved to think the warm stockings they were knitting would find their way to the feet of fathers or brothers. Everybody helped. The great public meeting at the Cooper Institute in New York, which was held so soon after Sumter was fired upon, began to bear fruit, for from it sprang the SANITARY COMMISSION, a society for the comfort of soldiers, both sick and well. The CHRISTIAN COMMISSION was also organized for moral and religious work among them.

Men gave money freely to buy cloth. Boys and girls gladly did their share in many ways. Great boxes of good things to eat were sent by every train to the sick in the hospitals through the generosity of these societies.

After a while, the news of battles flew over the telegraph wires. Then long lists of the dead and wounded, which one scarcely dared to read, filled every heart with sorrow, and added a new item to the work for the soldiers. "Lint and Bandage" meetings were held. Old linen, which would be soft and pleasant to the sick in the heat of a Southern summer, was gathered and sent with tears and prayers.

Children never forgot to ask God to bless and protect the

soldiers, whenever they said their prayers. Every man who wore a uniform was welcome to every home.

Regiments on the march were received with cheers, and handkerchiefs fluttered from every window, in token of wel-

CHILDREN'S FAIR.

come. Coffee and all sorts of good things, were set out for their refreshment wherever they stopped.

So, as everybody had something to do and something to think about, the time did not drag so wearily. All were working for one common cause, and the cause itself grew dearer.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### WESTERN WARRIORS.

WE left General Price at the battle of Boonville. Immediately after that, he made all haste to join the rebel general, Ben McCulloch, in the southern part of Missouri. Wishing to prevent the meeting, Colonel Sigel pushed on after them, and overtook them at Carthage on the 4th of July, where a sharp skirmish took place. After three hours, the Unionists were repulsed, and retreated, followed by the rebels. Sigel's loss was not large; and he was able, by good fortune and skilful generalship, to protect his baggage-train.

A few days later he fell back to Springfield, where he was joined by General Lyon, who took command of his troops. A month passed by, still no re-enforcements came; while the enemy had gathered all its strength in the south-western corner of Missouri, getting ready to make a fierce attack.

One morning news came to General Lyon that the rebels were coming in two strong columns.

He knew that it would be better to attack than to defend, with so small a force: so he gave the order to go forward. At Dug Springs, nineteen miles to the south of Springfield, the Nationals and Confederates met. The country was so hilly, that neither could see how large a force the other had. The Nationals were cautiously advancing, shots being briskly exchanged in the mean time, when suddenly the Confed-

erate cavalry made a dash upon them from the woods, breaking the column in two like a pipe-stem.

A company of regulars, Stanley's cavalry, drew up in line and fired. The battle had just begun in earnest, when one of Stanley's officers shouted, "Charge!" Away dashed twenty-five horses and riders into the midst of the rebels, cutting them to pieces in a fearful way. Before Stanley

ARSENAL, ST. LOUIS.

could recover himself to follow and support the few of his men who were making the charge, the Confederates were flying in every direction; and in a short time they had all retreated.

The next day Lyon decided to return to Springfield, since the Unionists were not strong enough to do any thing without re-enforcements.

In the mean while, General McCulloch, now commanding the rebels in the place of Price, had been ordered to ad-

vance at once upon General Lyon. After a hurried march, the Confederates encamped on both sides of Wilson's Creek, which lies about ten miles south of Springfield.

They were in excellent spirits, notwithstanding their hunger. Their baggage-train had been left behind; and they had no food excepting the green corn which they picked as they went, and ate without salt. They were ragged and thirsty, for this army of twenty-six thousand men had no canteens. They had neither tents nor blankets.

General Lyon's command did not exceed five thousand men. He called a council of war; and it was decided to go out to meet the enemy, as the site of Springfield was too level to be defended. So they were to set out in the dead of night, hoping to surprise the rebels.

Oddly enough, the Confederates had intended to do this very thing themselves; but, as the weather was stormy, the idea had been given up. The Nationals marched in two columns; Lyon at the head of one, Sigel leading the other. Lyon was to attack in front, and Sigel in the rear. The plan was successful and the surprise was complete. Nevertheless it did not take long for the Confederates to fall into line; and very soon the battle was raging. Sigel's shot and shell came crashing over the rebel encampment from the rear: Totten's and Dubois' batteries mowed them down in front. Twice during the fight the Union flag was raised by the Confederates, until they were in the very midst of the Union ranks, then, showing their true colors, they fought savagely. Through this trick, Sigel lost nearly half his men. General Lyon's behavior was heroic. All day he rode up and down the lines, cheering and leading his men. You know that a commanding general does not usually do this. He keeps out of danger, that he may be able to direct others, and plan for the whole army.

Wherever the bullets fell fastest, General Lyon's face was

GENERAL LYON LEADING THE CHARGE.

seen. Twice he was wounded, and his horse was shot under him; but he never thought of retreat.

Urging forward an Iowa regiment whose colonel had been killed, and which hesitated or waited a little, asking, "Who will lead us?" General Lyon mounted another horse, and, waving his hat, cried, "I will lead you. Come on, brave men!" Scarcely a minute after, a rifle-ball struck him in the breast, and he fell mortally wounded. He died in the arms of his servant, only saying, "I am going."

Upon Major Sturgis, not less brave than General Lyon, now fell the command. At this time it was not known that Colonel Sigel's force had been decoyed and captured by the use of the national flag. So when, for the third time, it was again displayed, Major Sturgis supposed that Colonel Sigel was coming to his aid, when, lo! within a few feet of the Nationals, these chivalrous Confederates fired a volley of bullets in their faces. Still the Unionists stood the storm, and returned the fire till the enemy fell back to the cover of the woods. But the day was lost; for the rebels, with a superior force, were in possession of the battle-field.

So the Nationals fell back to Rolla, which your map will show you is in the direction of St. Louis.

That the rebels did not follow, is a pretty sure sign that they were glad to be rid of them.

In the haste and confusion of leaving the field, the body of General Lyon was left behind. General Price kindly sent it to Springfield in his own wagon, where it was cared for and buried by Mrs. J. S. Phelps, and afterward it was sent to General Lyon's home in the East.

The conduct of the national troops at the Battle of Wilson's Creek was above praise.

Major-General John C. Frémont, in the mean while, had been placed at the head of affairs in the West, having his headquarters at St. Louis. He set about fortifying and

strengthening that city against the enemy. He also placed strong garrisons at Cairo, Paducah, and Bird's Point.

As we have seen, it was absolutely necessary to have money to carry on all his plans; but not a cent had he. The under treasurer of the government refused to let General Frémont have any, without an order from Washington. Time was more important than ceremony; and so preparations were made to seize it forcibly, when the treasurer yielded, and Frémont took a hundred thousand dollars for national purposes.

He declared martial law in St. Louis; that is, all persons were warned neither to speak nor write one word against the government, nor to give aid or comfort to rebels, upon penalty of imprisonment. Those taken in the city with arms in their hands, if not employed by the government, were to be tried, and, if found guilty of treason, were to be shot. Rebel newspapers were stopped. Property belonging to rebels taking part against the Union, was to be confiscated or taken by the government; and slaves of these disloyal people were to be made free. This was all done with the view to stop the fountain of treason, so that no more streams should flow from it.

It seemed a hard measure, but the laws must be obeyed at all hazards. As slaves made up a large share of the capital of most of the secessionists, a great storm was the result of this proclamation. Mr. Lincoln therefore set aside the latter part of this law concerning property and slaves, in the hope to soften the bitterness of the aggrieved ones.

It was September when General Price drew up before Lexington, on the south bank of the Missouri River. This town was garrisoned by Colonel James A. Mulligan of the Chicago Irish Brigade, with nearly three thousand men, but, alas! with only forty rounds of ammunition and eight small

cannon. Colonel Mulligan hourly expected re-enforcements and supplies. Day after day went by; and, as none came, the only thing left for them to do was to dig trenches and build earthworks, to protect themselves.

General Price's force had become so strong that he hoped that Colonel Mulligan would surrender, if he only threatened.

In the mean time, General Frémont was in an awkward

FRÉMONT'S HOUSE IN ST. LOUIS.

place. General Grant, at Cairo, was begging for more troops. General Robert Anderson, whom you remember, was now in command of the Department of the Cumberland, and urgently calling for help at Louisville, Ky. General Scott ordered General Frémont to send him "five thousand well-armed infantry [or foot-soldiers] without a moment's delay." And here was Colonel Mulligan shut up in Lexington, without guns and ammunition! General Frémont ordered troops from all quarters to his relief; but

they never reached Lexington. The rebels had looked out for that, having driven them back, and also captured supplies intended for the beleaguered town.

At daybreak on the 12th of September, General Price opened fire upon Lexington from four different directions. Colonel Mulligan met the assault bravely. From morning till night the battle was kept up without result. At length General Price withdrew his command to wait until his wagon-train should come.

In the mean while, Colonel Mulligan hastened to prepare for the coming siege. Six days after the first attack, General Price, with fresh re-enforcements, opened another battle. His army was supposed to number about twenty thousand.

The poor fellows in Lexington were in a sad plight. Their rations were getting low. Their ammunition was nearly gone. The cavalry had only pistols to fight with. Horses which had been killed in the first skirmish were unburied, and the horrible stench made the men ill. The enemy had cut off the river from them; so that they had no water, except that the soldiers caught in their blankets when it rained. Yet, for all this, when General Price sent word to them that they must surrender, Colonel Mulligan's answer was, "If you want us, come and take us." For three days the Confederates never stopped firing. At last the hospital was taken. The surgeon and chaplain were made prisoners; and it is said that some of the sick were killed in their beds, though we cannot bear to believe that. Colonel Mulligan afterward said, that he never dreamed that in these days the rebels would harm a sick man. But, since the hospital was captured, it must be retaken. Captain Gleason, with his Montgomery Guard, undertook the task. At the word "Charge!" they rushed upon the enemy with such fury, that they drove him down hill, and beyond the battle-field; and the sick were saved from such rude hands. But, out

Gilbert del.

of the eighty men who went out to the charge, only fifty came back; and their leader, Captain Gleason, had been shot through the cheek. This has been called one of the bravest and most gallant charges in all history.

Colonel Mulligan had been wounded twice; and many of the men became discouraged, refusing to fight any longer. So a white flag was raised, which is called a flag of truce; and the Irish brigade, loyal and brave, surrendered with glory. When General Price received Colonel Mulligan's sword, he returned it, saying, "I should be sorry to see so brave an officer deprived of his sword." When all was over, the rebels asked one of the National soldiers where their ammunition was to be found; to which an officer answered, "I believe we gave you all we had, but upon my word I wish it had been more." The private soldiers were paroled, but Colonel Mulligan with his staff were taken prisoners. A parole means a promise not to fight again until properly exchanged. The National loss at Lexington during those seventy-two hours was from three hundred to five hundred men. Congress gave Colonel Mulligan's regiment the right to place on its flag the word "Lexington." Two months later Colonel Mulligan was exchanged and offered the rank of brigadier-general, which he refused, because he would rather stay with his regiment.

Immediately after this, General Price moved forward to join McCulloch and Governor or General Jackson. General Frémont gave the rebels chase. Already too many battles had been lost because the Federals were not quite ready. This time all preparations were carefully made.

General Frémont joined General Sigel at Osage River, with thirty thousand men; and, five days later, they had bridged the stream, and crossed in search of the rebels. General Frémont was called the "Pathfinder," because he had passed so much of his life in the Rocky Mountains,

before railways were built in the Far West. When he took charge of the Department of the Mississippi, he began raising a cavalry force. At first it was to be but a single company; but it afterward grew until several companies were formed, and accepted by the Government.

The person who collected and drilled these men was a Hungarian named Zagonyi. He called them Frémont's "Body-Guard;" and they were the finest specimens of strength and courage that could be found. They were drilled to move as one man. A few days after the Union troops had crossed the bridge over the Osage River, General Frémont ordered Zagonyi to go in advance of the army to see what the enemy was doing, and, if possible, to take the town of Springfield. With the Body Guard, one hundred and fifty strong, and about the same number of Major White's Prairie Scouts, they rode forward; but, when they were within a few miles of Springfield, they learned that there were two thousand Confederate troops waiting for them. What would you have done? Well, Major Zagonyi never thought of going back; but, calling his men around him, he said, —

"Fellow-soldiers, the hour of danger has come. Your first battle is before you. The enemy is two thousand strong, and we are but one hundred and fifty. It may be that no man will come back. If any one wishes to turn back, he can do so now." He waited a moment, but no one stirred. Then he went on, saying, "I will lead you. Let our watchword be, 'The Union and Frémont.' Draw sabres; quick trot; march!" And headlong they charged into the Confederate ranks, cutting their way as a great machine goes through a wheat-field to cut the ripened grain. Surprised and terror-stricken, the Confederates scattered in all directions. The Body-Guard seemed to them to be wild beasts let loose upon them. Away they flew, the little band

of brave men at their heels. Major White's Dragoons followed them into the very streets of the town. Eighty-four of Zagonyi's men never came back; but by their death they had earned, not only fame, but the thanks of Union-loving people. That night the National flag waved over Springfield.

Affairs now looked more cheering than for a long time. The prospect of driving the Confederates out of Missouri was encouraging to the Federals who had been so persevering. But just at this crisis, when a battle was expected at any moment, General Frémont was relieved from command; Major-General David Hunter, who was already on his way, had been given the head of that department.

Complaints against General Frémont had been made early in his administration of affairs. Later, a great deal of fault had been found with him, and every scheme that had failed was laid at his door. So Mr. Lincoln was forced to yield to the pressure brought to bear upon him, and reluctantly removed General Frémont from command.

General Frémont was a good soldier, therefore he knew how to obey. When the order arrived for his removal, he was upon the eve of a battle. One hundred and ten of his officers begged him to lead them to fight the enemy. This he promised to do if General Hunter did not arrive before the next morning. But Hunter came that night, and so Frémont's duty was done. He was devotedly loved by his soldiers, and it was a heavy blow to them to exchange for a stranger a leader to whom they were so attached. General Frémont made a touching address to his soldiers, in which he bade them farewell, and urged them to go on as they had begun, adding, "and give to my successor the same cordial, enthusiastic support with which you have encouraged me."

The next day, with his staff, General Frémont returned sadly to St. Louis. There he was received with every dem-

onstration of respect. A grand reception was given him. A torchlight procession paraded in his honor, and cheers and shouts rent the air. Finally a magnificent sword was presented to him, upon which was the inscription, "To the Pathfinder, by the Men of the West."

The famous Body-Guard was disbanded; but it still lives in history, for the wife of General Frémont has preserved its record in a book called "The Story of the Body-Guard." General Hunter assumed command of the Department of Missouri on the 4th of November.

He did not remain very long in that position, however; for within a week he was sent to the Department of Kansas, and Major-General Henry W. Halleck immediately took the position made vacant in Missouri, with headquarters in St. Louis.

General Halleck took very vigorous measures to establish order and discipline, both in the army and outside of it.

The Unionists in Missouri had suffered cruel persecution at the hands of their rebel neighbors since the war began. These poor creatures crowded into St. Louis half naked, homeless, and starving, and claimed the protection of the Government authorities. Feeling that the secessionists ought to contribute to the relief of those who had suffered for their treason, General Halleck ordered them to give liberally for that purpose, in "money, food, or quarters." But he was not so tender toward the negro refugees as he had been with the whites. He would not allow a slave to enter his lines, because he was afraid that the secrets of the camp would thus fall into the enemy's hands. No doubt his motives were right. But it was proved, before the war was over, that he might have trusted the negroes, for they were always loyal to the Union.

While this change of commanders was taking place in the Northern army, Price was advancing.

In reply to a rousing appeal, about five thousand rebels were persuaded to join him. General John Pope, commanding the Union army in Central Missouri, undertook to keep these recruits from reaching Price's main army. Pope was able, luckily, to carry out his purpose; for by the 18th of December, over fourteen hundred prisoners had been captured from the rebels, as well as two supply-trains.

Hearing of this, Price rapidly fell back, pursued by General Pope and General Samuel R. Curtis, who had lately been appointed to the head of the Department of the South-west.

So Price was finally driven out of Missouri; and, although he and General McCulloch were not very good friends, they joined their forces in Arkansas early in 1862, where we will leave them to recover from the long marches and the sixty battles and skirmishes that had been fought in Missouri during the past six months.

## CHAPTER IX.

### ODDS AND ENDS.

KENTUCKY, like Missouri, was a slave State. Her governor, Beriah Magoffin, was a thorough secessionist. In reply to the President's call for troops, he telegraphed: "Your despatch is received. In answer, I say emphatically that Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister States."

He had no authority for giving this answer, as Kentucky had not been consulted; and there is little doubt, that, at a word of encouragement from its officers, the State would have gone with the North as a whole. As it was, however, a quarrel sprang up, and a most unhappy state of things was brought about. In the Legislature, the Union party was the stronger; so that Governor Magoffin was at least restrained from taking the State into the Confederacy, where his heart was. After much argument, it was therefore agreed to keep the State strictly neutral; but it is so natural to take sides, that, after a while, enlistments for both armies began. People were divided in their opinions, but the Union sentiment prevailed throughout the State.

The President, however, had no idea of allowing Kentucky to fall into disloyal hands. Arms were sent to citizens who loved the Union and wished to stay in it. It was not long before Camp Joe Holt was established near Louisville, and Camp Dick Robinson, in the eastern part of the State. Major Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, now General Ander-

son, was placed at the head of the Department of the Cumberland, which included Kentucky and Tennessee.

You will see, by consulting your map, that these States lie on the east bank of the Mississippi, being divided by that river from the States of Missouri and Arkansas. We already know how disloyal Missouri was. Early in May, Tennessee was induced by her traitor Governor and Legislature to join the Confederacy, although there were many Unionists within her boundaries who were displeased with the act. On the very same day Arkansas became a Confederate State.

NEW BOOTS FOR OLD.

Now, you will see that the Mississippi River makes a sudden bend just where Illinois comes down like a wedge between Missouri and Kentucky. In this curve were the towns of Cairo and Bird's Point, both of which would be very desirable places for either army to occupy; and both sides meant to have them.

Kentucky's neutrality did not keep rebel soldiers out of her borders. Major-General Gideon J. Pillow, at the head of a large force, was pushing north, through Tennessee; and Major-General William J. Hardee was making for the same quarter, through Missouri. It was therefore very necessary to the Confederate cause that Kentucky should become a rebel State, no matter how the people felt about it.

General Leonidas Polk was commander-in-chief of this department. Like most of the leaders in the Confederate army, General Polk was a graduate of West Point. Soon after he had finished his studies, he left the army to enter the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was very successful in his profession; and, at the opening of the war, he was the bishop of Louisiana. He thought it his duty, however, to return to the army; and early in the Rebellion he took the field, with the rank of major-general. Bishop Polk was a slaveholder. In conversation with the senior bishop of his church, upon the subject of leaving the church for the army, he said, "We fight for our hearth-stones and our altars: above all, we fight for a race that has been by Divine Providence intrusted to our most sacred keeping." This shows how differently good men, who love and fear God, can look upon the same subject, and act conscientiously in entirely different ways.

General Polk's headquarters were at Memphis, Tennessee. He ordered New Madrid to be fortified, and urged General Pillow to make haste in taking possession of Bird's Point and Cairo. Seeing the great danger, should such a thing happen, General Frémont had already occupied these two towns with a force of about four thousand men. This for a time upset the Confederate plan. A little later, however, General Polk seized Columbus and Hickman, two towns in Kentucky.

General Ulysses S. Grant was at Cairo, only a few miles north, too near to be an agreeable neighbor, especially as Union troops were well established at Paducah, back of Columbus, to the east, where the Tennessee River flows into the Ohio. It seems almost a waste of breath to tell you who General Grant was, for he has been the President of the United States within the memory of the youngest reader.

EAST TENNESSEE REFUGEES.

Still, perhaps you may not know that he was also a West Point graduate, who early in his career had served in the war with Mexico, having been promoted to a captaincy for his courage. He was not in the army when the war broke out; but he soon entered the volunteer service, and was again promoted. This time he was chosen colonel of an Illinois regiment, and was very soon made brigadier-general of volunteers, in which position we find him at Cairo.

While General Polk was getting ready to attack the Union forces on the Mississippi, the Confederate general, Simon B. Buckner, made a bold attempt to seize Louisville, Kentucky. The usual preparation for a surprise was made by cutting the telegraph wires.

Having captured the Louisville and Nashville Railway, the rebels were rapidly nearing the city of Louisville before the plot was discovered. The usual trains failed to reach Louisville in time; and, being unable to get a telegram over the wires, the president of the railway sent out an engine to learn the reason. Of course, General Buckner kept the engine and the secret too. A fireman, however, succeeded in getting a hand-car, and hastened to Louisville to tell the news. There was no time to spare; and, indeed, nothing could have been done in so short a time to resist so large a force, but for the loyalty of a young man in the service of the railroad. Suspecting that the long train full of soldiers meant no good, he seized a crowbar, and, running to a curve in a deep cut near Green River, he tore up four rails. This, of course, threw the train off the track, and delayed it for twenty-four hours. The young man was taken, but escaped soon after, in the confusion which followed. General Anderson did not wait for General Buckner's arrival; but, under the command of General William T. Sherman, he put his troops in motion, to meet the visitors.

In the mean while, the Confederates, having heard of the

advance of the Unionists, fell back to Bowling Green, which was their headquarters for several months afterward.

General Anderson's health failing, he retired from active service; and General Sherman was given command of the Department of the Cumberland. This was in October. Early in November, General Grant made a demonstration at Belmont, with the idea of threatening Columbus, so as to keep General Polk busy while a force was sent in pursuit of the notorious Jefferson Thompson and his guerilla band.

The attack upon Belmont was at first very successful. It was made with three thousand men in four transport-boats, escorted by the gunboats Tyler and Lexington. The Unionists had already driven the rebels out of their camp and set fire to it. They were getting off with horses, guns, and prisoners, when General Polk opened a heavy fire upon them, and sent General Cheatham to cut them off from their boats. It was a hard fight for a little while; but at length the Unionists once more embarked, and returned to Cairo, having lost nearly five hundred men. General Grant himself narrowly escaped capture, having been last to get on board the boat. Many deeds of daring were done on both sides. Captain Walke, who commanded the Tyler, having heard that in the confusion some of his men were left behind, turned his gunboat back, and in the face of the enemy rescued them all.

While these things were going on, Brigadier-General Zollicoffer was making the lives of the Union men in Tennessee and Kentucky a burden to them. His soldiers plundered friend and foe without mercy, and treated the loyal inhabitants of those States with the utmost cruelty. Several skirmishes occurred during the autumn, in all of which, however, General Zollicoffer was beaten. But late in November, Buckner made a sudden advance, driving the Nationals out of the southern part of Kentucky. Taking advantage of the

SOLDIERS IN CAMP.

situation, the Confederates set up a new state government and passed an ordinance of secession.

Meanwhile, General Don Carlos Buell had been placed in command of this department, in the place of General Sherman.

There was an irregular kind of warfare employed in those days, which was more successful than respectable. Lawless bands, called "guerillas," who were led by men of desperate character and undaunted courage, raided upon and plundered the peaceful inhabitants of the country through which they roamed. When General Hunter entered Kansas at the head of that department, a noted guerilla chief, named Gordon, with his band, was making depredations which it would make you turn pale to hear about. The worst of it was, that secessionists in Kansas, and, indeed, in other States, encouraged these guerillas. To put an end to such a state of things, General Hunter took a very sure way. He called upon the officers of the county where this Gordon was committing his worst crimes, and said to them, "Gentlemen, I give you notice, that unless you seize and deliver to me the said Gordon at these headquarters within ten days, or drive him out of the country, I will send a force to your city, with orders to reduce it to ashes, and to burn the house of every secessionist in your county, and to carry away every negro." Such plain talk showed that he was in earnest: therefore, for a while at least, there was an end to such things in Kansas.

Under a different name, Texas suffered from the same class of people. They called themselves "Texan Rangers;" and a prominent leader, Colonel Henry H. Sibley, who had once belonged to the United States army, was their leader. These people were of the worst sort. They did not kill their prey so much for the love of the rebel cause as for plunder. Some of them were frightful creatures, half-wild, carrying a rifle, a tomahawk, a bowie-knife, a revolver, and a lasso for

catching and throwing an enemy's horse. They looked as shaggy as the mustang ponies which they rode. Colonel E. R. S. Canby did much to rid Texas and New Mexico of these people, who were far worse to meet in ambush than an army of rebel soldiers face to face. Nevertheless, both he and the famous Kit Carson were put to rout by a thousand Rangers, who charged down upon them like an avalanche. So wild was the panic of the Nationals before an attack of these ferocious, half-human beings, that they ran away in terror, incapable of firing a shot, or of obeying an order. For months, skirmishing continued, the Nationals usually getting beaten, although so many battles crippled the guerillas.

At last, however, Colonel Canby pressed them so hard, that they were glad to get over the mountains into Mexico; and Canby did not follow them. You can easily see that the poor Unionists scattered here and there throughout these States, had much to fear and to endure. In East Tennessee especially, their sufferings were extreme. When a person was suspected of loyalty to the Union, he was hunted down and shot. Sometimes his home was robbed and burned. Sometimes he was put into a rebel prison, which was worse than death. Bloodhounds were used to catch those who tried to escape to the North. While the rebels were so angry and furious, they did many things which it would now make them ashamed to remember.

A Methodist minister, who was called "Parson Brownlow," was treated with the utmost cruelty. He edited the "Knoxville Whig," which he made so loyal and truth-telling, that his enemies determined to get rid of both the paper and the editor. As threats did no good, they put him into the county jail at Knoxville, where he was confined for many months. Not daring to assassinate so prominent a man, and not being able to silence him in any other way, at last they sent him North across the rebel lines.

A rebel prison was but a name for the inhuman cruelties which were practised upon unhappy Union prisoners whose misfortune it was to be confined in them. In many instances death ended a captivity too horrible to be borne. To die suddenly upon the battle-field would be a blessing, compared to the agony of confinement in Libby Prison. Or if, by reason of unusual strength, some poor fellow lived to see the prison-doors swing open to him, it was too often to go forth with health and spirits broken, with the hopeless life of an invalid before him.

By this time money was getting very scarce in the South. She had no manufactories, and depended upon her foreign trade for arms and clothing: so, when the first fine new uniforms were rusty or worn out, she had no means to replace them. Then the women of the Confederate States came to the rescue. They dyed cloth, and made it into clothing, which, from its color, gave the soldiers the nickname of "Butternuts."

By the end of the first year many of the men in the ranks were barefoot. Privations of all kinds were shared by all classes of Southern people. Delicate women, who had been reared in luxury and ease, did not hesitate to soil their soft fair hands in coarse labor for the sake of the Confederacy. They gladly sold their jewelry, clothing, bedding, books, any thing that would bring a price, to buy comforts for their beloved soldiers. Indeed, the Southern women were quite as true to their cause, and as determined to win it, as were the men.

The Confederate money was so much below par, that is, worth less than one hundred cents on the dollar, that the cost of every thing became very high. A pair of boots cost twenty-five dollars. Coffee was three dollars, and tea five dollars, per pound; paper was twenty-five dollars per ream. Salt, which is so absolutely necessary to make one's food

palatable, could scarcely be bought at any price. We, who saw the war at a distance, can hardly form an idea of the hardships suffered by the people into whose country it was carried.

After the first gush of patriotic feeling at the North, Southern sympathizers began to spring up. There were several reasons for this. Many had within the limits of the Confederate States dear friends, who were in danger. Another reason, quite as powerful perhaps, was, that pet speculations in cotton, sugar, or tobacco, were going to fail if the war continued. Still again: the North had not been very successful, so far, in putting down the Rebellion; and the South might yet succeed if it could be encouraged. So every possible means was employed by these sympathizers to assist the rebels. Women, even, would manage to get through the lines to carry aid and comfort to the Confederates. At Fortress Monroe so much annoyance was caused by this, that no one was allowed to go South without a passport; but even then some contrived to escape detection. One Northern woman, whose story was that she had a sick relative in the rebel country and wished to visit him, was conspicuous for the number of buttons with which her dress was trimmed. There were rows of big buttons and rows of little ones; buttons on her sleeves and buttons on her skirt; buttons to the right of her and buttons to the left of her. At last the curiosity of some one being excited, questions were asked; and the woman confided the fact to another woman, who told, that these buttons were all money, — eagles, half-eagles, quarter-eagles, and dollars, in gold, which she was sent to carry to the rebels.

Another woman was arrested upon suspicion. Upon examination, it was discovered that she wore a quilted petticoat filled with pounds and pounds of sewing-silk in skeins, instead of cotton. It was so heavy, that it had to be supported

by straps over her shoulders. This also was, of course, intended for the use of the Confederacy. A farmer's wagon on its way to market was overhauled. Among the vegetables was found a squash of suspiciously light weight. Upon opening it, a package of letters was found to occupy the place which Nature had intended for the seeds.

ARTILLERY SKIRMISH.

A host of such tricks to carry aid to the blockaded South were constantly coming to the light. They proved that the Southern sympathizers, especially the women, were working as patiently as beavers, and as quietly as mice. But

"The best-laid plans o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley."

## CHAPTER X.

### OLD MEN FOR COUNCIL, YOUNG MEN FOR WAR.

AT the time of his appointment to his new office, McClellan was the most successful general who had yet taken any part in the war.

Things were going like a sled over bare ground, in the Army of the Potomac, when General McClellan was called to be its leader. The "three-months" men were impatient to go home. The new troops, enlisted at the second call, were raw; and every thing was in a state of confusion. The battle of Bull Run had discouraged many of the Northern people. The rebels were so jubilant, and sure of success, that their very confidence had the effect to make them stronger.

General McDowell was blamed most unjustly for the national defeat at Bull Run. It therefore seemed necessary to change commanders, in order to produce at the North a feeling of confidence, and to rouse enthusiasm.

The first thing that General McClellan did, was to make the soldiers his friends. He used to talk to them in this way: "Soldiers, we have had our last retreat. We have seen our last defeat. You stand by me, and I will stand by you, and victory shall be ours!" They liked the ring of this. It was not long before the new commander was on the best of terms with his army, who called him their "Young Napoleon." He made many reforms in the habits of the men. Among other things, he wished them to "remember the sab-

bath day to keep it holy," which seems to have been quite forgotten. General McClellan knew that a good man will do any thing better than a bad man; and so he tried first to train his army to do its duty from a desire to do right. His own moral character was above reproach. He insisted upon the most rigid obedience to orders. Dismissing such officers as he thought incompetent, he undertook to "re-organize," or to make over his army, to suit his own ideas. No money was spared to make the Army of the Potomac perfect in every detail. General McDowell said of it, "There never was an army in the world supplied as well as ours. I believe that a French army half its size could live on what we waste." It is true that a great deal of time and money were spent in getting ready for action; but, as everybody trusted the earnest young commander, nobody found fault. And, indeed, no one could do so rightly. It takes time to drill so large a body of raw troops, and to teach them the art of war.

Besides the thirty-two forts already defending Washington, sixteen more were built and armed in the short space of six weeks. Surrounded by forts as it was, and full of soldiers as a hive is full of bees, the city of Washington was almost blockaded. The rebels had built forts and planted their flags within a day's march of the city. Nearly all the provision had to be brought by water, and rebel batteries were so placed along the Potomac as to command the boats that carried supplies. One of these batteries, at the mouth of Aquia Creek, was bombarded for several hours by the frigate Pawnee and some gunboats; but they failed to silence it.

Agents had already been sent to Europe to buy arms and ammunition for immediate need; and in a short time our own armories were able to manufacture all that were wanted.

In September General McClellan ordered a review of the forces on the north side of the Potomac. It was a fine sight to see seventy thousand well-drilled, well-uniformed soldiers

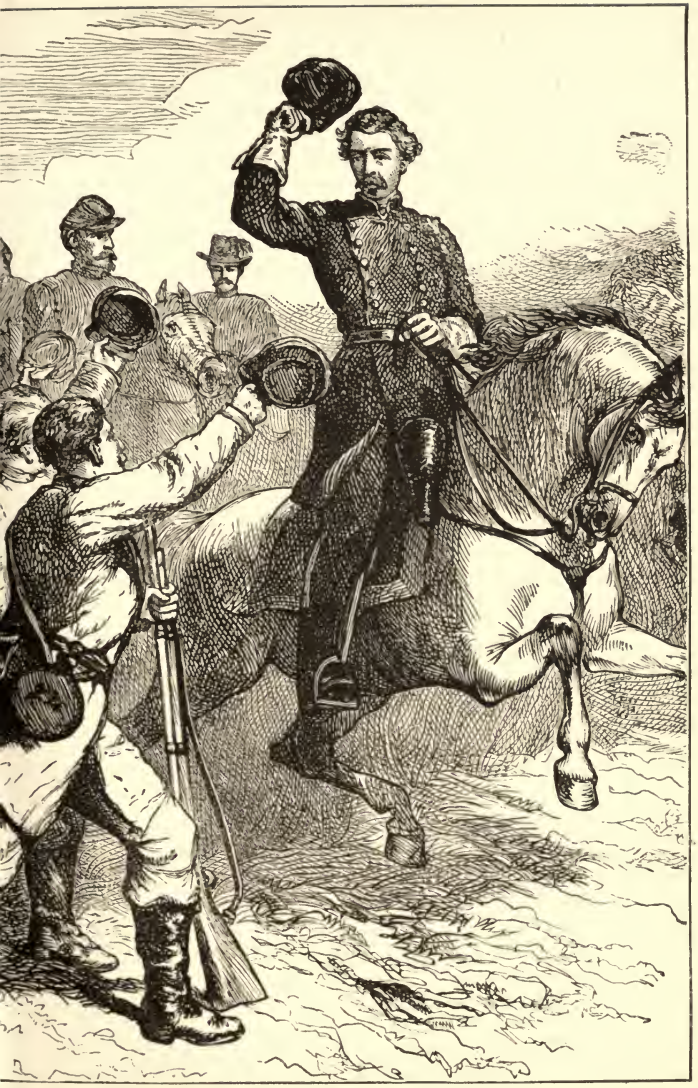
passing in line before the President and his Cabinet. This army represented the best blood in the nation. Members of every profession were gathered here. Some one has said that an order somewhat like this might have been given: "Artists, to the front! Poets, charge! Lawyers, doctors, ministers, stand by your guns!" and each order would have been answered by whole companies of men.

General McClellan also enjoyed the distinction of counting two French princes among the members of his staff. The Compte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres were grandsons of King Louis Philippe, whose reign in France was ended in the bloody revolution of 1848. Coming to America just at this time, these young men offered their services to the Union army, were duly commissioned, and served without pay as aides-de-camp to General McClellan until the following summer.

While this immense army was occupying the forts in and about Washington, hundreds of picket-guards, or sentinels, were keeping watch, by night and by day, at every possible point which the enemy could attack. No doubt it seemed a little thing to do, to tramp, tramp, tramp, up and down, across the end of a bridge, all night long. But one night William Scott was caught sleeping at his post near the Chain Bridge. It was necessary to keep one's eyes wide open in such a place; for this bridge spanned the Potomac near Washington, and the enemy was not very far from the opposite end.

The punishment for such neglect is death; and, of course, William was arrested. He was taken before a court-martial, which consists of a number of officers chosen to try a soldier for an offence, and he was sentenced to be shot. His friends went to Washington, and told the story to the President, begging that the boy's life might be spared.

Mr. Lincoln listened patiently, asking a great many ques-



McCLELLAN WITH HIS TROOPS.

tions. He found that the sentinel was young, and that, as he had not slept for several nights, he was very weary. The President remembered that his own boys, so dear to him, were ready to close their eyes after one day of fatigue. So he freely signed the pardon. After the messenger was gone, Mr. Lincoln began to think about it. What if the pardon should not get there in time! William Scott was to be shot at sunset. The President looked at his watch, and began to be very anxious. Then he ordered his horses to be harnessed quickly; and, getting into his carriage, this busy man, who commanded all the armies of the North, drove rapidly to the place where the condemned sentry was, and carried his pardon to him. So full of tender compassion was the heart of the man whom the South looked upon as a tyrant.

Not long after the battle of Bull Run, Mr. Lincoln paid a visit to General W. T. Sherman, then at Fort Corcoran, near Washington. General Sherman was at that time the colonel of a volunteer regiment. It happened, that, on that morning, a captain insisted upon his right to return home, as his time was up. Colonel Sherman explained to him that orders had been given for volunteers to remain until they were discharged.

Still the officer expressed his intention to go. Colonel Sherman ended the conversation by saying, "If you attempt to leave without orders, it will be mutiny, and I will shoot you like a dog."

The captain paused a moment, and then walked back to the fort. Before Mr. Lincoln's carriage arrived, the drum had called the "assembly;" and in a few minutes the regiment was in line to receive him. We will let Colonel Sherman tell us the story.

"Mr. Lincoln stood up in his carriage, and made one of the neatest, best, and most feeling addresses I ever listened

to, referring to our late disaster at Bull Run, the high duties that still devolved upon us, and the brighter days to come. At one or two points the soldiers began to cheer; but he promptly checked them, saying, 'Don't cheer, boys. I confess I rather like it myself; but Colonel Sherman here says it is not military, and I guess we had better defer to his opinion.'"

Before he finished his speech, he told the soldiers that he was their chief, and he asked any one who had any wrong to complain of to come to him with it. Not long after, the captain with whom Colonel Sherman had the difficulty in the morning pressed his way to Mr. Lincoln, and told him his story.

"Threatened to shoot you?" echoed the President.

"Yes, sir, he threatened to shoot me," the officer repeated.

The Commander-in-Chief glanced from the captain to Colonel Sherman; then, stooping down, he said in a loud whisper, "Well, if I were you, and he threatened to shoot, I would not trust him, for I believe he would do it." The humbled captain slipped away, and was soon lost in the crowd. When the President had a good chance to speak to Colonel Sherman of the captain and his troubles, he said, "Of course, I did not know any thing about it; but I thought that you knew your own business best."

These stories will give you an idea of the gentleness, patience, and wisdom of the man to whom was intrusted the responsibility and direction of the Republic.

The Federal forces had been so constantly increased, that more room was needed for their accommodation; and it began to be hinted that space was likely to be taken on the Confederate side of the Potomac. The two armies had stood looking at each other across the river quite long enough. General McClellan therefore ordered small detachments to reconnoitre in several directions in order to find

out the strength of the enemy. A good many skirmishes took place in consequence, but nothing of great importance occurred until late in the autumn.

There had been two small battles at Darnestown and Lewinsburg, however. General McClellan now ordered General C. P. Stone to make a demonstration, or pretence of attack, upon Leesburg, in order to discover the enemy's strength, while General McCall was to advance upon Drainesville. Scouts brought in word that a rebel encampment, not very well guarded, lay in a tempting position across the river; and General Stone lost no time in looking for it. He sent a small force under Colonel Devens, from the mainland to Harrison's Island, which divides the stream; and, re-embarking in flatboats, they crossed to the Virginia shore of the Potomac. Here, with great difficulty, they climbed the steep, slippery bank, which is more than one hundred feet high, known as Ball's Bluff. They intended to surprise the enemy, whom the scouts thought that they had seen on this bluff, but which proved only to be openings in the trees, through which the light made moving shadows on the ground. They set out in the morning twilight, and kept pressing on till within a mile of Leesburg, but found no enemy. At seven o'clock they found themselves in an open field, with woods on three sides, and on the fourth the river, at the foot of the steep embankment of Ball's Bluff behind them.

Here they were ordered to wait for re-enforcements. These came at last, under Colonel Baker, who immediately took command as acting brigadier-general. The woods swarmed with rebels, like mosquitoes in a swamp, who had been watching them, unseen. Well aware that there were plenty of soldiers within sound of the firing, and expecting assistance from General McCall and General Smith, the Nationals stood their ground manfully. They did not know that these re-enforcements had been ordered in another direction, and

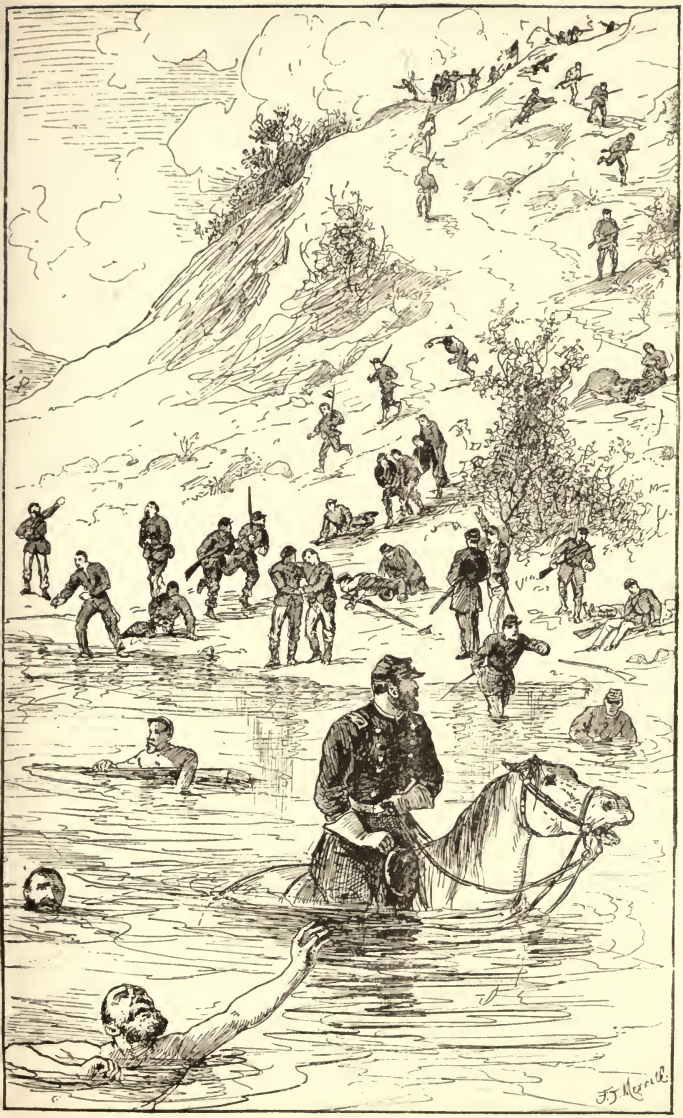
were already marching away. The Confederates, having all the advantage, showed no pity, crowding their victims nearer and nearer the bluff at every volley. Hotter and hotter still, the battle grew. Colonel Baker was killed while leading and encouraging his men. Finally the Nationals were thrown into confusion and forced over the bluff, and down its slippery banks. All but one of their boats were gone. Upon that they placed their wounded, but it was so overloaded that it quickly sank. As it filled and went down, the cries and shrieks of the helpless victims were piteous to hear.

Of those left on the river-banks, some seized floating logs, others tried to swim across the river. Still the Confederates fired upon them mercilessly, and many a soldier was shot while struggling in the water. Colonel Charles Devens swam the river on his horse.

The Federal loss on that sad day was one thousand men, three hundred of whom were drowned or killed in battle: the rest were wounded or taken prisoners. Somebody was to blame for this terrible defeat: so General Stone was accused, and even arrested and imprisoned; but he was afterwards acquitted of the charge, released, and served with credit under General Banks.

The Confederate who shall write a history of the battle of Ball's Bluff for boys and girls, although he will call it the battle of Leesburg, will blush to tell these things, we hope, and will only say, "We won the fight," without giving the particulars.

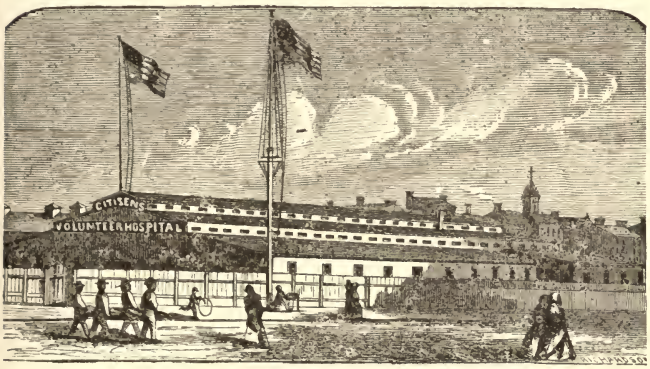
In Colonel Edward D. Baker's death the country mourned a hero. Charles Sumner has called him "the Prince Rupert of battle." Left an orphan at an early age, he supported himself and a younger brother by weaving. Like all men who have become truly great, he spent every spare hour in reading. While still young, the brothers came to Illinois and found their way to Springfield.



BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF.

Edward, the eldest, soon began the study of the law, and became one of the leading lawyers of the West. He was sent to Congress, where he was distinguished for his honesty of purpose and gentle manners. Later he removed to California, and afterward to Oregon. When Sumter was fired upon, he raised the celebrated "California Regiment," which remained under his command till he fell pierced with six ghastly wounds.

In his heroic death, Colonel Baker was not alone. Lieu-




VOLUNTEER HOSPITAL.

tenant Putnam, of whom the city of Boston may well be proud, blameless and unselfish in his life, was mortally wounded. The surgeon hastened to him; but he refused even to allow his wound to be examined until others had been attended to, since he knew that he must die, while some other poor fellow could thus be saved.

Ten days after the disaster and defeat at Ball's Bluff, General Scott, who had become too aged and infirm for active duty, resigned his position as commander-in-chief of the army. After fifty-two years of loyal service to his country, this honored veteran's resignation was accepted with pro-

found and sincere regret. He was born in Virginia, entered the United-States service in 1808 as captain, was made lieutenant-colonel in 1812, and was thereafter rapidly promoted for gallantry. In the war with Mexico he so distinguished himself, that he received a vote of thanks from both houses of Congress; and the rank of lieutenant-general was created for him. He once received the nomination of the Whig party as its candidate for the Presidency of the United States. The resignation of General Scott was made the occasion for the review of his military career, and the country echoed with his praises.

The eyes of the whole nation were now turned toward General McClellan as the man to fill the vacant place; especially as his name had been suggested by the retiring general-in-chief. The appointment was hailed with delight by the people; and the soldiers said, "Now we will have for our leader a young man like ourselves, who will fight with us." The cry, "On to Richmond!" rose louder than ever.

Richmond was the real seat of the Confederate power, just as Washington was our own national centre; and the people and the press were eagerly clamoring for its capture.

In the same autumn General Robert E. Lee was appointed commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces in Virginia. General Floyd, whom you remember as President Buchanan's Secretary of State, and who afterward held an office in the rebel cabinet, now entered the field in person. He commanded a wing of the rebel army in West Virginia. You know enough about General Floyd already; but the acquaintance of General Lee will be more agreeable, as well as profitable. Educated at West Point, he served in the army of the United States until the war began. He was grandson of that gallant Harry Lee who was Washington's great friend. Not only was General Lee a good soldier, but every Christian grace helped to make his character noble. Owing to

his birth and early training, he was a slaveholder. Now he suddenly found himself obliged to take one side or the other, and in any case he must take arms against his dear friends. It is said that he shed tears in the struggle to make up his mind honestly, to which side he ought to offer himself. Since the war, it has been stated, that, before this choice was made, General Lee was offered the command of the Union army. When, at last, he chose the service of the Rebellion, there is no doubt that he acted from a real desire to do right. Through our Northern spectacles it is hard to see this. But, in talking about this civil war, we must try to keep in mind the fact that Southern men thought the National Government just as tyrannical, as Northern men thought them rebellious.

General Lee took the field in person. His army was especially intended to oppose General Rosecrans, who succeeded General McClellan in West Virginia. Floyd's object was to push between Rosecrans and General John D. Cox, who commanded the other wing of the Union army. Floyd therefore speedily intrenched himself at Carnifex Ferry on the north bank of the Gauley River, where his position was so advantageous that a very small force might hold it. The Gauley River is in the south-west part of Virginia, usually called the Kanawaha Valley.

In September, Rosecrans issued a proclamation offering protection to all loyal people of West Virginia. Learning that General Floyd was at Carnifex Ferry, he hastened in that direction. Cox in the mean time had pushed on; and the rebel general, Wise, who was intrenched at Charlestown, became alarmed, and fled without firing a shot; and General Cox immediately took possession of the place. Rosecrans, with ten thousand men, now met Floyd on the banks of the Gauley. General Benham's brigade was in advance; and the Tenth Ohio Regiment, under Colonel Lytle, led the way.

The battle was short but severe. In the height of the action, when it seemed as if energy and skill might carry the day against odds, General Rosecrans ordered the withdrawal of his troops to wait till the morning. But, when morning came, not a rebel was to be seen. Floyd had stolen away in the dark, not caring to meet so desperate an enemy a second time. After pursuing Floyd a little way, Rosecrans returned to his strong position on the Gauley.

The battle of Carnifex Ferry was regarded as a national victory at the North, on account of the military position which had been gained.

A part of General Rosecrans' army, under General John F. Reynolds, had been left in the Cheat Mountain country, to keep General Lee in check. He succeeded so well in doing this, that, after a few skirmishes, Lee retreated, and joined Floyd, still farther south.

It was during one of these fights that Lieutenant-Colonel John A. Washington was killed. He was a member of General Lee's staff, and the former owner of Mount Vernon, the home of General Washington.

General Wise and General Floyd were not the best of friends; and, in order to keep the peace, Wise was ordered to return to Richmond. Rosecrans had been re-enforced, and now occupied so strong a position, that Lee did not choose to attack him.

In October, Lee was also recalled to Richmond, leaving the field to Floyd. The Nationals, therefore, turned their attention to him. This was not at all to his mind, for he ran away without stopping to carry his tents or ammunition. Benham pursued; but, as he was recalled before he had gone very far, the fugitives escaped, and West Virginia was relieved of the presence of General Floyd.

General John F. Reynolds and General Robert H. Milroy were busy all this time in other parts of West Virginia; and

little by little the Union army crowded its way farther and still farther south, until, "at the end of 1861, not a rebel uniform or picket was to be seen west of the Cumberland Mountains."

The Army of the Potomac had gone into winter-quarters at Washington. It is true, much had been done in the twelvemonth since Major Anderson had removed to Fort Sumter; but the people had looked for greater things. They were getting impatient to strike a blow which would end the war, and send their soldiers home again. The daily message, "All quiet along the Potomac," was sent over the wires until it began to be laughed at. The autumn was unusually fine and clear. Nobody could guess why this active, enthusiastic young general, who had promised so much, lingered on the safe side of the river. "What is such fine weather for, if not for fighting?" one officer asked another. "What are they waiting for?" "Why do they not attack the rebels in their own country?" the people at home asked. More than twenty years have failed to answer the question.

## CHAPTER XI.

### ON THE SEA.

THERE is a custom which forbids eating with one's knife, or wearing one's hat in the house. While a person cannot be hanged for doing these things, well-bred society is offended if this unwritten law be broken, and the one who breaks it is considered rude and unmannerly. So there is a law which governs the conduct of one nation toward another, which, though also unwritten, each is bound in honor to keep. This law does not allow one nation to meddle with another's affairs.

Forgetting how it had come about, England had long blamed the United States for holding slaves. Indeed, she had been very severe in her fault-finding; and, whenever an American abolitionist chanced to visit that country, he was petted and feasted on account of his principles. It was therefore very natural that the North should expect England's "God-speed," when civil war was declared; for she knew very well that slavery was the root of all the trouble. To the surprise of everybody, however, she was greatly put out about it. Can you guess the reason?

Suppose that you were to hire a boy to bring you a bushel of chestnuts, and he had a dog to draw his wagon. If you saw him beating and abusing the poor beast, you would be sorry for the animal, and scold the boy well. But if a policeman were to arrest the boy, and take the dog away from him, so that he could not bring you your chestnuts, making you

the sufferer instead of the dog, it would be another thing. You would lose the chestnuts through the meddling of the policeman, and you might be vexed with him.

That was the way in which England felt. She has so little land in her dominions, that her rents are very high, and her people cannot make a living by farming: so there are a great many factories, or mills, where all kinds of cloth are made, to which her people must look for employment. Now, she must have cotton to work with; and all the cotton came from the South, being raised by slaves. If her trade with the South were stopped, or if the slaves were to be set free so that there would be no one to raise the cotton, her mills would be idle, and her own pocket would suffer.

With the wind in this quarter, England's opinion flew around in a twinkling, like a weather-vane. The trouble in America was a civil war, or home rebellion; and outside countries had no right to interfere. Great Britain, which includes England, Scotland, and Ireland, became alarmed at the idea of losing so much money as seemed likely, and she grew very angry with the policeman who had taken away the dog. Then she began to help the South in every possible way where it would not be found out. She knew that this nation could not afford to declare war against her at such a time: so she bullied us, just as you have seen a strong, healthy boy threaten a lame one.

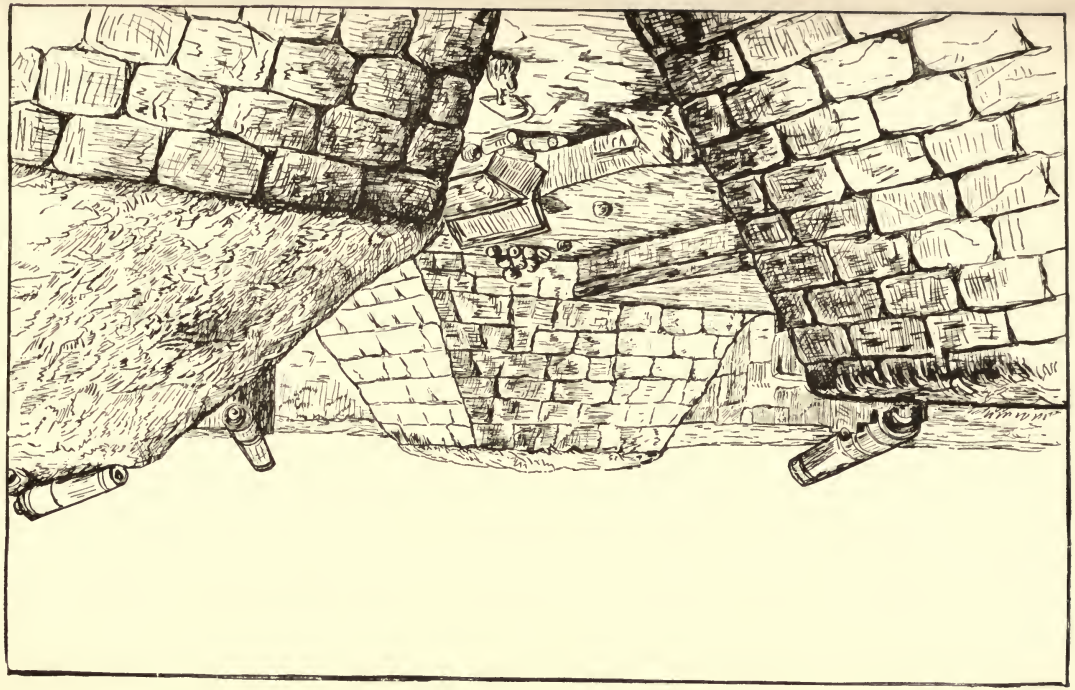
At Glasgow, in Scotland, men-of-war were built for the Confederates. The bonds of the rebel government were taken in England, and in Scotland too. But one cannot feel very sorry to know that their loss was greater than their gain, in the end, when the war was over. Without giving direct permission to fit out blockade-runners to trade with the Confederacy, Lord Palmerston, then Premier of England, at least winked at the practice. He virtually said to English ship-owners, "If you are caught, I cannot help you, because

that would involve the nation in trouble; but you might as well try it on your own account and at your own risk, for our mills must have cotton from somewhere." From first to last, England sent more blockade-runners to Southern ports than all the other nations put together.

Soon after the battle of Bull Run, the Confederate General John E. Magruder, with a body of Virginians, made an unsuccessful attempt to surprise Fortress Monroe. A rebel deserter swam across Hampton Creek, from the town, and gave warning; so that, when Magruder arrived, the necessary arrangements had been made to receive him. That night the town of Hampton was burned by the disloyal Virginians to save it from falling into Union hands. The old Episcopal Church was not even spared. Dating back nearly two hundred years, it contained memorial stones bearing the name and crest of many a cavalier and gentleman of the olden time, and was a precious heirloom from the first colony in Virginia.

About the middle of August, Major-General John E. Wool was ordered to the command of the Federal troops at Fortress Monroe; General Butler taking duty elsewhere.

It had come to the ears of Commodore S. H. Stringham that English blockade-runners were doing a brisk business on the coast of North Carolina. The commodore told General Butler, who, in turn, sent the news to Washington. Butler's hint was taken, and an expedition was immediately fitted out to put a stop to the trade with the blockaded coast. General Butler commanded the land force, and the squadron was placed in charge of Commodore Stringham. The Minnesota was the flag-ship of the fleet, and two other fifty-gun frigates bore her company. Besides these, there were several smaller vessels, carrying in all eight hundred and eighty soldiers and seamen with necessary supplies. On the evening of the second day, the little flotilla found itself



off Cape Hatteras, just where the inlet of the same name opens from the Atlantic into Pamlico Sound. Look at it on your map, and you will understand that this inlet was a key to the water-communication of the coast of North Carolina. On the western part of Hatteras Island were two forts, Hatteras and Clark, under the command of the Confederate Commodore, S. Barron. The third morning the bombardment began, and lasted all day without producing any apparent result. The fourth morning it began again, and forced the surrender of the forts at noon. The Union fleet returned with seven hundred and fifteen prisoners, including Commodore Barron. Of course, the Confederate guns and ammunition were captured. Great credit was given to the two commanders by whose skill and energy this important work was done.

Still following the Atlantic coast, we will go as far south as Florida, where, a few months ago, we left our old friend Colonel Harvey Brown, commanding Fort Pickens. The garrison had been increased from eighty-two to eight hundred and eighty men. This you already know. Still other re-enforcements were sent, and among them Wilson's Zouaves of New York, a regiment recruited from among the very worst men of the city.

Early in September, Colonel Brown learned that the rebels meant to float their dry-dock from the Pensacola Navy Yard to the narrowest point in the channel, and there sink it. To prevent such a blockade, Lieutenant Shipley, with a picked crew, rowed over to the dry-dock, one dark night, set fire to it, and returned in safety to Santa Rosa Island, having inflicted upon the Confederates a loss of half a million dollars.

Another exploit of the garrison at Fort Pickens shall be be given in the words of a Confederate eye-witness : —

"The enemy executed last night the most brilliant and daring act which has yet marked the history of the war. . . . Last night, Sept. 13,

they made a most daring and reckless raid upon the Navy Yard. About three o'clock in the morning, five launches, containing about thirty men each, pulled across from Santa Rosa Island to the Navy Yard, a distance of about two miles. Each launch had in it a small brass howitzer on a pivot. They were led by an officer with the courage of forty Numidian lions. Under cover of the darkness, silently, with muffled oars, they approached the wharf, and were not discovered till very near it. They then pulled rapidly toward the largest schooner in our harbor, and grappled to her, when their daring leader shouted, 'Board her!' leading the way himself, with a cutlass in one hand and a blazing fireball in the other. He threw the flambeau into the hold of the schooner, and, feeling sure that she was on fire, he ordered his men to take to their launches, and pull for their life. They pulled off a short distance; but before going they sent back a shower of grape from their howitzers, directed upon our men as they were forming. The schooner burned rapidly; and we had to cut her loose from the wharf to save it from destruction."

In October, an expedition against Fort Pickens was undertaken by the Confederate General Anderson, with twelve hundred picked men. Landing on Santa Rosa Island soon after midnight, they marched straight to the Zouave camp. It was a complete surprise. The conflict between two bodies of men having such choice fighting qualities was desperate. The Zouaves, being outside the fort, received help too late to serve them much, and their camp was nearly destroyed. Officers and men lost their clothing and nearly every thing else which they had. On both sides, several prisoners were taken. Still later in the season, Colonel Brown opened fire upon the enemy's batteries, which extended for a distance of four miles on the mainland. At the end of two days' hard fighting, they were silenced, and the Navy Yard at Pensacola was burned. Fort Pickens was not much injured by the shots which it received; and the frigates Niagara and Richmond, which also took part in the action, escaped without serious harm.

One night in this same October, under cover of the dark,

a steamer slipped out of Charleston harbor, carrying two men who afterward made a great stir in the world on account of this voyage. Their names were James M. Mason, of Virginia, a Confederate envoy or message-bearer to the government of Great Britain, and John Slidell, of Louisiana, who was sent on the same errand to France. This Mason was the father of the Fugitive-slave Law. The ship in which they sailed did not go directly across the sea, but ran southward to Cuba, and landed its passengers at Havana. Then an English mail-steamer, named the Trent, took them aboard and started for England. These envoys were no doubt going over to see if they could get the governments of France and Great Britain to recognize the Confederacy. Perhaps, too, they needed more help to carry on the war.

Some little bird might have whispered this to Captain Wilkes, of the United-States steamer San Jacinto. At any rate, he was watching for this British craft. When about two hundred miles out at sea, Captain Wilkes signalled the Trent to stop. The Trent went on, however, hoisting the English colors, but taking no other notice of the signal. Then the San Jacinto ran up the stars and stripes, and sent a shot across her bows. This was more to the purpose. She stopped, or "hove to" as sailors say, and asked what was wanted. The answer was, "We will send a boat." Lieutenant Fairfax pushed off, and soon boarded the Trent. At first, the two men who had caused this visit refused to go with the officer whom Captain Charles Wilkes had sent, one of them saying that it would take considerable force to take him on board the San Jacinto. But, when they saw that they would be compelled to go, they changed their minds; and these gentlemen and their secretaries were conveyed to the San Jacinto, where they were politely received by Captain Wilkes. Their papers were not disturbed; and their families, who were allowed to remain on the English steamer, proceeded on their way.

Mason and Slidell were taken to Fort Warren, in Boston harbor, as prisoners of war, where for once there was no secession in the air they breathed. At first, Captain Wilkes was praised by everybody for his promptness and wisdom. A vote of thanks was passed in his honor by the House of Representatives at Washington, and he was the hero of the hour. But Great Britain threatened instant war unless these men were given up. France joined in this claim; and, although England had done a similar thing herself, the United States had always denied the right of foreign nations to interfere with her shipping. So, after deliberate consultation, the authorities at Washington gave instructions to deliver these Confederate messengers to the British Government. They were quietly taken to England after having been delayed two months on their voyage, and so the danger of war with England was averted.

In the mean time an important naval victory was won by the Nationals in South Carolina. Port Royal is the finest harbor on the southern coast. Midway between Charleston and Savannah, it has inside water-communication with both cities.

Beaufort on Port Royal was a delightful summer-resort for wealthy planters. Hilton Head is the largest of the chain of islands forming a sort of breakwater along the coast. It is famous for its "sea-island" cotton, as well as for the rice which grows there. The white population at that time numbered about seven thousand, while there were more than four times as many colored people on the island.

The destination and purpose of this expedition were a profound secret. The newspapers tried in every way to find out where it was going; and, failing, they exhausted themselves with guessing. Excepting a few of the officers, who commanded it, even those who took part in the expedition did not know where it was bound till they were well out at sea.

A fleet of nearly eighty vessels had gathered in Hampton Roads; and, early one bright October morning, it sailed away with the Stars and Stripes flying proudly to the breeze. At Fortress Monroe the troops were drawn up in line on the ramparts to give the hearty God-speed which the sailors could not hear. Every living creature at Old Point Comfort seemed to have come out on the beach to see the grand procession as it moved out of the harbor. It was two hours after the booming of the signal-gun, before the last ship had weighed anchor; and strains of martial music came faintly back as the sails faded in the distance. Commodore S. F. Dupont was the naval commander of the expedition. The soldiers, who were just as necessary, were under the charge of General T. W. Sherman, not General William T. Sherman, of whom you have already heard. The Wabash, bearing the pennant of the commodore, led the way; and in three parallel lines the others followed. It was a grand sight. During that day and the next the weather was all that heart could wish, and stormy Cape Hatteras was passed in safety. But, toward night on the third day, a storm came on with such fury that it scattered the fleet completely. Only one vessel could be seen from the flag-ship the next morning. With this very possibility in mind, perhaps, sealed orders had been given to the commander of every vessel. It now became necessary for them to know where they were going: so these orders were opened. After the storm abated, the vessels began to gather around the Wabash, like chickens around an old hen. Four of the transports were lost; but, of their officers and crews, all were saved except about a dozen persons.

On the fifth day quite a little company had collected off Port Royal bar, and other vessels were still arriving.

When night fell, notwithstanding the removal by the enemy of buoys and lights by which to direct their course, the fleet

had safely passed the bar, and anchored inside the harbor of Port Royal.

Let us study the position of the fleet, and mark its dangers. Here at the south lay Hilton Head Island, and upon it Fort Walker frowned. At the north, nearer the bar, on Philip Island, was Fort Beauregard. It is a singular illustration of the division of families in this unhappy time, that General T. F. Drayton, who commanded at Fort Walker, was brother of Captain Percival Drayton, who commanded the Pocahontas in this very Union fleet.

Inside the harbor, lying close in to the shore, was a rebel flotilla called the "Mosquito Fleet," because the vessels composing it were so small. This was under the direction of Commodore Josiah Tatnall, who had done good service in the United States navy. On the morning of the 7th of November the Union squadron moved slowly up the bay.

The rebel batteries on both sides gave it a warm reception, which was acknowledged in the same spirit. When the engagement had lasted two hours, the flagstaff on Fort Walker was shot away; and, not long after, firing ceased there altogether. By noon, both forts were silent. Fort Walker was such a ruin that the garrison was obliged to fly for safety to a wood. For six miles they ran, commander and men together, carrying their wounded in blankets, but leaving their dead behind.

The Union vessels which were engaged bore traces of rebel shot, but the loss of life was very small. After the part of the work assigned to the navy was done, the land force took formal possession of the forts, hoisting the National flag. The town of Beaufort was seized without resistance. The next evening, seventeen boats formed a procession to bear the dead to their last resting-place, in a grove of orange-trees on the island.

General Sherman set about strengthening the defences at

Hilton Head. Dupont sent his vessels up the rivers which flow into the Atlantic along this coast; so that, before the end of the year, the Unionists held a strong position in South Carolina.

General Sherman issued a proclamation to the people of South Carolina, begging them to remain in their homes. He assured them that he did not intend to harm the citizens, nor destroy their property. He said he did not wish to meddle with their slaves, and offered them the protection of the Government. No white man who could read would accept it, insisting that there were no "loyal whites" in their territory.

So, after the masters were gone, General Sherman had the negroes set to work. In vain they had been told, that, if they fell into the hands of Yankees, they would be sold into a worse slavery than they had yet known. At first they seemed afraid of being left alone, unable to comprehend that the Union Army had come to stay.

Schools were very soon opened on Hilton Head Island, where the colored people were taught to read and write. When the news reached the mainland, crowds of these poor creatures came over to share the good-fortune which had come to their brethren. The aged, even, applied themselves to study with eager and persevering industry.

Very touching stories are told of the happy meetings of husbands and wives, parents and children, who had been sold away from each other years before. In Mr. Greeley's account of this affair, he says it was pathetic to see poor slaves, who had tied up all their little possessions in a handkerchief, crowding around the ships of the National fleet, begging to be taken on board. No doubt they hoped in this way to be saved from their miserable lives of "bitter bondage" like those of the children of Israel in Egypt. It is very strange that the negroes were never afraid of the

Union soldier. They seemed to consider him a friend, who "helpeth them to right who suffer wrong."

All the white inhabitants of the island ran away to Charleston, first, however, taking good care to burn all the cotton on which they could lay their hands, rather than see it gathered by Union men.

Immediately after the victory at Hilton Head, Commodore Dupont seized Big Tybee Island, at the mouth of the Savannah River. Here is a celebrated Martello tower, which is very strong, although built in 1812, but which was abandoned even before it was attacked. The possession of this point enabled the Federals to keep blockade runners out of the Savannah River.

Before we part company with the commander of the fleet which secured such a triumph, perhaps you would like to learn something of his personal history. Commodore Samuel Francis Dupont was a native of New Jersey. In 1815 he was a midshipman; and, like General Scott, he was rapidly promoted for gallant conduct. He assisted in the establishment of the naval school at Annapolis in Maryland. He had much to do with the lighthouse system, and was earnest in trying to substitute some other punishment for flogging in the navy. In 1861 he was commandant of the Philadelphia Navy-Yard. Here he was thrown much with Southern officers, and it was said that his outspoken loyalty influenced many of them to remain faithful to their country. "In the prime of life, with more than forty years' experience in his profession, with a well-disciplined and cultivated mind, Commodore Dupont united the essential qualities and accomplishments which distinguish a great naval captain. Nor did it detract from his abilities that he walked humbly before God as a Christian soldier and gentleman."

In the mean while the famous "stone fleet" appeared off Charleston. A number of vessels heavily laden with stone

were sunk in a direct line from Sumter across the main channel.

The British press made a great hue and cry over it. Lord Lyons, the English minister to the United States, remonstrated against it in behalf of his government. The stone blockade was not a success, however; as the old vessels were soon washed to pieces by the action of the water.

It must be borne in mind by the reader, that all these events on the sea have been taking place at the same time with those on the land which have been already recited. And this brings us to the close of the year 1861.

But before we enter upon the new year, at the risk of doing an unmannerly thing, we will take a peep over the shoulder of Mr. Gideon Welles to see what are the resources of the Secretary of the Navy. On the 4th of March the entire navy consisted of seventy-six vessels of all classes. At the close of the year it had been increased to two hundred and sixty-four vessels; and among them were iron-clad ships and gunboats, which had never before been used in the United States service. In the place of seven thousand seamen there were now twenty-two thousand.

And, not to be partial, we must look at the report of Mr. Simon Cameron, who holds the portfolio of the Secretary of War.

When the first gun was fired, there were only sixteen thousand troops, regulars of course, at the disposal of the government. In December, the army, including regulars and volunteers, numbered six hundred thousand, and this without draft or conscription. This also is a good showing, and from it we may hope for encouraging results in the year that is to follow.

## CHAPTER XII.

### "TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE."

ONE winter evening, in a hotel in St. Louis, three friends sat talking about the war. A map was spread out on the table before them, which they studied as if they were learning a geography lesson.

With a big blue lead-pencil in his hand, General Halleck asked, "Where is the rebel line?" General Cullum, one of his aides, took the pencil, and drew it through Bowling Green, Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, and Columbus, Ky.

"Now, where is the proper place to break it?" continued General Halleck. General Sherman answered, "Naturally, the centre of the line." Then General Halleck drew another mark across that one, near the middle, saying, "That's the true line of attack."

This second line happened to be actually parallel with the course of the Tennessee River. This quiet little talk over a glowing fire, on that December night, affected the whole war.

General Halleck commanded the Department of the West. General Grant was at Cairo; and a part of Kentucky, Illinois, and Missouri had recently been added to his "military district." As we already know, General Don Carlos Buell had just been appointed to the Department of the Ohio, made up from a part of the States of Ohio and Kentucky. General Hunter was in Kansas, and General Canby in New Mexico. Under the direction of each of these generals were many others, who carried out the orders which they gave.

Before we follow General Halleck's operations "in breaking the enemy's line," we must turn our attention to his neighbors, the better to understand the reasons for his movements.

About the first of January the Confederate Major-General,

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Humphrey Marshall, had assembled a large force at Paintsville, Ky., on the Big Sandy River. This stream flows into the Ohio, where it curves around the lowest point of the State whose name it bears.

As this was in General Buell's department, he despatched Colonel James A. Garfield to drive the rebels out. Before Colonel Garfield reached them, they had hurried off to Pres-

tonburg, which is not far away. The Nationals followed, and overtaking the enemy at noon, where he was well posted, opened the battle. "They fought like brave men, long and well;" and, at dark, the gallant young colonel had completely routed the rebels. For this service, Colonel Garfield was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

When the new year of 1862 came in, General Zollicoffer was quartered opposite Mill Spring, on the Cumberland River. In the middle of December General George H. Thomas was directed by General Buell to advance in force to meet him. But the rebels, finding their position too weak to defend, when the time came, hastened to make the attack. On the 19th of January, very early in the morning, the opposing armies met. The Union pickets fell back slowly, sending word to General Thomas that the enemy was near. At six the battle began in earnest. For a while it was doubtful which side would win. In the hottest of the fight, General Zollicoffer was killed. The Confederate General, George B. Crittenden, immediately took command; but discouraged by the loss of their leader, and hard pressed by the Nationals, the troops did not hold out much longer. Away they went to their camp, pell-mell, a movement too disorderly to be called a retreat. It was not thought necessary to follow them very far, as the Federal guns overlooked the rebel works. Besides, General Thomas supposed them to be so well intrenched, that he did not think best to bombard them that night. So he waited until morning, when lo! not a rebel was to be seen. Sure of defeat, they had decided to

> "Fold their tents like the Arabs,
> And silently steal away."

Not only were the Union arms victorious, but the deserted camp was found to contain a quantity of arms and ammuni-

tion, which could not be carried in a flight so hasty. General Crittenden retreated in the direction of Nashville. His soldiers suffered severely. One who shared that flight said, "For a whole week we have been marching under a bare subsistence; and I have at length reached the point in a soldier's career, where a handful of parched corn may be considered a first-class dinner."

Mill Spring lay upon the Cumberland River, where its navigation begins; and as the rebels received supplies from Nashville, by the river, its occupation by the National troops was important.

For some time General Grant had been urging his superior officer, General Halleck, to give him permission to capture Forts Henry and Donelson. By and by Commodore A. H. Foote begged to be allowed to join General Grant in such an expedition. After much delay General Halleck gave the order, and the two commanders made all haste to get ready. The very next day after the order was received, General Grant started up the Ohio River, with a force of seventeen hundred men on transport boats, escorted by seven gunboats under the command of Commodore Foote. This was the 2d of February. A glance at your map will show you the direction which they were to take. Following the Ohio River as far as Paducah, which was already in Union hands, the little fleet moved cautiously up the Tennessee. They were wide awake; for a friend had warned them that the river was full of torpedoes, many of which they "fished up," and they sailed over others without harm. A torpedo bears no resemblance to the toy of that name, with which very little children celebrate the Fourth of July. This was a sheet-iron cylinder, or tube, pointed at both ends, and containing about seventy-five pounds of powder. It was anchored in the channel of a stream, below the surface of the water. Connected with the powder was a slow-match, or fuse, so arranged, that, by means

of a rod or lever extending upwards from it, a percussion-cap set the fuse on fire, when struck by unwary ships which might pass over it.

The transports followed the gunboats closely. General Grant's army consisted of two divisions, under General C. F. Smith, and General McClernand. Early one morning this goodly company landed a few miles below Fort Henry, just where General Cullum had drawn that blue line, up and down.

There were two kinds of fighting-boats employed in river warfare. One was a ship cut down to the deck, and furnished with a plated iron roof, which shed shot and shell as feathers shed the water from a duck's back. These gunboats were under the charge of Commodore Foote. The other kind was called a "ram;" because, like a cross old sheep, it butted its heavy and iron-clad prow into the stanchest ships, staving holes in their sides. Both were well armed, and propelled by strong engines.

The morning of Saturday dawned brightly. All were eager to begin the battle; but, owing to a heavy storm during the night, the roads were nearly impassable. Notwithstanding the utmost efforts to reach Fort Henry, firing began from the gunboats before the land-troops could possibly reach it in the rear. The battle was short. The brave Confederate General, Tilghman, who commanded Fort Henry, had sent off nearly all his men to re-enforce Donelson. With the few that remained, he held out as long as he could, directing the shots, and himself working one of the guns. In vain he tried to encourage his men. After a hard struggle, lasting an hour and five minutes, the little garrison surrendered,—ninety-four officers and men, all told.

Commodore Foote immediately returned to Cairo, to take care of his wounded and scalded men. On Sunday he attended a Presbyterian Church, but no clergyman came.

Since there was no one else to conduct Divine service, he did not hesitate to do so. He prayed devoutly; and he preached such an earnest sermon, that many of those who heard him were won over to the National cause. His text was, "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." Commodore Foote was an every-day Christian. Always careful to keep Sunday wherever he was, he used to read and explain the Bible to his crew on that day, whenever it was possible. His motto seemed to be, "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily."

Immediately after the capture of Fort Henry, Commodore Foote sent three wooden gunboats, under Lieutenant Commander Phelps, up the Tennessee River as far as Florence, Alabama. He cut the railroad between Bowling Green and Memphis, by destroying the drawbridge over the Tennessee River, thus breaking the Confederate communication with Donelson. It was a very brilliant exploit, for which the officer commanding the expedition received the highest praise.

Six days after Fort Henry was taken, General Grant's troops, which had been left there, set out for Fort Donelson. It was a warm, soft morning; and the birds were hardly up when the tramp of those fifteen thousand men broke upon the stillness.

Commodore Foote was busy too. This time he led his fleet from Cairo up the Ohio River, beyond Paducah, up the Cumberland River, upon which Fort Donelson lies. The flotilla was delayed, which proved a very serious matter; for the fort was to be attacked from both river and land at the same time.

Since the fall of Fort Henry, and the escape of its garrison to Fort Donelson across the little strip of land which divides the two rivers, every means had been used by the Confederates to strengthen the defences of the latter place. The position of Fort Henry had been unfortunate; for it lay close

to the water, on a low, marshy river-bank. Donelson, on the other hand, was built upon elevated ground, being much better defended than Henry. The river side was the stronger at Donelson; while, at Henry, the land side was far the more formidable.

General Grant's army occupied a semicircle around Fort Donelson on the evening of the 12th of February, thus including the little town of Dover, which, you will see, lies very near the fort. Ready to make the attack, they still waited for the fleet to come. The next day, however, as a beginning, the Nationals attacked the Confederate pickets, and drove them in. This led to a cannonade in return, which was promptly answered by the Nationals, and was followed by a sharp attack upon the rebel works, which was unsuccessful. That night a storm of sleet and rain came on, which soon changed into a heavy fall of snow. Those who had started with blankets had thrown them away, or left them at Fort Henry, cheated by the promise of fair weather.

All the provisions in their haversacks were gone, and no supplies could reach them until Commodore Foote's fleet should arrive. The wounded were calling for water which could not be given them. Many a man in each army died that night from cold.

At last, on the morning of the 14th, General Lewis Wallace, who had been left at Fort Henry, arrived with his troops; and, soon after, the guns of the flotilla assured them that more help was near. Wagons were sent at once down to the river to get provisions for the soldiers, and Commodore Foote began the bombardment without a moment's loss of time. The Carondelet, commanded by Commander Walke, led off the engagement. For an hour the battle raged furiously; but, by that time, the batteries had so crippled the gunboats that they were obliged to withdraw. Commodore Foote was disabled, and fifty-four men on the

Union side were killed or wounded. The two commanders, Grant and Foote, after consultation, decided that the flotilla should return to Cairo to make repairs, and to get re-enforcements. Grant was to wait, in the mean time, in such a position as to cut off all outside communication with the rebels. This was called putting them in a "state of siege," and was not at all liked by the Confederates.

So Generals Floyd, Pillow, Buckner, and the other Confederate generals, held a council of war. Floyd, who was chief, proposed to cut their way through the Union lines, and escape to Nashville. This plan was adopted and tried. Surprising General McClernand, upon whom the first attack was made, Pillow seemed sure of success, and telegraphed to the Confederate Secretary of War, that, "on the honor of a soldier," the day was theirs. General Lewis Wallace hastened to the relief of General John A. McClernand, but was in danger of being overcome by Buckner. After a short struggle, in which the Thirty-first Illinois, commanded by Colonel John A. Logan, "stood like a wall opposed to the foe," fresh troops came to the rescue.

During this time Grant had been absent, in conference with Commodore Foote. Both sides had fought bravely, showing the utmost coolness; and the chances of victory were about equal. When General Grant returned, he took in the situation at a glance. He hesitated but an instant. Then, putting on a bold front, he ordered the retaking of a very important position which had been lost in the morning. It was indeed a happy idea, which General Smith and General Wallace carried out nobly. Smith ordered his line to advance and lie down, firing as it lay; which manœuvre it repeated till it reached the top of the hill. At length the enemy was driven back within its intrenchments, and Wallace stationed his picket-line close to the Confederate works. Night put an end to the struggle, and General Grant was

satisfied with the result of his day's work. The whole Federal army felt sure of victory on the morrow.

That night the Confederate generals held another council; and, after a good deal of talk which was neither amiable nor courageous, they made up their minds to do the very thing which Grant feared that they would do, — run away. But how could it be done? Did not General Wallace's brigade surround them? In order to give you an idea of these Confederate leaders, we will read an account of this famous council, which is given upon the authority of four officers who were present: —

"It was agreed that the cost of an attempt to cut their way out would probably be the loss of the lives of three-fourths of the troops. 'No commander,' said Buckner, 'has a right to make such a sacrifice.' Floyd agreed with him, and quickly said, 'Then, we will have to capitulate; but, gentlemen,' he added nervously, 'I cannot surrender. You know my position with the Federals — it would not do! it would not do!' Pillow then said to Floyd, 'I will not surrender myself nor the command: *I will die first.*' Then said Buckner coolly, 'I suppose, gentlemen, the surrender will devolve upon me.' The terrified Floyd quickly asked, 'General, if you are put in command, will you allow me to take out my brigade by the river?'

"'If you move before I shall offer to surrender,' Buckner replied. 'Then, sir, I surrender the command,' said Floyd.

"Pillow, who was next in rank, and to whom Floyd offered to transfer the command, quickly exclaimed, 'I will not accept it: I will never surrender.' While speaking he turned toward Buckner, who said, 'I will accept, and share the fate of my command.'"

So Floyd and Pillow slipped across the river, hidden by the darkness, and fled to Nashville, leaving General Buckner, who was not a coward, to bear the blame and disgrace of a surrender. You will hardly wonder at his conduct, when you remember that this is the same Floyd who was Secretary of War during the last few months before the South declared for secession. No doubt he feared to fall into the

hands of the United States, to which he had proved such a traitor.

This was Saturday night. The next morning, at dawn, the Union camp was astir, preparing to storm the enemy's works, when the faint sound of a bugle came to their ears. The next moment they saw in the dim light a white flag flying from the fort, and a messenger coming toward them, bearing another.

Buckner had sent to Grant to ask the terms upon which he must surrender. He received the answer, "No terms other than unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." It was quickly over. As the Union troops marched into the fort that bright Sunday morning, the music of the "Star-Spangled Banner" sounded in their ears, and the Star-Spangled Banner waved above them. Gunboats from the river fired salutes. The narrow stream was crowded with steamers gay with banners, and the cheers of those on board were echoed by those upon the banks. The next day, not knowing of the surrender, two thousand Tennessee troops arrived to re-enforce the garrison. Of course they were captured, and, with the thirteen thousand at Donelson, were sent to Camp Douglas in Chicago, so named from Senator Stephen A. Douglas, and situated upon land which once had been his home. General Buckner and General Tilghman were sent to Fort Warren in Boston harbor.

The fall of Fort Donelson broke the enemy's line of fortifications, as General Halleck had intended, and discouraged the Confederates. But the battle-field was a scene of horror. The Confederate loss was two hundred and thirty-seven killed, and a thousand wounded; while the Nationals lost nearly twice that number.

Physicians were sent from all over the West to care for the wounded. Ladies volunteered as nurses, tenderly watch-

ing the sick. Every household was busy, doing some good thing for the boys who fought at Donelson. The sick and wounded were removed to the hospitals at Cairo and Paducah. Many a touching story is told about these poor fellows,

FIELD HOSPITAL.

which show what stuff the armies were made of; for the same spirit was shown by both sides, and the sufferers, whether in blue or in gray, met with the same kindness.

Mrs. Hoge, who was among the first of these good women to volunteer, describes the hospital at Cairo with its twelve hundred beds, clean bed-linen, the room trimmed with apple-

blossoms, till one can picture its almost home-like comfort. A youth of nineteen attracted her attention by his patient smile. He had been shot at Donelson in both arms and both legs, and lay wrapped like a mummy, utterly helpless. She asked him how long he lay on the battle-field. "From Saturday morning till Sunday evening, and then I was chopped out, for I was frozen fast."

"Why were you left there so long?" — "Well, you see they couldn't stop to bother with us, because they had to take the fort."

Mrs. Hoge asked if he did not think his friends cruel to neglect him. "Of course not," was the reply. "How could they help it? They had to take the fort; and when they did, we forgot our sufferings, and cheers went up from all over the battle-field, even from the dying. Men that had only one arm raised that."

"Did you suffer much?" — "I don't like to think of that," he answered; "but the doctor says that I won't lose an arm or leg, so I'll have another chance."

Another brave and noble boy fell wounded at Donelson. He was taken to Paducah hospital, where he was kindly cared for. "Oh! I am going to die, and there is no one to love me," he said. "I did not think that I was going to die till now; but it cannot last long. If my sisters were only here! but I have no friends near me, and it is so hard."

"Frankie," said a lady who nursed him, "I know that it is hard to be away from your relatives; but you are not friendless. I am your friend, Mrs. S—— and the doctor are your friends, and we will all take care of you. More than that, God is your friend; and He is nearer to you now than either of us can get. Trust Him, my boy: He will help you." A faint smile passed over the sufferer's face. "Oh! do you think that He will?" he asked. Then pressing the hand which he held, he said, "Yes: I do believe it. I am not

afraid to die ; but I want somebody to love me." — "Frankie, I love you. Poor boy ! you shall not be left alone : is not this some comfort to you?" the lady asked. "Do you love me? Will you stay with me, and not leave me?" — "I will not leave you."

She then kissed his pale forehead tenderly. A glad light flashed over his face. "Oh, kiss me again ! that was given like sister. Mrs. S——, won't you kiss me too? I don't think that it will be so hard to die, if you will both love me."

Would you not think a silver half-dollar a small shield to wear in battle? Yet Reuben Davis of the Fifth Kentucky found it large enough to save his life. He had borrowed that amount from a fellow-soldier a few days before. When he offered to pay the debt, on the morning of the battle of Fort Donelson, his friend said, "Oh, keep it ! you may need it before night." And he did. The coin was struck by a rifle-ball in the very middle, hitting the Goddess of Liberty in the face, instead of killing the man over whose heart it lay. I hope that he thought Who had protected him by such a little thing.

As for the rebels, Jefferson Davis was so disgusted with Floyd and Pillow, that he immediately relieved them from command. On the other hand, Generals Grant, McClernand, Smith, and Wallace, as well as Commodore Foote, congratulated their troops upon a glorious victory. Here was a large slice out of the Confederate cake, but still not enough. The news of the fall of Donelson had the effect of a bombardment upon Bowling Green. General Mitchell reached the northern bank of the Green River, on which it lies, just in time to see the rebels on the other shore flying from the fort. Not a single shot was fired. The garrison had either burned, or removed to Nashville, all military stores. But even the latter city was not a safe place at present.

On the Sunday morning after the battle of Donelson, at

the very hour when the Nationals were entering the fort, the Nashville newspapers published this despatch: —

"A complete victory! The enemy retreating! Our boys following, and peppering their rear!"

Of course the Confederates were wild with joy. Nobody believes that General Pillow meant to publish such an untruth. No doubt he sent it when, as you know, at one time the prospect of a rebel victory was very bright; just as,

early in the battle, the first telegrams from Bull Run boasted a Northern victory.

The churches in Nashville were full on that Sunday morning. Soon after service had begun, a messenger rode through the streets, shouting, "Donelson has fallen!" "The Yankees are coming!" In a moment the most awful fear seized the people. Churches were emptied. Such horrible stories of Northern cruelty had been told, it was no wonder that women turned pale, and children trembled. The fate of Nashville was sealed. All was given up for lost. It was true, indeed, that the Yankees were coming. Every kind of wagon was hired at an enormous price to carry the half-crazy people away from the city. Even the governor fled

to Memphis. The magnificent suspension-bridge over the Cumberland was burned. The public store-houses were thrown open and plundered.

Twenty days after the first gun was fired at Fort Henry, General Buell hoisted the national flag upon the State-House at Nashville. This made the third victory which had been gained without the shedding of a drop of blood, — Columbus, Nashville, and Bowling Green. Those three friends had planned their work well upon their map, had they not? Columbus was the last place through which the blue pencil was drawn.

These events had all happened in the brief space of twenty days. After the surrender of Donelson, Brigadier-Generals Grant, Pope, and Buell were made major-generals of volunteers. A little later, Generals C. F. Smith, McClernand, and Lewis Wallace received the same promotion. To General Grant was given the command of the Military District of the Tennessee, and to General William T. Sherman, the District of Cairo.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### "WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY."

EIGHTY-NINE miles below Cairo, the Mississippi makes a sudden curve, and flows northward again for ten miles. Here turning still more sharply, it goes south once more. At this last bend, on the right bank, the little town of New Madrid stands sentinel. In the lower end of the loop which the river makes, midway between its banks, lies Island Number Ten. All the islands are numbered south of Cairo, and this is the tenth. So New Madrid is really north of this island, although, reckoning by miles, it is farther down the river.

Now you can readily see that the guns of a fort planted at New Madrid could command the river up and down. This is why it was called "the key to the Mississippi." Beside Fort Thompson, six rebel gunboats did duty by way of guarding its approaches. When the Confederate troops left Columbus, part of them came here; while the rest, under the command of General Beauregard, were sent to Island Number Ten. Those at New Madrid were, however, not long left to enjoy their quarters in peace, for the Union general, John Pope, soon paid them a visit. The Nationals went down the river in transports as far as Commerce, then marched for three days through the swampy, miry country to New Madrid. This march was one of great discomfort. "The men waded in mud, ate it, slept in it."

After General Pope went into camp, out of the reach of the rebel guns, he sent back to Cairo for more cannon.

Batteries were planted on the bank; but this was all that could be done without assistance from outside. As soon as his siege-guns arrived they were put in use, the men working all night to mount them. The next day General Pope cannonaded the rebels so successfully, that, during the follow-

AT THE GUNS.

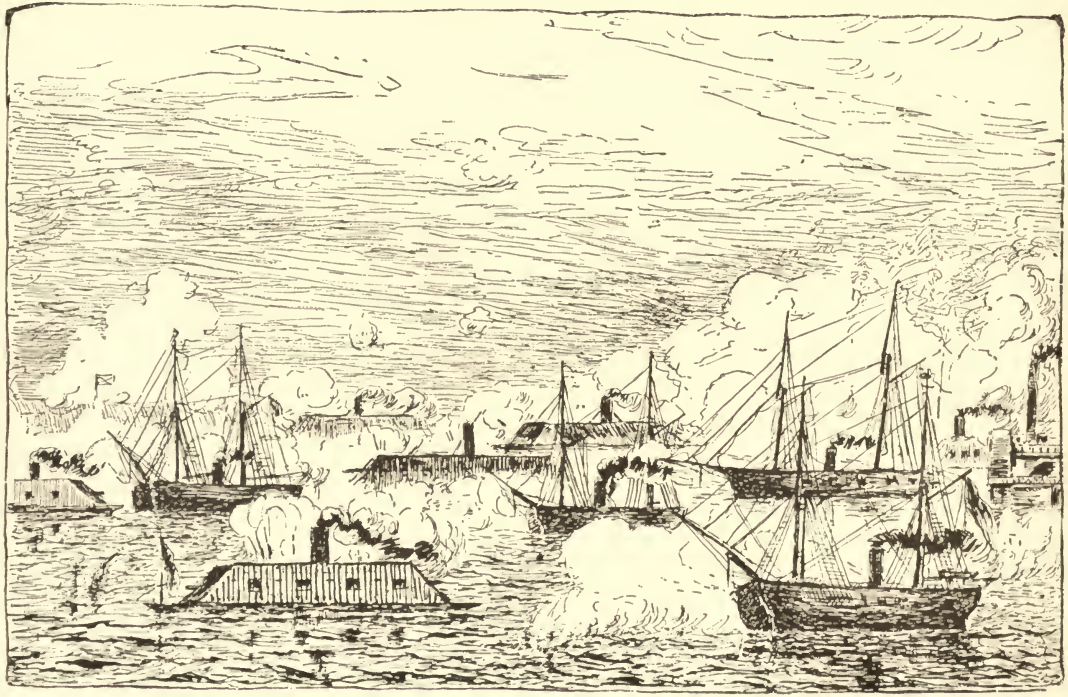
ing night, under cover of a thunder-storm, they disappeared. It was plain that they went in haste, for their supper was untasted, and even their poor picket-guards were left behind them. Soldiers are early risers, you know: so, before daylight the next morning, Commodore A. H. Foote left Cairo, with a fine fleet of gunboats, to assist in reducing Island Number Ten. To "reduce" a place is to take it by storm. General Beauregard had done his best to make this

island the strongest fortification on the river. The bombardment began on Sunday morning, the commodore's flagship, Benton, firing the first gun. Next, the mortar-boats along the Kentucky shore put in their loyal voices. A mortar-boat is a sort of solidly-built scow, with a low, heavy wall around it, from behind which a mortar, or short, thick, stumpy kind of upright cannon, is fired. The boat has no machinery, and is towed to its position, and fastened. The shell used in it is about the size of a football, weighing over two hundred pounds.

This kind of thing went on day after day without result, until three weeks had passed. During the first day of the engagement Commodore Foote received the news of the death of his second son, a boy of thirteen years. At first he was dumb with sorrow; but, believing that his country demanded the first place in his heart, he summoned his will, and took his post again.

General Pope was growing impatient. His guns at New Madrid commanded the river, it is true; but that was all. It was already April, and yet he was no nearer the end at which he aimed. He could not take his troops across the river to the island, on account of the enemy's batteries, which would play upon them from the opposite shore. At that very time three thousand shells had been thrown on the island from Union guns, and fifty tons of powder had been burned; yet only one man had been killed. Before you can understand what was finally done, you will have to look at the situation very carefully, as it appears on the map. Island Number Ten was surrounded on all sides by rebel shores. The strip of land to the north of the island, around which the river flows in the shape of a horseshoe, is a dense swamp. So it was impossible to cross this marshy peninsula to the other arm of the river, and thus attack the enemy in the rear.

General Schuyler Hamilton, however, suggested a way out of the difficulty. He proposed to cut a canal across the neck of the peninsula, through which transports could go to New Madrid without passing Island Number Ten. This was accomplished in nineteen days. The channel was twelve miles long, and fifty feet wide. Three thousand trees of all sizes had to be cut down, some of them three or four feet under water. As soon as it was done, the water rushed through the canal as if it were glad to be of use in such a cause. While this was going on, five small boats carrying fifty men, under the command of Colonel Roberts, pushed out one night from the Union fleet into the darkness. Thunder growled, and a faint gleam in the sky gave warning that a storm was brewing. But these sturdy fellows were not afraid of wetting their fine uniforms: so they rowed noiselessly along the river-bank, or drifted silently down with the current. Not an unnecessary word was spoken. The few orders were given in whispers. Suddenly the first boat turned toward the shore. In an instant more the others had followed, and soon all had landed. Still they were silent. They carried fixed bayonets, and kept in line toward a battery on the Kentucky shore, which had annoyed them greatly of late. What was that? A flash, and then another, told them that they were found out. It was the work of a moment to overcome the sentry; then they fell to spiking the guns with a hearty good will. Rain came down in torrents, and the roar of thunder was terrific. Thus, in a few minutes, six cannon had their noisy throats stopped with rat-tail files, and the jolly boys who did it rowed off again in safety to their camp. It was a daring thing to do, and it was well done. Another bold plan was carried out a day or two later. Commander Walke took the little gunboat Carondelet past the Confederate batteries on Island Number Ten to New Madrid in a heavy thunder-storm. She was dis-



PASSING ISLAND NUMBER TEN.

guised as a hay-barge, and was the first vessel that ran the blockade on the Mississippi River. The sparks from her smoke-stack caught the rebel eye, and she was fired upon. She escaped unharmed, however, and her friends were glad to hear the "three shots" which was to be the signal of her safety. Her commander received official thanks for his courage. Other gunboats soon followed this example. The canal was now ready, and the troops began crossing the Mississippi at New Madrid, to enter it. General Pope said that it was the most magnificent sight that he had ever seen, as the transports laden with the soldiers made their way across the broad bosom of the river. Before the fleet was halfway around to Island Number Ten, the rebels had heard of its approach, and were rapidly preparing to abandon their works.

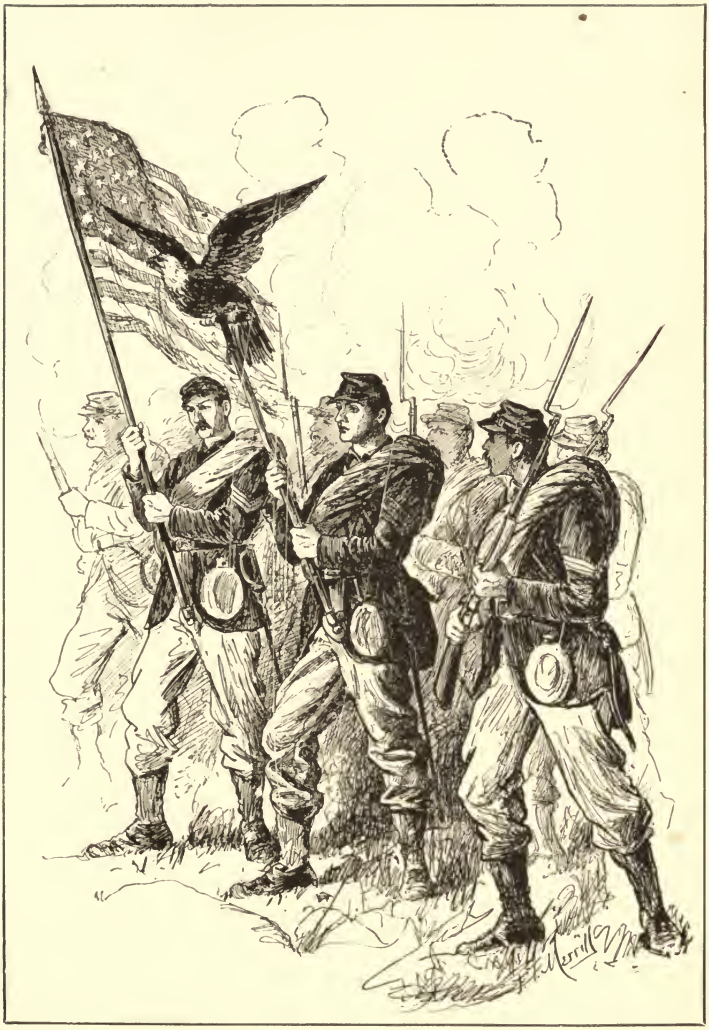
General Beauregard, with a large number of his best troops, slipped off toward Corinth. The next in rank was General McCall, to whom was given the command of the island. Seeing that the struggle was hopeless, what was left of the garrison soon surrendered to Commodore Foote. The whole number of prisoners taken by the Nationals during the siege was seven thousand two hundred and thirty-three. Twenty batteries, seven thousand small-arms, quantities of ammunition, beside horses and mules, were also captured. Disloyal citizens were terribly frightened by the success of the Union armies.

Before we leave this part of our story, it will interest you to hear of a strange witness of the last two battles. A year before, an Indian boy caught a fine young eagle, which he sold for a bushel of corn. The owner of the bird, in turn, sold him, for two dollars and a half, to the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry. The eaglet was then two months old. Loyal women decorated him with rosettes, and petted him. He behaved finely, sitting on his perch with all the dignity of a judge, and receiving his honors as if he were used to it.

The company which had the care of him was called the Eagle Company; and wherever it went, it was received with cheers. The bird was named "Old Abe," after Abraham Lincoln. All the newspapers were full of his praises. Upon one occasion in St. Louis, he got away from his regiment, and was captured on a chimney-top. Here his owners were offered a farm for him; but money could not buy him. He always went with his company into battle; and here — at New Madrid and Island Number Ten — were his first victories. Before the "cruel war was over," he had sat upon his perch, with the Stars and Stripes floating over his head, in thirty-seven battles. He was scarred, but never wounded. Poor "Old Abe"! The Historical Society of Wisconsin gratefully preserves his body and his memory. Many a soldier whose hair is now growing gray tells his boy of the battles where "Old Abe" clapped his wings in the hottest of the fight more than twenty years ago.

We must now leave our gallant troops in undisputed possession of the Mississippi as far south as Arkansas, to follow the fortunes of Generals Curtis and Sigel. Starting from Springfield, Mo., in the middle of February, the Nationals, commanded by General Samuel R. Curtis, pushed down the Mississippi Valley into Arkansas. Well aware that the enemy far outnumbered his own force, and was still increasing, Curtis knew that there was no time to be lost. There is an old saying which he did well to remember, "A thing done promptly is twice done."

The Unionists marched at the rate of twenty miles a day, in stormy weather, over roads heavy with mud, with scanty food, enduring many hardships, until they drove the enemy out of Missouri. Yet when the Nationals, eager for an attack, were almost treading upon the heels of the rebel general, Price, there came a piece of news which startled them. Major-General Earl Van Dorn, an active, energetic com-



OLD ABE.

mander in the Confederate army, had joined General McCulloch, himself taking charge of the Confederate movements. Besides, General Albert Pike's four thousand Indian troops had been added to the rebel army, making its total strength twenty-five thousand. In consideration of this fact, and that his own army was growing smaller from several causes, Curtis fell back to a safer position in the north-western corner of Arkansas. Here he came face to face with the enemy. The meeting was unexpected. General Curtis was writing in his tent one morning, when scouts brought word that the rebels were near. Hastening to gather his army, numbering less than twelve thousand men, he instantly despatched a messenger to General Sigel, then in camp near Bentonville, four miles away. General Curtis was near Pea Ridge. On their way from Boston Mountains to attack Curtis, the Confederate quartet — Van Dorn, Price, McCulloch, and Pike — chanced to encounter General Sigel, with his valuable train of supplies, who was on his way to re-enforce General Curtis. Sigel managed the affair with great skill and courage. Sometimes his loyal Germans fought savagely against the odds of four to one, and sometimes they fell back. Bullets fell like hail upon them. At last a messenger came with the good news that re-enforcements were at hand. When these brave fellows cheered till the echoes answered, the enemy knew that help was near, and after one dash more they gave up the pursuit. So Sigel finally joined Curtis where the real battle of Pea Ridge was afterwards fought.

General Van Dorn well knew how small was General Curtis's army. He marched quite around his encampment to make an attack in the rear, while Curtis had prepared to receive the enemy in front. Thus Curtis not only lost the benefit of his strong position, but, to his consternation, found the enemy between him and his supplies. In speaking of an army, military people seem to think of it as a big

bird. They talk of the "right wing," and "left wing," and the "centre." The reserve corps must be the tail, for that always comes last.

Well, General Curtis promptly turned around, and fought from the rear of his camp. General Carr of the Union army commanded the right wing, confronting the Confederates under General Price; while the left wing, under Generals Sigel and Asboth, were face to face with Pike's Indians. The Union centre, under General Jefferson C. Davis, had all it could do to hold its own against McCulloch and McIntosh. It was a hard and bloody struggle. When night came, the right wing had been badly cut up.

The two armies slept on their arms, a stone's throw from each other, both dreaming of victory on the morrow. The wounded were tenderly cared for; but their groaning sounded mournfully in that lonely spot. In the morning the action began again. There was heavy cannonading on both sides. The Federals charged with bayonets, and the rebels fled. The battle-field was covered with the dead; and, as Indians fought for the rebels, many a body was found scalped and mangled. General McCulloch and McIntosh had been killed, and General Price was wounded. The loss on both sides was very great. It is true that the battle had been won by the Nationals, but little else; for the rebels managed to carry away their own baggage and artillery. Both armies were glad to stop fighting, no doubt; for they soon disappeared from each other's sight. Van Dorn withdrew his troops to a little distance for the purpose of re-organizing them before joining General A. S. Johnston at Corinth. After a rest on the battle-field, the Union army marched in a south-easterly direction toward the Mississippi.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### TWO SURPRISES.

A SLIGHT misunderstanding arose between General Halleck and General Grant, immediately following the fall of Donelson. Postal and telegraphic communication was necessarily very imperfect, and no doubt this caused the trouble. However that may be, General Halleck's orders were not obeyed as promptly as he expected, because they were not received. To punish General Grant, Halleck relieved him of command, putting General C. F. Smith in his place. Like a good soldier, however, Grant accepted the situation, but explained the reason for his failure, and showed the greatest kindness to the new commander. General Smith was very glad, when, after a few days, the restoration of General Grant to his old command relieved him of the responsibility of the movement then on foot. There is a pretty story told about these two soldiers, which is worth repeating. General Smith was much older than General Grant, and had been the commandant at the West Point Military Academy when Grant was but a cadet there. It now chanced that the younger man was senior in rank to the older. Grant found the situation embarrassing; for he still remembered his old commander "with awe," and found it almost impossible to give him an order, as was often necessary. General Smith noticed this, and very kindly said, "I am now the subordinate, and I know a soldier's duty. I hope that you will feel no awkwardness about our new rela-

tions." This was all the more touching, because at the time of his death, which took place not long afterward, General Smith was sixty years old, while General Grant was still a young man.

It will be remembered that General Beauregard went with a large number of men from Island Number Ten to Corinth. General Bragg with ten thousand picked troops, and General Polk with his command from Columbus, were already there; and now General Albert Sidney Johnston had come from Murfreesboro at the head of a force of twenty thousand more. To him was intrusted the command of the rebel army at Corinth, supposed to be from forty to fifty thousand strong. General Grant was gathering the Union forces on the right bank of the Tennessee, at Savannah, only thirty-two miles away. General Buell, who was at Nashville, had been ordered to report at Savannah as quickly as possible. The army at Henry and Donelson was already on its way up the Tennessee River. The first steamer bearing troops arrived at Savannah on the 5th of March. Others followed. More than eighty steamboats, escorted by three gunboats, moved in procession up the river, "each boat with its pillar of smoke by day, and of fire by night." General Wallace thus describes the fleet as it steamed away from Fort Henry: —

"It is difficult to imagine any thing more beautiful and orderly than the movement of this army up the river. The transports of each division were assembled together in order of march. At a signal they put out in line, loaded to their utmost capacity with soldiers and materiel. Cannon fired, regiments cheered, bands played. Looking up the river after the boats had one by one taken their places, a great, dense column of smoke, extending as far as the eye could reach, marked the windings of the stream, and hung in the air like a pall. It was indeed a sight never to be forgotten."

The point selected for the encampment of the Union army was Pittsburg Landing, a bluff on the east bank of the

GENERAL GRANT.

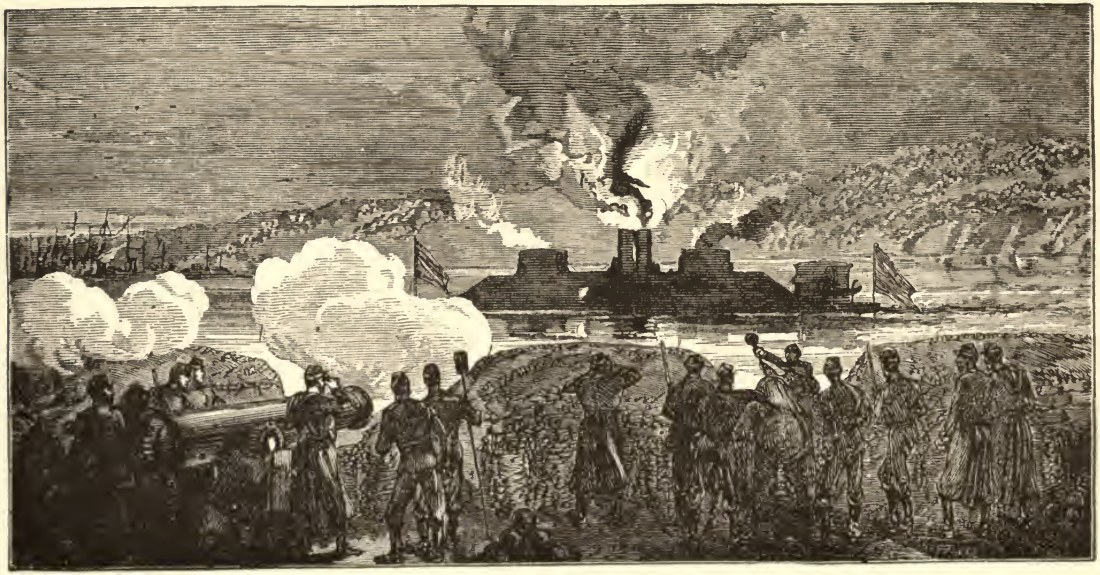
river, about nine miles above Savannah. The bank rises here above the water's edge to the height of nearly one hundred feet, and through it run several deep ravines. About two miles from the Landing, on the road to Corinth, was a little barn-like building, known as Shiloh Church, from which the battle has received its name. General Lewis Wallace's division was stationed at Crump's Landing, midway between Pittsburg Landing and Savannah, on the west bank. General Grant kept his own headquarters at Savannah, in order to direct the movements of re-enforcements which should arrive. He visited Pittsburg Landing every day, and was about to go there to remain, when he heard that Buell was very near. General C. F. Smith was too ill, as the result of an accident, to command his own division, which was therefore given in charge of General W. H. L. Wallace. There was no especial reason on the part of the Federals to look for an immediate attack, and thus no preparations had been made. But the rebels were watchful and busy. Through scouts they knew all that was going on at Pittsburg Landing. They also knew that Buell was making a hasty march to re-enforce Grant. They resolved to make an attack before he should arrive, and a surprise was therefore determined upon. On the afternoon of Thursday, April 3, the rebel army was put in motion, with five days' rations and a hundred rounds of ammunition. It moved in three parallel lines. General Beauregard was second in command. On Saturday night it bivouacked so near the Union lines, that voices could be heard, and camp-fires seen. An army is said to "bivouac" when it sleeps in the open air without going into camp, ready for instant movement. The Confederates lighted no fires that night, and necessary lights were carefully hidden. No one went out or in. A heavy rain had soaked the ground; and even the leaves ceased to crackle under their feet as they moved about. General

Albert Sidney Johnston, who was chief in command, called a council of his generals to discuss the plans for the morrow. At the close of this meeting, General Beauregard exclaimed, "Gentlemen, we sleep in the enemy's camp to-morrow night!" And not a man said, "We cannot do it."

At three o'clock on Sunday morning the Confederates moved toward Pittsburg Landing. Just as the gray dawn of the soft spring morning was streaked with the rising sun, a crash of artillery, and the rush of pickets driven in by the enemy, told the Unionists that they were surprised. The national guns were not even loaded. Many of the troops had not enough ammunition. Brigadier-General Prentiss had doubled his guard the night before, having been warned that an attack was to be made. He had also pushed his picket-line forward, and formed his division in advance of his camp, where he received the first force of the enemy's assault. General W. T. Sherman was also in the front, and fell into line at once. In this battle many raw troops were engaged, who had never before smelled powder. General Prentiss and General Sherman seemed to have had their full share of these new recruits. It was not surprising that General Prentiss's division should have been so easily overcome as scarcely to try to resist the enemy.

General Sherman suffered from a similar disadvantage; but he himself remained at the front, cheering, threatening, and even compelling his troops to fight. General Grant, who was at Savannah, heard the firing, and, hastening at once to the battle-field, rode forward into the thickest of the battle.

Grant was everywhere as cool, and unconscious of danger, as if in his own tent. He warmly complimented General Sherman upon his gallant behavior on that day. General Lewis Wallace and General Nelson had been ordered to hasten to the scene of battle; but the hours passed heavily by, and they did not come. There were two generals by the name



PASSING THE BATTERIES.

of Wallace in this battle, one of whom was already doing gallant service. The battle of Shiloh was his last, for here General W. H. L. Wallace received a wound, of which he died at Savannah, not long after.

The rebel leader, General Albert Sidney Johnston, fell at noon, mortally wounded; but his death was not made known to his army, for fear of a panic. General Beauregard next assumed the command. Two Union gunboats, the Tyler and the Lexington, lay at the landing, ready for action when the opportunity should come. All this pleasant Sunday the battle had raged. More than ten thousand men were already killed or wounded. Step by step the Nationals had been crowded back toward the river, even beyond their first position. The Confederates gathered toward nightfall for a final attack. A ravine lay between the two armies, and some guns had been placed in position to command it. So, when the rebels made an attempt to cross, a brisk fire from these batteries and the two gunboats at the river easily persuaded them to give up the assault. On the Union side, General Prentiss had been captured with his command. A drizzling rain had begun to fall, which served to render still more horrible that wretched night. Neither army had shelter.

When darkness settled over the earth, the fighting ceased; but General Beauregard's prophecy had been fulfilled. The rebels did indeed sleep on the very ground which was occupied the night before by the Union camp.

Late in the afternoon, General Buell had appeared in person, and still later came Generals Nelson and Lewis Wallace. Never was aid more opportune. That night the soldiers on both sides slept on their arms.

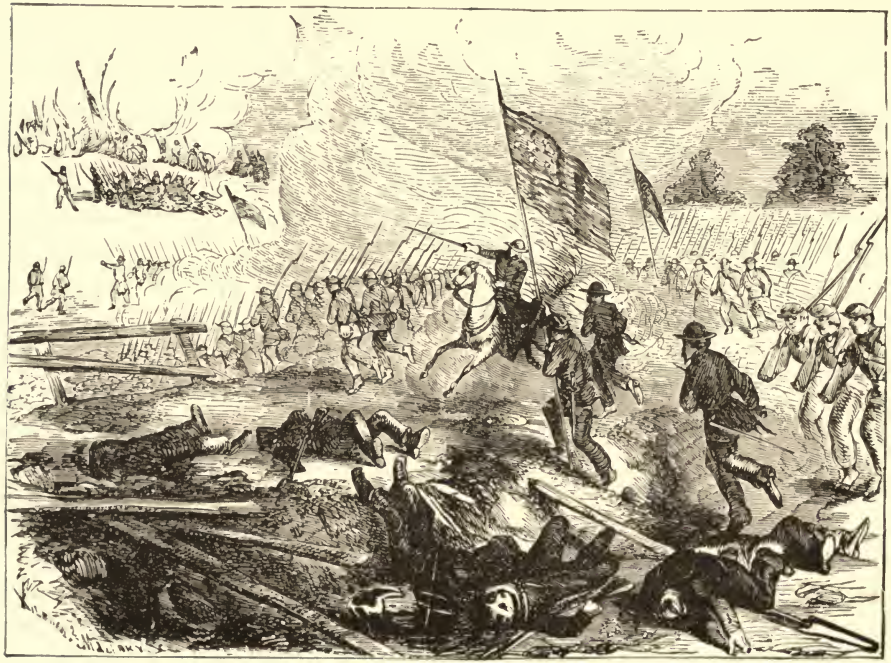
The telegraph began to play an important part very early in the war. Its lines were built along the track of the advancing armies at the rate of eight miles a day. Operators

were usually very young men: many of them, indeed, were mere boys. Yet many a youth showed courage and coolness which would have earned a shoulder-strap in the military service. The battle of Pittsburg Landing began too suddenly to admit of elaborate preparations for telegraphing. As the wires were too short to reach across the river, a very singular plan was invented to meet the emergency. The operator climbed out to the farthest point on a limb of a fallen tree which hung far over the water's edge, and was thus able to attach the wire to the instrument. Here, astride a limb, nearly devoured by mosquitoes, he sat all day, sending hourly messages to the eager, anxious North.

The second day, General Grant began the battle. During the night he had personally directed the position of every commander, and had given orders to each. The fresh troops were to occupy the front, General Lewis Wallace's division on the extreme right, and three divisions of Buell's army on the left. And they fought well, too, when the time came.

The Confederates rightly guessed that the Nationals had been re-enforced. The fighting was hottest near Shiloh Church, where Beauregard had slept on Sunday night. Closer and closer the two lines pressed. Ground was lost and regained. At last General Grant selected two regiments, and, leading them in person, charged upon the enemy. This was the turning-point. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. From this time the Confederates steadily fell back.

At four the tired and exhausted Nationals had given up the pursuit. Both sides had fought with desperate courage. It is true that some of the raw Northern soldiers were frightened and ran away, hiding under the bluff; but even they did good service on the second day. It is not being afraid that makes one a coward: it is giving up to one's fear. "You are frightened," said a young soldier to a veteran in the midst of a great battle. "Yes," was the answer, "I am



PITTSBURG LANDING.

frightened; and, if you were only half as much frightened as I am, you would run away."

It would be hard to tell who deserved the highest praise for gallant conduct on the battle-field of Shiloh. The report of every commanding officer makes "honorable mention" of many a regiment as well as of individual officers. Of General Sherman it was said, "Among the heroes of that hard-fought battle, he outshone them all." Always brave, his behavior won golden opinions for him. When all was over, it was enough to break one's heart to see the wagon-loads of wounded Confederates "piled up like bags of grain" on the dreary road back to Corinth. "Three hundred men died during this retreat; and their poor bodies were thrown out of the wagons to make room for others, who, though wounded, struggled on through the storm, hoping to find shelter and cover."

On each side the loss was appalling. The killed, wounded, and missing in both armies, were estimated at twenty-four thousand two hundred and seventy-two.

With plenty of money to buy comforts for the Union soldiers, and willing hands to nurse them, their sufferings were terrible; but think of the poor Confederates, without money or woman's care, left to die alone! Some of the rebel prisoners were sent to Camp Douglas in Chicago. A lady, describing their appearance, said, "They had old carpets, new carpets, and rag carpets, old bedquilts and new bedquilts, for blankets. They had slouch-hats, children's hats, little girls' hats, and not one soldier's cap to their heads. One man had two old hats tied to his feet for shoes. They were the most ragged, torn, and weary-looking set I ever saw. Everybody felt sorry for them."

In the battle of Shiloh a ball struck the scabbard of General Grant's sword, and broke it. He still preserves the blade as a memento of that fearful day. An Illinois chaplain heard

the bleating of a lamb upon the field the day after the battle. When the fight began, a flock of sheep had been feeding there, and all but this little lamb had been killed, or had run away. Still looking for its mother in all the noise and smoke, this poor little thing had escaped unhurt. The chaplain fed and cared for it while he staid, and left it at last lying in the sunshine, waiting for the mother sheep.

The effect of such a fearful battle, with so little good resulting from it, was very damaging to the reputation of the commanding general, especially as the evacuation of Island Number Ten on the same day, without bloodshed, presented a marked contrast to it. General Grant's success at Donelson, as well as his personal bravery and skilful leadership at Shiloh, went for nothing. The newspapers clamored for his disgrace.

General Halleck rebuked him by his conduct, if not in words. He hastened at once to the scene of conflict, and himself took command, assigning General Grant to no position, with the title of "second in command," but without any thing to do. Most opportunely, just at this time, General Pope arrived from the Mississippi with twenty-five thousand fresh soldiers and some of Curtis's division, which had been engaged at Pea Ridge.

Before the arrival of General Halleck, however, Grant had sent General Sherman to cut the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. General Beauregard had also been re-enforced by a fresh instalment of soldiers under General Van Dorn, whom we last met at Pea Ridge, thus increasing his army to sixty-five thousand "of the best drilled and best fighting men of the Confederacy."

Early in May the march toward Corinth began, slowly and with great caution. The distance was but about thirty miles, yet the Nationals did not reach the enemy's picket-lines at Corinth till the 28th. Two days after, with an army of one

hundred thousand men, General Halleck marched into Corinth, to find it deserted. It had the appearance of being strongly fortified; while in reality its works were a sham, and its cannon were chiefly "Quaker guns." General Beauregard had managed the affair very cleverly. Knowing that the National army was near enough to hear the sound of engines and moving trains, he ordered his troops to cheer loudly whenever an engine whistled during the night, "as though re-enforcements had been received." This had the desired effect. Without rousing the suspicions of the Unionists, instead of receiving re-enforcements, the entire rebel army had slipped away, carrying the sick, the heavy artillery, and many of their stores. Since the battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, General Grant had been allowed to take no part in the operations.

This time it was Halleck's turn to be censured. People said, that, if he had not interfered, General Grant would have pushed on to Corinth, and captured it a month sooner. Halleck proceeded to fortify Corinth. At the same time he sent Buell, at the head of the Army of the Ohio, to assist General Mitchell at Chattanooga. At this crisis of affairs General Halleck was called to Washington to occupy the position of general-in-chief. General Grant was placed in command of the Army of the Cumberland, and General Thomas in charge at Corinth.

## CHAPTER XV.

### HERE A LITTLE, AND THERE A LITTLE.

SOON after the new year of 1862 came in, it was whispered that there was a great secret of State, and everybody was eager to help to keep it. While General Halleck was making his plans, which we have followed to the end, a fleet was getting ready to sail from Hampton Roads. Where it was going, nobody knew. Why it was going was also a mystery. Two old gossips over a cup of tea could be no more anxious to pry into other people's business than were the newspapers to know this secret. And the oddest part of it all was, that only a few of the commanding officers of the fleet even knew more about it than the public; for the ships carried sealed orders. They set sail on the 11th of January. When it was known that they had really gone out into the open sea, the country was wild with excitement and curiosity. The terrible storm which had made everybody so anxious about the safety of Commodore Dupont's fleet in the autumn was fresh in mind; and, of course, those who were not in the secret shook their heads, and called the enterprise foolhardy. And sure enough, the very day after they sailed there came a heavy storm, and scattered the ships, wrecking four of them, although no lives were lost.

So it was February before the fleet could go over the bar, through Hatteras Inlet, into Pamlico Sound, whither it was bound. You already know the geography of this region, yet another glance will refresh your minds, and help you to see

it clearly. The command of this expedition was intrusted to Major-General Ambrose E. Burnside; but the naval part was directed by Commodore Louis M. Goldsborough; both of whom were quite equal to the difficult task given them. Their object was first to seize Roanoke Island, and afterward to secure possession of other points on the coast of North Carolina, and then to approach Norfolk in the rear. Thanks to the newspapers, notwithstanding the care to conceal the purpose of this expedition, the Confederates learned that a squadron had sailed, and shrewdly guessed where it was bound for. The Confederate Brigadier-General H. A. Wise was in command of Roanoke Island at that time; but he was ill, and absent from his post, which was in charge of Colonel H. M. Shaw. There were several batteries to protect the island. Some vessels had been sunk in the main channel, and still farther in was a "mosquito fleet," like that employed at Port Royal. Very slowly Commodore Goldsborough sailed his fleet of seventy vessels toward the west side of the island, and anchored six miles below. The sky had been cloudy all day, but suddenly the sun shone out brightly. At the same time the flagship fired its first gun, and run up the signal, "This day our country expects every man to do his duty." Cheer upon cheer greeted this message, and the Union gunners opened fire upon Fort Bartow with a right good will. At twelve o'clock the battle became general. The national gunboats and the batteries on shore had a lively duet; but when the rebel gunboats tried to put in a word they were silenced without ceremony. The fort was soon disabled, and the flagstaff shot away. At midnight, in a drizzling rain, General Burnside landed his troops at Ashby's Harbor; not, however, without a little skirmish. They must now march five miles before they could attack the enemy's works. The way lay through a bushy swamp, over which was only a poor cart-road. Carefully they moved

along, until they came to the enemy's skirmishers. Fighting as they went, the Nationals steadily pushed their way, till the fire from the rebel guns began to thin out their ranks. By and by it was discovered that their ammunition was giving out. Nothing but a charge could save them now. Major Kimball of Hawkins's Zouaves (New York) offered to lead it. Crying, "Zouaves, storm the battery! Forward!" they were off in a twinkling. Through tangled brush they pressed and struggled, cheered by their comrades, who shouted, "Make way for the Redcaps! They are the boys!" Colonel Hawkins, who at the time was directing two other companies, could not resist the desire to join them. The effect was like magic. In an instant the whole battalion was rushing forward on the run, yelling, "Zou! Zou! Zou!" —the cry which makes the Zouave charge so terrible. With fixed bayonets, on they went. The rebels threw away their guns, and fled. That afternoon Commodore Goldsborough flung out another signal, "The fort is ours!"

It was in this fight that the heroic John Davis was surprised by seeing a shell coming in just where he was passing out powder for the guns of one of the steamers of the fleet. He never thought of running away, but deliberately sat down on the open keg, so that no sparks could get in. He was promoted immediately, as he deserved to be, for this act of bravery. A son of the rebel General Wise was killed in this battle; and his poor father, who was ill, nearly died of grief when he heard the news.

General Burnside now made his headquarters on Roanoke Island. Commodore Rowan, under orders from Commodore Goldsborough, attacked Elizabeth City, not far away, on the coast of North Carolina. The struggle was short, but severe. Hand to hand, if one can say so of gunboats almost touching each other, the battle was fought and won. The Union flag was raised first on the mainland of North

ADMIRAL GOLDSBOROUGH'S FLEET.

Carolina, at Elizabeth City. Here we will take leave of Commodore Goldsborough, who was ordered to Hampton Roads, Commodore Rowan succeeding him in command.

Early in March the Union fleet went up the River Neuse, on which Newberne stands. A landing was made at Slocum's Creek, a few miles from the city. After marching a little way, the Federals came upon a rebel camp. So frightened were they at the sight of the Federal troops, that they fled in haste, taking nothing with them, and leaving a good breakfast all ready. The river-bank near Newberne was well protected by batteries. Behind these the enemy could fire, unhurt and unseen. After a weary day's march, the Union troops rested, as well as they could on wet ground; and early in the morning firing began. The men behaved well. When the hope of silencing the rebel batteries was nearly given up, they rushed with a wild cheer straight on the enemy's guns. Over the rampart they went, fighting so fiercely that the Confederates ran away in terror. An attempt was afterward made by the rebels to burn their own city, but the flames were quenched before great harm was done. The fall of Newberne was immediately followed by the capture of Fort Pulaski, the key to the city of Savannah. As Big Tybee Island was already in Union hands, several bomb-batteries were built on the side of it next to Fort Pulaski. When all was ready, General David Hunter, who used to command the Department of Kansas, demanded the surrender of the fort. This, of course, was refused. Then the siege began. It was a hard-fought battle, but was won by the Nationals, upon the first anniversary of the fall of Sumter. Then, after a few hours of bombardment, Fort Macon fell, and with it the town of Beaufort, N.C. Fort Clinch was deserted; and Fernandina, Fla., which depended upon it for defence, surrendered without a shot. Jacksonville and St. Augustine, with Fort Marion, Fla., yielded

voluntarily to the Unionists. Thus you will see, that, excepting Charleston in South Carolina, the "Cradle of Secession," the entire Atlantic coast was occupied by "Yankees."

"Doubling the cape" of Florida, we find ourselves in the Gulf of Mexico. If we keep near the shore, still going west, we shall come at last to Ship Island, not far from the mouth of the Mississippi River. There was an unfinished fort here, and Secretary Floyd had ordered heavy guns to be placed in it. When the war broke out, the rebels made haste to complete the fort, and for a little while held it with a large force. But, upon hearing that a Union fleet was coming, they became alarmed, and evacuated it, burning the barracks, which, you know, are houses inside of a fort. It was immediately occupied by the Nationals, and named Fort Massachusetts, after the gunboat to which it owed its capture. In the autumn of 1861 General Butler got permission to gather an army in the New England States for a particular purpose. When all was ready, the need for this army had passed. So he said to Secretary Stanton one day, "Why cannot New Orleans be taken?"

"It can," was the answer, very much to the purpose.

The result of this conversation was, that General Butler was appointed to the command of the Department of the Gulf; and early in February another fleet set sail from Hampton Roads.

The wife of General Butler shared the dangers and hardships of the voyage. She was every inch a brave woman. Although the passage was very rough, and the ship was in danger of going to pieces, she never showed a sign of fear. For thirty days they were tossed about on the Atlantic, before they came to Ship Island. There was not a single house for her to take refuge in when she arrived; but the men very quickly patched up one for her out of boards. One day, after a heavy storm, a little girl, only three years

GENERAL B. F. BUTLER.

old, was found on the beach. It was supposed that her parents had been drowned in a storm, while she had been cast upon the shore in safety. She told her father's name, which proved to be that of an outspoken secessionist in New Orleans, and a physician of that city.

Mrs. Butler took the little one, and cared for her tenderly. The child knew the name of her grandfather in New Orleans, and General Butler lost no time in sending her home. To Major George C. Strong, chief-of-staff, was given this privilege. With money to pay her way to New Orleans, he took her in a sloop, under a flag of truce, to Biloxi, "a summer watering-place on the Mississippi main." Here he left her. On his return "the sloop grounded, and an attempt was made to capture her by some men who had been witnesses of Major Strong's errand." He managed to keep them off, however, until help came. Of course General Butler was indignant. The very next day he sent a force to Biloxi, and took the town. He made the mayor offer him an apology for the disrespect to a flag of truce.

When General Butler parted from President Lincoln, to undertake this expedition, he said, "Good-by, Mr. President! We shall take New Orleans, or you will never see me again."

The naval part of the movement against New Orleans was commanded by Commodore D. G. Farragut. Under his direction was also a fleet of "bomb-vessels and armed steamers, enough to manage them all," in charge of Commander D. D. Porter. As soon as General Butler arrived at Ship Island with his re-enforcements, preparations were begun for the attack upon New Orleans. It was April, however, before the fleet was well over the bars at the mouth of the Mississippi River.

The Confederates had spared no pains for the defence of that city, which lies one hundred miles above the mouth of the river, and is defended by two fine forts, on opposite

banks, about seventy miles below New Orleans. Between these forts and the town a threatening rebel fleet lay at anchor.

Among these vessels and boats were two which were celebrated in those days, — the floating-battery Louisiana, and the ram Manassas. Fire-rafts were also prepared to send down, if need should be; and an army under General Mansfield Lovell was encamped around the city. The Mississippi, so full of curves, makes a sharp bend toward the west, about twenty-five miles above its mouth. The inside of the elbow is occupied by Fort Jackson, while immediately above and opposite, on the north shore, St. Philip frowns. Hulks of vessels had been sunk in a line across the river. Stout chains were stretched across, and fastened to these, thus making the river impassable to ships.

Porter dressed the masts of fourteen of his mortar-vessels with the green boughs of the trees, and daubed the hulls with mud, so that they would not be noticed as they were moved up the river. The rest were moored a little below, and hidden in the reeds and willows. In this way, without being seen, they were able to come very near Fort Jackson.

It was past the middle of April when one morning the flotilla opened fire. The Rebels sent fire-rafts down the river, hoping to set the National ships on fire. Sometimes the rafts were caught by their own chains, and sometimes the Nationals towed them ashore, and left them to burn, doing no harm. Finally, Commodore Farragut decided to run the blockade, which was now becoming quite the fashion.

He ordered the chains across the river to be cut in the night; and, as the river was at full tide, the hulks to which they were fastened drifted down with the current. When every thing was ready, the flag-ship, and seven other vessels and gunboats, started boldly up the river, firing into the enemy's works as they went. Of course the batteries and forts all along the way, opened fire upon the fleet. They

went straight on toward the Confederate gunboats which lay above the forts, bearing the scars of many a Rebel bullet in their oaken sides. The famous ram Manassas came steaming down into Farragut's fleet; but this proved to be only a scare, as she was disabled, and soon exploded, and disappeared under the water. After a heavy battle, which lasted many days, the Nationals were once more the victors. Fort and gunboat were hushed, and New Orleans was taken. The mayor refused to hoist the Union flag in the city when the Federals entered it: so Farragut sent a squad of men for that purpose. The Union soldiers were treated with the greatest rudeness, and the Union flag was dragged in the dirt. Commodore Farragut then again raised the colors, and sent word to the mayor to "see that it was respected." The citizens of New Orleans were unwilling to believe the news that they were really in the hands of the Unionists, which would not have been worse in their eyes if their conquerors had been cannibals.

General Butler took formal possession of the city on the first day of May. It was no easy matter to control New Orleans, but he was in earnest. He taxed the rich to feed and clothe the poor. He made new streets, and cleansed the old ones as they had never been cleansed before. He improved public squares and canals. He righted the wrongs of the oppressed, and perhaps he oppressed the oppressors also. Two women so far forgot that they were women as to spit in the face of some Union soldiers whom they chanced to meet. When it came to the ears of General Butler, he issued an order that any woman who should hereafter insult a soldier of the United States should be treated with no more indulgence than a man would be entitled to. He was both merciful and severe. So many complaints were made against him, however, that at the end of the year he was recalled, and General N. P. Banks was put in his place.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### "ON TO RICHMOND!"

WHEN the new year came in, all eyes were anxiously turned toward the Army of the Potomac. Men's minds were so full of the idea that it was time for something to happen at headquarters, that, without any especial reason, important events were hourly looked for. The resignation of Mr. Cameron took place early in January, and Mr. Edwin M. Stanton immediately succeeded him as Secretary of War. The effect of this change was to kindle the hope that the new secretary would hasten affairs to a crisis. Within and around the city of Washington two hundred thousand troops were being maintained at an immense cost to the government. It is true that they had been organized, equipped, and drilled by their young commander, which certainly was a great thing to have been accomplished. Neither was it their fault that they were idle. They were nearly bursting their new uniforms with the eager desire to fight somebody somewhere. Camp-life, to which the soldiers were so unused, was producing a very bad effect upon them. Until now all their lives had been busy with hands or brain, and the time hung heavily.

> "But Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do;"

and during that long winter many a soldier learned habits which spoiled his whole after-life, and brought sorrow to

those at home. Some became drunkards; some played games for money (which is called "gambling"); and not a few took "the name of God in vain" for the first time.

Up to Christmas the weather had been soft and fine; but after that the troops, who were not prepared for winter, really suffered from storms and cold. The men then became more impatient than ever; but General McClellan was not ready. Unfortunately, an illness which confined him to his house for several weeks gave him a good reason for still further delay. The President was nervously eager for action, and tried to get McClellan to set a time for a general movement. But the young general refused to confide his plans to any one, saying, that, in military matters, "the fewer persons knowing them, the better." Still, it was very mortifying to be blockaded by rebel batteries on the Potomac River, for want of pluck enough to raise the blockade. Mr. Lincoln was blamed for the failure to accomplish any thing, yet no effort of his could move McClellan.

At length, as General-in-Chief of the army and navy, the President ordered a general advance of all the troops, east and west, by land and sea. This was to occur on or before the 22d of February. Can the reader tell whose birthday was to be celebrated in such a grand style? Immediately after this proclamation was another, directing the Army of the Potomac, "after providing safely for the defence of Washington," to advance, and seize upon Centreville, a point west of Manassas Junction, where the rebels were in force. Indeed, McClellan's chief reason for delay was the certainty of overwhelming numbers of the enemy at Manassas. He disagreed with the President as to the direction from which an attack should be made, and the time best suited for it. Before McClellan was ready to move, it was definitely learned that the rebels had withdrawn them-

selves and their stores from Manassas, and had retreated farther south, to the Rappahannock River.

The very day after the last Confederate had gone, the Army of the Potomac broke camp, and moved out toward Centreville. And it was a noble army indeed — one of which General McClellan might well be proud. To him belonged the credit of its thorough organization and its superb discipline, — the result of five months of patient drill. The army already loved its leader devotedly, "Little Mac," as they called him, and would have followed him, without flinching, to certain death.

It was now an easy matter to capture the Confederate works. It would have been easy a long time before; for the artillery which frowned so savagely from Manassas proved upon closer acquaintance to be only "Quaker guns," which in truth were but logs of wood rigged up to resemble real cannon. A "contraband" was asked by some good-natured Union officer, how long a range these Quaker guns had. "Why, sar," he replied, "they used to say them's just as good to *scare* as any." And so it had proved. The alarming number of troops which had appeared so frightful had never been over fifty thousand, while at that very moment McClellan's available force was one hundred and forty thousand.

General Stoneman's cavalry made a short raid in the rear of the retreating rebels. He was soon compelled to turn back, however, owing to the condition of the Virginia roads at that season. In obedience to an order of the President, General McClellan divided "the active portion of the Army of the Potomac" into five army corps, the first under General Irwin McDowell, the second under Brigadier-General E. V. Sumner, the third under Brigadier-General S. P. Heintzelman, the fourth under Brigadier-General E. L. Keyes, and a fifth under Major-General N. P. Banks.

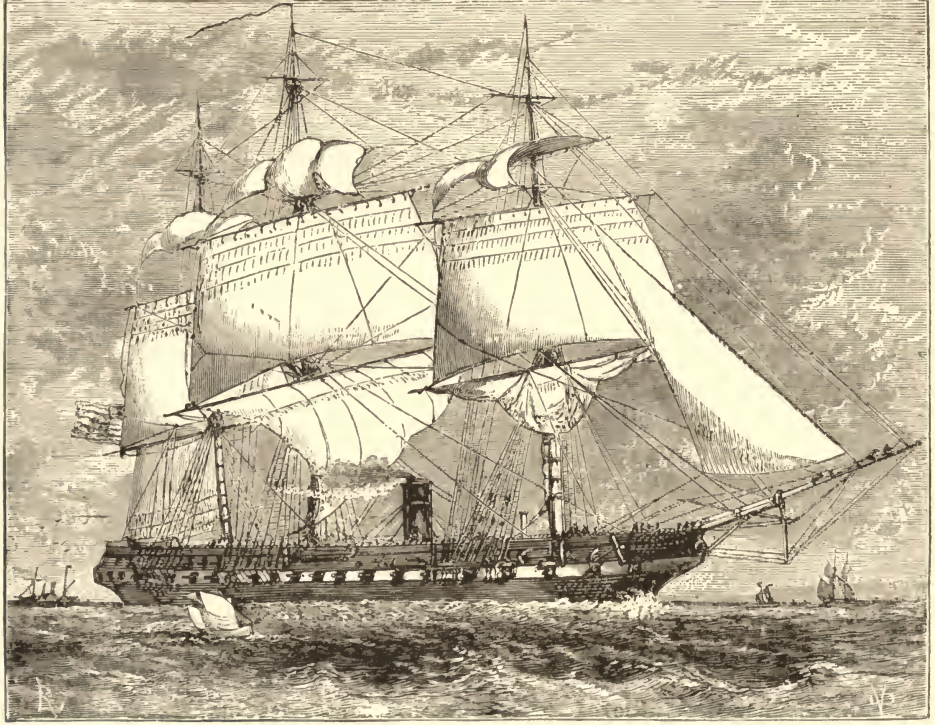
President Lincoln's patience at last gave way; and he issued another order, which relieved General McClellan from all command or responsibility, excepting the direction of his own especial Department of the Potomac. It is only fair to say here, that, although he was humiliated and disappointed, General McClellan received with great patience the news of his removal. He was at this time at Fairfax Court-House. He therefore called a council of war, and it was agreed to march back to Alexandria, on the Potomac, and from that point to move by water to Fortress Monroe.

The President readily agreed to the plan, provided that Washington were made secure, and that a sufficient guard were left at Manassas to hold it. And so, at last, the Army of the Potomac began to embark, really for work this time, as it seemed; and, indeed, the country thought it was high time, for it was now the middle of March.

While General McClellan is getting his army down the Potomac, through Chesapeake Bay to Fortress Monroe, we will glance at the situation there. The safe and spacious harbor called Hampton Roads is made by the sudden widening of the James River as it enters Chesapeake Bay. At the northern end of this almost land-locked harbor is Old Point Comfort, guarded by the guns of Fortress Monroe. On the southern side, immediately opposite, are Norfolk and the Gosport Navy-Yard. These latter points were occupied by the Confederates. Do you remember that the steam-frigate Merrimac was sunk here when the navy-yard was abandoned to the rebels? Well, she was afterward raised and made over, receiving the name of the Virginia with her new clothes. But we will continue to call her the Merrimac, because she did not bear her new name very long. She was cut down to her deck, and her sides were protected by iron plates. Her roof was shingled with railroad iron, the pieces overlapping each other, so that neither shot nor

shell could hurt her. Her long, sharp bow was made of oak, and was iron-clad. She was fitted out with every kind of death-dealing instrument. She even had the means for throwing boiling water and hot shot. Although she looked like only a huge floating roof, she was not a desirable neighbor, to say the least. The Nationals well knew that she was at Norfolk Navy-Yard, and a visit from her was daily expected at Fortress Monroe with very little pleasure. Yet our own navy had not been idle; and it was hoped, that, if she did come, a suitable reception would be given her.

Captain John Ericsson, a scientific Swede, had received permission to build for the government a dwarf vessel called the Monitor, and she well deserved her name, which means "one who warns." In the water she appeared to be merely a floating raft or floor. She was very sharp at both ends, and had a curious little round tower in the centre. The rebels called her a Yankee cheese-box. She seemed innocent enough; but, like a parlor-match, she gave out an amazing amount of noise and fire. Her harmless-looking turret was made to revolve, and carried two heavy guns. These were arranged to slide back and forth at will; and as the turret turned round they could be pointed in any direction. She was taken in tow by a steam-tug at New York as soon as she was finished, and was hurried down to Hampton Roads with all possible speed. Notwithstanding the rough weather which she met, and the necessary delay resulting from it, she accidentally made the harbor of Hampton Roads on Saturday night, the 8th of March. Accidentally? Providentially, without doubt; that is, directed by God's kind care. These two enemies, the Merrimac and the Monitor, soon had an opportunity to make each other's acquaintance. Several men-of-war were stationed at Fortress Monroe, among which were the steam-frigates Minnesota, Roanoke, and the St. Lawrence, which ran down the

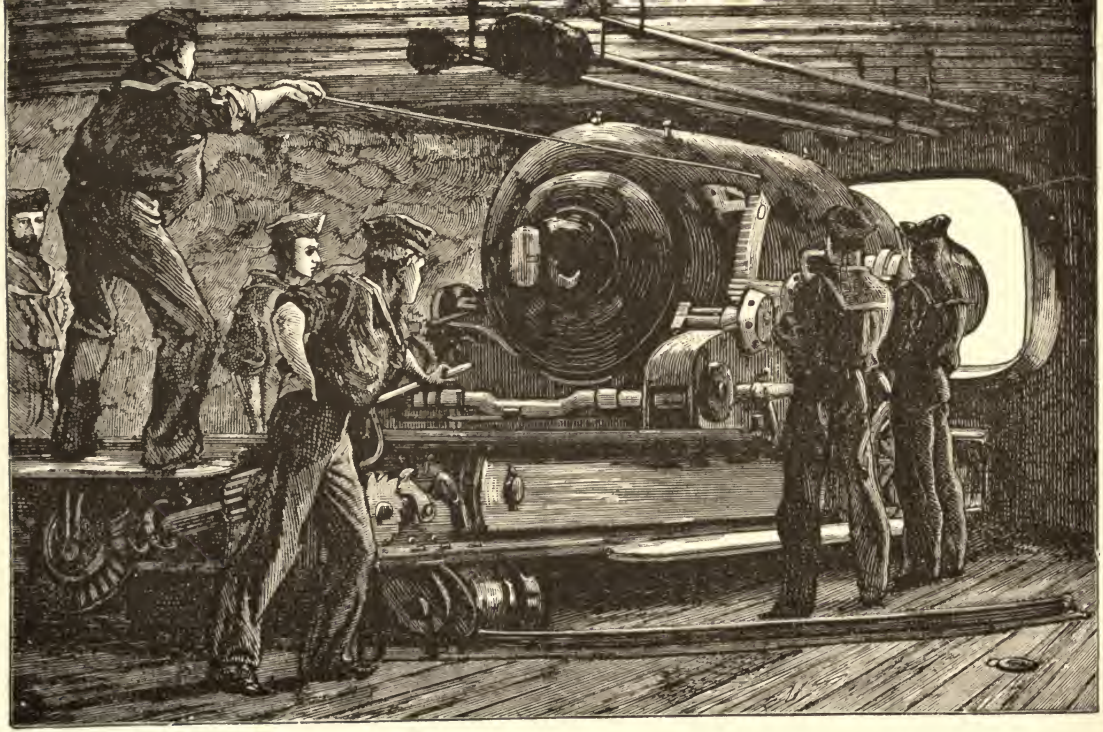


SHIP MERRIMAC BEFORE BEING CUT DOWN.

Petrel, ever so long ago. At Newport News, on the northern bank of the James River, a few miles from Fortress Monroe to the west, lay the Cumberland and the Congress, also belonging to the Nationals. You will remember that Commodore Goldsborough commanded the Union fleet in Hampton Roads at this time.

On the very morning that General McClellan marched out to Manassas, the Merrimac was seen steaming slowly toward the Cumberland. The boom of her guns startled the garrison at Fortress Monroe. The alarm-gun was fired. The long-roll was beaten. The men fell into line of battle. The vessels at anchor were made ready for action. Besides the Merrimac there were five other Confederate gunboats. With the force of her powerful engines she drove her bow, sharp as an eagle's beak, into the Cumberland. At the same time she opened a raking fire upon the frigate, not caring a pin for the broadsides which she received in return. In half an hour, water enough came into the Cumberland, through the hole made in her side, to cover the powder-magazine. But the Union frigate fought nobly till she began to roll over, when Lieutenant George M. Morris, who was in command, ordered the men to jump overboard, and save themselves. The saddest part of this story is, that the dead and the wounded could not be gotten off, and they went down with the ship. The Stars and Stripes floated at the peak long after her hull had disappeared under water. Meanwhile, the Congress had been fighting hard with the gunboats, holding out bravely until the Merrimac turned to attack her. When the ram found leisure, she soon finished the battle by setting the frigate on fire with hot shot. At last the Congress hauled down her colors, and hoisted in their place a white flag. She was commanded by Lieutenant Joseph B. Smith, jun. His gray-haired father, Commodore Smith, was in Washington, watching the despatches from Fortress Monroe. Suddenly

he said in a choking voice, "Joe is dead." — "How do you know?" asked a brother-officer. "He would have never hauled down his flag while he lived: I know he is dead." And he was right. His son had been killed early in the battle; and, as resistance was useless, her flag was lowered by the officer in charge. The three frigates at Fortress Monroe, as soon as the firing began, made haste to go to the assistance of the Cumberland and Congress. Unfortunately they all got aground. Still the Merrimac kept off at a safe distance, shelling the Minnesota till night put an end to the strife. But there lay the terrible monster all ready to bombard the fort in the morning. One who spent that anxious night at Fortress Monroe has said, that through its long hours no one dared to sleep. The only hope for that garrison was in the Monitor, which reported herself for orders at the end of the day's battle, and was welcomed thankfully. The next morning, which was Sunday, the queer-looking little craft lay close beside the Minnesota. Down came the Merrimac upon the frigate, as you have seen a hawk pounce upon a hen. The Minnesota's loud good-morning salute was made with shotted guns. The Monitor was not noticed as she lay alongside the Merrimac, looking like a big barrel, until she attracted attention to herself by a hundred and sixty-eight pound shot. The battle was now fairly opened. The Merrimac very soon ceased to attack the Minnesota, for the Monitor poked her sharp bill into the sides of the enemy, who returned the caress with interest. Finally the Merrimac tried to run her little tormentor down. Five times the two vessels struck each other with full force. That the Merrimac had received some damage could be guessed when she began to work her way off. It was afterward found that her long iron prow was so strained that the vessel began to leak. The action had lasted several hours. The Monitor was not allowed to follow the Merrimac, and so she went her own



INTERIOR OF A TURRET.

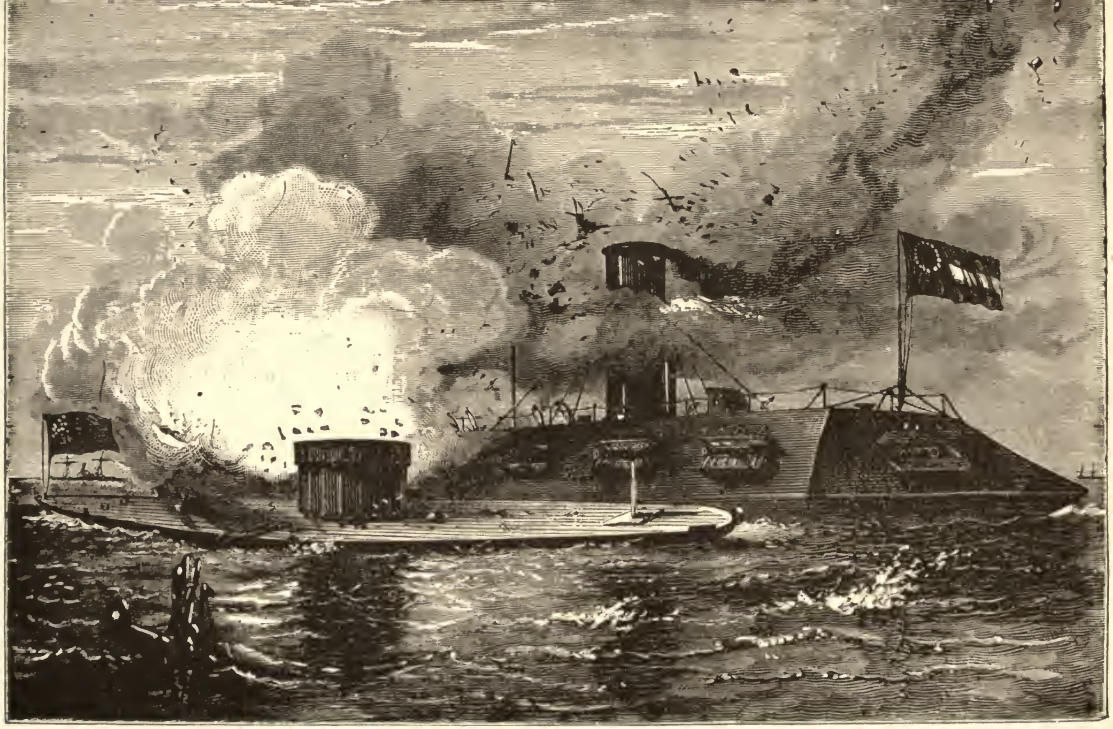
way. The only person hurt on board the Monitor was her commander, Lieutenant John L. Worden, who was struck in the face by a splinter, blinded, and made insensible for days. The first question that he asked upon recovery was, "Is the Minnesota safe?" When he was told that he had saved her, and beaten the Merrimac, he answered, "I do not care, then, what becomes of me." It was hard to tell which was the greater hero in the eyes of loyal people, Worden the commander, or Ericsson the inventor.

General McClellan reached Fortress Monroe on the 2d of April. Many of his troops were already there, and the rest were on the way. He also expected the assistance of General Wool's force, which had been in garrison there for some time. With this army, and the co-operation of the navy in Hampton Roads, he confidently looked for a glorious victory. The tongue of land lying between the York and the James Rivers, we call the peninsula. Upon the end nearest the sea stands Fortress Monroe. At what might be called the "root of the tongue," far up the peninsula, is Richmond, the city to be captured. It was General McClellan's plan to march a part of his army to Yorktown, which is on the south bank of the York River. Another part was to keep along the James River, beyond Yorktown, to the neighborhood of Williamsburg.

If "serious resistance" were made at these points, he would land McDowell's corps on the north bank of the York River, at Gloucester and West Point. It will help you to fix this plan in your minds to trace it carefully upon your map. A much easier way to reach Richmond, would have been to go by water, but the James River was already blockaded. At the outset of this campaign General McClellan was disappointed by the refusal of General Wool to allow a part of the force under his command to join the Army of the Potomac.

The march through the mud and rain had hardly begun, when the President telegraphed General McClellan that McDowell's corps, which was just embarking at Alexandria, must be sent back. A council of military advisers whom the President consulted, as well as the Secretary of War, gave an opinion that the Capital would not be safe with the number of men left for its defence, — the whole force being about twenty thousand. What a blow was thus given to the young commander at the start, one may guess. What could be done? McDowell's corps was absolutely necessary to carry out the plan which McClellan had already begun to put into execution, and he was deprived of it without a word of warning. He begged for a part of it, at least for one division; and the President did order General Franklin to report to McClellan. After a march of twenty-three miles, through heavy mud, and meeting all sorts of obstacles on the way, the Army of the Potomac went into camp before Yorktown, where, nearly one hundred years before, General Washington had pitched his tent. It was here that Lord Cornwallis surrendered. On this peninsula, also, John Smith and Pocahontas made each other's acquaintance in such romantic fashion. On historic ground like this, what could one look for but victory?

While the country was clamoring for action, and wondering what McClellan was waiting for, it began to be seen. Earthworks sprang up. Trenches were dug. Siege-guns were mounted. Every possible preparation for defence and attack was made, because a terrible battle was expected. Professor Lowe made daily observations of the enemy's movements in his balloon. One day General Fitz-John Porter was about to make the ascension with him, when suddenly the balloon broke loose, and began to rise. General Porter cried out in alarm that he was getting higher and higher. "Pull the string," was the answer. He tugged at a rope which was



FIGHT OF MERRIMAC AND MONITOR.

dangling. "No! pull the other," shouted the professor. General Porter seized the right one at last, and gradually began to come down. He descended a long way from the starting-point. Was it not fortunate that he did not find himself in the enemy's camp?

When General McClellan was nearly ready to open the bombardment of Yorktown, he was astonished by a cannonade from the enemy. All day long the roar shook the ground, and at night it did not stop. Suddenly, at midnight, it was hushed; and, when morning dawned, the rebels were gone. From his balloon Professor Lowe could see that they had packed up their baggage, and departed under cover of their own guns. They took care, however, to leave many little tokens of brotherly-love in the shape of torpedoes, which were planted where, in walking, the soldiers were sure to explode them. But General McClellan made some Confederate prisoners dig them up. General John Magruder, the rebel commander at Yorktown, in his official report to his Government, said of McClellan, "To my surprise, he permitted day after day to pass without an assault." And after all it was found out that the rebel force had never exceeded eighteen thousand; while, the day before the evacuation, the Union army had numbered one hundred thousand.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A STORY OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

"MAMMA," asked a bright little boy, "which is the very dangerousest,—to be killed by a bear, or by a locomotive?"

It might have been well if General McClellan had considered a choice between two evils before allowing a month to pass without making an attack upon Yorktown. To be overwhelmed in battle by the immense force which he imagined inside the rebel works could hardly be more "dangerous" than to lose his men by disease. Of what use, now, were the earthworks and intrenchments which he had built at the cost of so many lives? The country along the rivers of the Peninsula was very malarious, and the weather was warm and damp. Soldiers unused to exposure and hard work readily yielded to these influences. Hundreds who would have gladly risked the chance of battle sickened and died without striking a blow for the Union.

Do you remember that the President pardoned William Scott early in the war, who was found sleeping at his post? The boy was mortally wounded at the siege of Yorktown. As he lay dying, he said, "Bear witness that I am not a coward, and I am not afraid to die." Then, with a prayer for the President on his lips, his spirit passed away.

Well, Yorktown was really deserted. It was, no doubt, a great surprise to General McClellan, which may perhaps account for his tardy pursuit of the retreating Confederates.

They had stolen away at midnight, and it was noon before Stoneman's cavalry began to follow them. The rebel army, having thus twelve hours the start, was already safe in Williamsburg. The infantry divisions of Generals J. E. Hooker and W. F. Smith were hastened by different roads to co-operate with Stoneman. The whole army was soon in motion. As second to McClellan in authority, General E. V. Sumner commanded the advancing troops. That night the army of the Potomac bivouacked in front of Williamsburg, in a drenching storm, without shelter or food.

Early in the morning General Hooker began hostilities, without especial orders, but upon the principle that he was sent to overtake a retreating army, and that it was his business to make the attack. "By so doing," he says in his report, "my division, if it did not capture the army before me, would at least hold it, that some others might." He knew that there were enough Union troops within the sound of his guns to support him, and as many more on the way; and he confidently looked for aid.

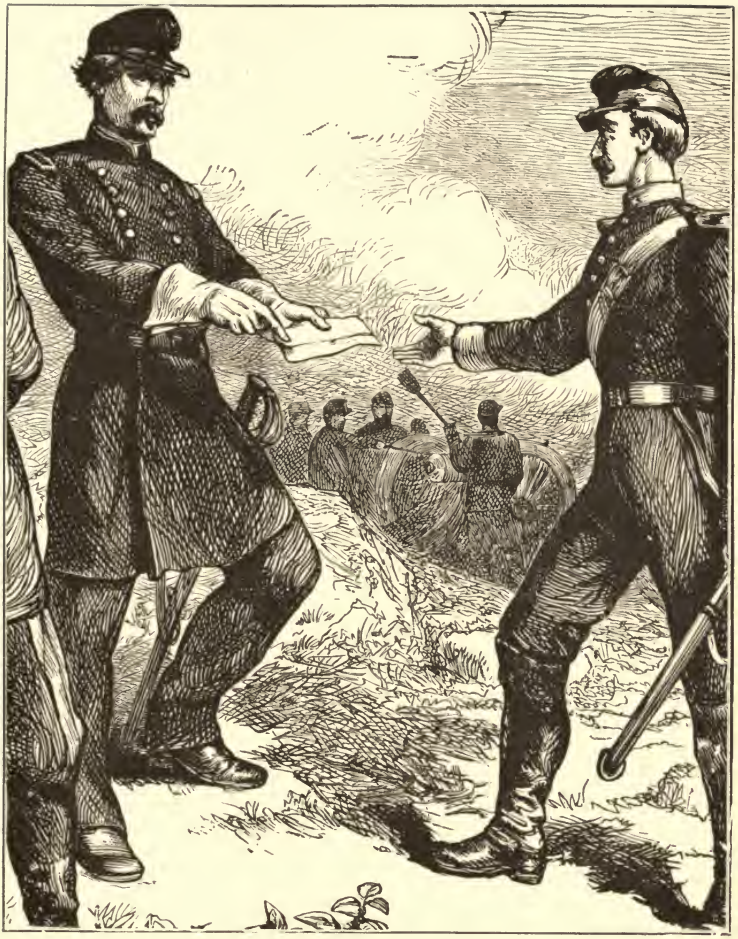
Fort Magruder stood at the junction of two roads, immediately in Hooker's front. Its approach was defended by redoubts and rifle-pits. A redoubt is a small outwork, and you can easily guess that a rifle-pit is a trench where sharpshooters may see without being seen. General Longstreet, who commanded the Confederates, placed his entire division so as to engage Hooker in a desperate battle against great odds. Nevertheless, so vigorous was Hooker's attack, that, at nine in the morning, Fort Magruder was silenced, and he had established communication with General Sumner. Toward noon General W. S. Hancock was despatched with a sufficient force to occupy one of the redoubts in front of Fort Magruder, which had been abandoned by the rebels. It was quickly done; and another, still farther forward, was also secured. Hancock's position being a strong one, he

began skirmishing, to distract the attention of the enemy from Hooker's exhausted command, which until now had been fighting alone.

The manœuvre was successful so far as to drive the enemy out of position; but Hancock soon found himself in very uncomfortable quarters. He began to fall back slowly, followed by the Confederates till they were quite near, when suddenly he turned upon them, and gave the memorable order which will go down to history, "Now, gentlemen, give them the bayonet!" Not a word of profanity, not a word of boasting; yet never was command more gallantly obeyed. A line of gleaming steel was instantly displayed, and with a deafening yell the whole brigade charged upon the pursuers. Brave as the rebels were, they could not resist the shock. Panic-stricken, they fled, leaving their dead and wounded where they fell.

This happened upon the right. Upon the left, Hooker was still engaging the enemy, though less fiercely than at first. At two o'clock General Philip Kearney arrived with fresh troops, thus allowing Hooker's division to fall back. His ranks were sadly thinned. His ammunition had given out, the last having been taken from the cartridge-boxes of dead comrades. The ground was strewn with the dead and dying. Kearney stimulated his men to courage by his own example. He rode at the head of his staff out into an open field where the rebels were supposed to be hidden. Instantly a hail of shot told him that he was seen. Two of his aides were killed, and others were separated from him. As he rode back almost alone, he cried, "Now, boys, you see where to fire!" And they did see.

They kept Longstreet busy till General Hancock had performed the flank movement of which you already know, and which caused the Confederates to withdraw inside of their own lines.



GENERAL McCLELLAN IN THE BATTLE.

When darkness ended the battle, there had been no victory on either side. But that was a night to be remembered. Why it always rains after a battle, science explains satisfactorily; but that does not make the storm one whit more endurable. The mud and water were knee-deep, so that many of the soldiers could not lie down, however ill and tired they might be. No fires were lighted, and again they went supperless. There was no way to minister to the dying and wounded, whose groans filled the air. The loss on both sides had been nearly four thousand, killed, wounded, and missing. Nothing had been gained but experience.

Late in the afternoon General McClellan arrived, and was received with loud cheers. He had remained at Yorktown during the day, directing the divisions of Porter and Franklin, which were to be sent up the York River to West Point. Franklin's division was that one which President Lincoln had consented to send from McDowell's corps, in answer to McClellan's appeal. They had arrived at West Point two days later. In the night the rebels left Williamsburg, rapidly hastening toward Richmond. Their dead and wounded were left on the field. The next morning the sun shone, the birds sang, and the flowers blossomed, as if the noise and smoke of battle had never filled the air. The Nationals immediately installed themselves in the rebel works. General McClellan and his staff, with an escort of soldiers, rode into the town of Williamsburg, a few miles distant. They found a white flag flying from nearly every house, for the town had been practically turned into a Confederate hospital.

No preparations were made for the immediate pursuit of the rebel army, the condition of the roads being given as a reason for delay. But a historian of those times makes the sensible suggestion, that "one would think, that, where rebels could lead, patriots could follow."

McClellan now renewed his entreaty for more troops.

While his army had suffered losses by battle and disease, that of the Confederates was constantly increasing. In the South, a conscription, or "draft" as it was sometimes called, had been made. Every man who was strong enough to carry arms, from the age of eighteen to that of forty-five, was compelled to enter the service of the Confederacy. Before the war ended, mere boys and old men were conscripted to fill up the ranks, because there were no others left.

We will leave McClellan to rest at Williamsburg, and take the opportunity to look about us.

General Joseph E. Johnston, as Confederate commander of the Peninsula, advised the retirement of the Confederate force from Norfolk, as well as the destruction, for the second time, of the Gosport Navy-yard at Portsmouth. This order was carried out just after McClellan's army arrived before Yorktown. When General Wool heard that the rebels were preparing to go, he went over from Fortress Monroe, with a force of five thousand men, to take possession of the town. Commodore Goldsborough assisted in this operation, of which President Lincoln was a spectator. The troops were taken in transports to a summer watering-place not far from Norfolk, called Ocean View. Here they were landed; and a march of a few hours brought the little army to Norfolk, where it was met by a flag of truce. The mayor immediately followed in person, turning the city over to General Wool. An order was issued that the citizens be protected in all their peaceable rights and occupations.

While this was going on, the navy-yard was fired by the rebels, and all the ships in their power were scuttled and sunk. The fine dry-dock, which escaped so singularly before, was this time partially destroyed. The next morning after the surrender of Norfolk, just as day began to streak the sky, a vivid flash was seen, and a roar like thunder followed it. It

McCLELLAN AT WILLIAMSBURG.

was the death-groan of the Merrimac. Fearing that she would fall into Yankee hands, the Confederates had blown her up. The gunboats which had annoyed the Nationals now fled to Richmond, leaving "all quiet" on the James as well as on the Potomac. General Johnston and his army were encamped south of the Rappahannock when McClellan started for the Peninsula. When the Confederates left Manassas, they removed their batteries from the Potomac, which left the Nationals free to go by water to Fortress Monroe. About the middle of April, General Johnston joined Magruder at Yorktown; and, as senior in rank, he assumed command of both the Confederate armies there.

Before that, Magruder's force only numbered about one-third as many as the Union army outside of Yorktown.

But, in order to understand the causes which influenced the failure or success of the Army of the Potomac, we must not lose sight of events which took place elsewhere, at the same time with those already mentioned. If we set up a row of blocks a little way apart, and knock the first one down, it will fall against the next, and so all will tumble. So one victory or defeat will affect all the armies in one way or another.

That wild and beautiful region of Virginia which lies along the Shenandoah River, between two ranges of mountains, is called the Shenandoah Valley. In the autumn of 1861 General Thomas J. Jackson, or "Stonewall" Jackson as he is better known, occupied Winchester in this valley with a considerable Confederate force. Only through the ceaseless activity of General Lander, was he prevented from crossing the Potomac. But Jackson contrived to make raids upon the neighboring towns, and got between the forces of Lander and Kelly, thus occupying the town of Romney. Until the advance of General Banks in the following March compelled him to retire farther up the valley, he had been a very dan-

gerous neighbor. Early in March, General Lander died of a wound received at Ball's Bluff, and was succeeded by General Shields, with headquarters at Strasburg.

After Jackson's departure, General Shields was withdrawn to join McDowell. Jackson at once turned to give chase. A hotly contested battle at Kernstown was the result; and Jackson was defeated with a loss of five hundred killed and wounded. Now, it will be seen that a comparatively unimportant event ended in a general upsetting of military schemes. As soon as Jackson was repulsed at Winchester, Banks's corps joined Shields in the pursuit as far as Woodstock, instead of keeping on to Manassas, whither he was going. A division from General Frémont's corps under General Milroy was ordered to report to Banks forthwith. But in the interval Jackson had also been largely re-enforced by the command of General Edward Johnson. It soon became apparent to Banks that his position was very unsafe. Shields had gone to join McDowell at Fredericksburg, and Milroy did not arrive. There was good reason for this. Joining their forces, Jackson and Johnson succeeded in getting in a position to intercept Milroy on his way. They completely routed him after a sharp battle, and he retreated the following night. Ewell was watching Banks while this was going on; and the latter, feeling that "the better part of valor is discretion," began to fall back slowly toward Winchester. Jackson and Ewell followed quickly, capturing and surprising Front Royal on the way, not, however, without a sturdy resistance on the part of its small garrison. A singular illustration of the way in which families were divided against themselves in this unhappy war was given at Front Royal. The First Maryland Regiment of Nationals was captured by the First Maryland Confederate Regiment.

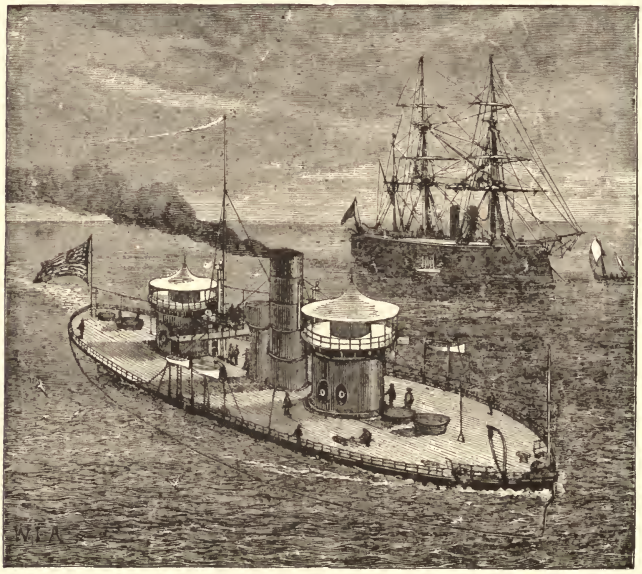
At Winchester, Banks took the defensive against too great odds; for after five hours of fighting, which ended in de-

feat, the Nationals began again to retreat. Nor did they stop until the Potomac had been crossed. That little victory of General Shields at Kernstown indirectly lost to the army of General Banks two thousand brave men.

Now let us turn once more to the Army of the Potomac, and note the effect of these operations upon it. General McDowell was already at Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock, preparing to unite his force of forty-one thousand men with McClellan, when the news of Banks's defeat and of Jackson's approach reached Washington. The greatest excitement and alarm filled the North. The governor of almost every loyal State issued a proclamation calling for volunteers. Nearly half a million of men, in less than twenty-four hours, offered their services in defence of Washington. Alarmed for the safety of the capital, the President instantly telegraphed McDowell to "lay aside for the present the movement on Richmond," and to put twenty thousand men immediately into the Shenandoah Valley for the re-enforcement of Frémont. In vain the two generals, McClellan and McDowell, assured Mr. Lincoln that his fears were groundless, that the rebels only wished to "scare" him so as to prevent aid from being sent to the Army of the Potomac. The panic had taken complete possession of the authorities at Washington, and they remained firm in their decision. On the 24th of May, McDowell again turned back. Then another race began, in which, as usual, Jackson came out ahead. He slipped between Frémont, and Shields's division of McDowell's corps; and in the battles of Cross Keys and Fort Republic he whipped the Nationals, and took many prisoners. General Turner Ashby, the daring and efficient commander of Jackson's cavalry, was killed at Port Republic. His loss was deeply felt, for he was one of the best generals in the Confederate army.

All this time the Army of the Potomac kept moving in

the general direction of Richmond, going so slowly, and resting so often, that there hardly seemed a pretence of pursuit. On the 16th of May the Union gunboats, headed by the Monitor, went up the James River. At Fort Darling, however, within a few miles of Richmond, they were checked ;



A DOUBLE-TURRET IRONCLAD.

and after a sharp fight they returned to City Point. The appearance of the gunboats so near the rebel capital, in connection with McClellan's advance, caused a great excitement there.

The main body of General Johnston's army was already under cover of the batteries of Richmond before McClellan left Williamsburg. It will be remembered that troops under Franklin and Porter had gone up the York River to West

Point. General Stoneman had been sent by land to co-operate with them, and as early as the 16th had established communication with them at the White House, on the south bank of the Pamunkey River. This does not mean, of course, the White House at Washington, in which the President lives. It is a house bearing that name, within seven miles of Richmond, and built upon the spot where another white house stood, in which General Washington was married. This old house was removed many years ago; but the place has been sacredly remembered, as all places should be which are in any way connected with our first great President.

On the 21st of May the Army of the Potomac was encamped between the Pamunkey and Chickahominy Rivers, with its face toward Richmond. The news of General McDowell's recall had not yet been received, although it was known that he had left Fredericksburg. McClellan also knew that Anderson's brigade of rebels was hovering about that neighborhood, while at Hanover Court-House another brigade was lying in wait for McDowell.

Now a long and thorough survey of the map must be taken in order to understand the operations of the next few days. Do you see that Fredericksburg is to the north of Richmond, and a little to the west? Hanover Court-House is therefore in the direct line of march to Richmond. Thus an enemy could threaten McClellan, and at the same time cut off McDowell. To avoid this danger, and supposing McDowell to be on the way, General Fitz-John Porter was despatched to Hanover Court-House with a sufficient force "to clear the enemy from the upper peninsula," and to destroy bridges on the rivers in the rear of McClellan's army. He got on famously at first, but at the junction of two roads the rear of his column was attacked by the Confederates. When General Porter heard of it, he faced about, and repulsed his assailants in a very brilliant engagement. The

Confederates fell rapidly back, leaving a howitzer, a caisson, some small arms, two railway-trains, and two hundred dead on the field. In killed, wounded, and prisoners, their loss was over one thousand; while the Federal loss did not exceed three hundred and fifty men. Having cut the bridges, and routed the enemy, Porter returned to the main army again. But, as we already know, this work was quite unnecessary, since McDowell was never to need protection in his march to join McClellan.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### "FAINT, YET PURSUING."

ALTHOUGH Richmond was so near, there was a "giant" in the way. To cross the marshy Chickahominy was by no means the lightest peril to be encountered. What with an insufficient number of bridges and the swampy banks on each side, the task was a difficult one. Keyes's corps began crossing on the 20th, at Bottom's Bridge; a few days later it was encamped at Seven Pines, about seven miles from Richmond. Heintzelman's corps had also crossed. Hooker, who belonged to it, took up his position at White Oak Swamp, and Kearney near Savage's Station. So the Chickahominy divided the army. On the other side were the corps of Franklin, Sumner, and Porter. General McClellan made his headquarters near them at Gaines's Mill. Now we shall have this army of a hundred and twenty thousand, officers and men, well under our eyes.

You already know that General J. E. Johnston was at this time commander-in-chief of the Confederate army. His headquarters were at Richmond, of course. Johnston was too good a general to be very long in perceiving the advantage of striking a blow while the Union army was thus divided. He had gathered a sufficient force in these two months to be ready for any work which he might have to do. By the evacuation of Norfolk, General Huger's command was added to the garrison of Richmond; so that what the Confederates lost in position they gained in numbers.

On the last day of May the Confederates fell upon Casey's division of Keyes's corps. Heintzelman hastened to Casey's support; but the ground was so swampy and broken that he was delayed, till, after a fierce engagement, the Federals had fallen back, when Kearney appeared, and another sharp contest followed. More rebels poured in, and drove the Unionists back as far as Fair Oaks. A messenger, in the mean while, had been sent to General McClellan for aid.

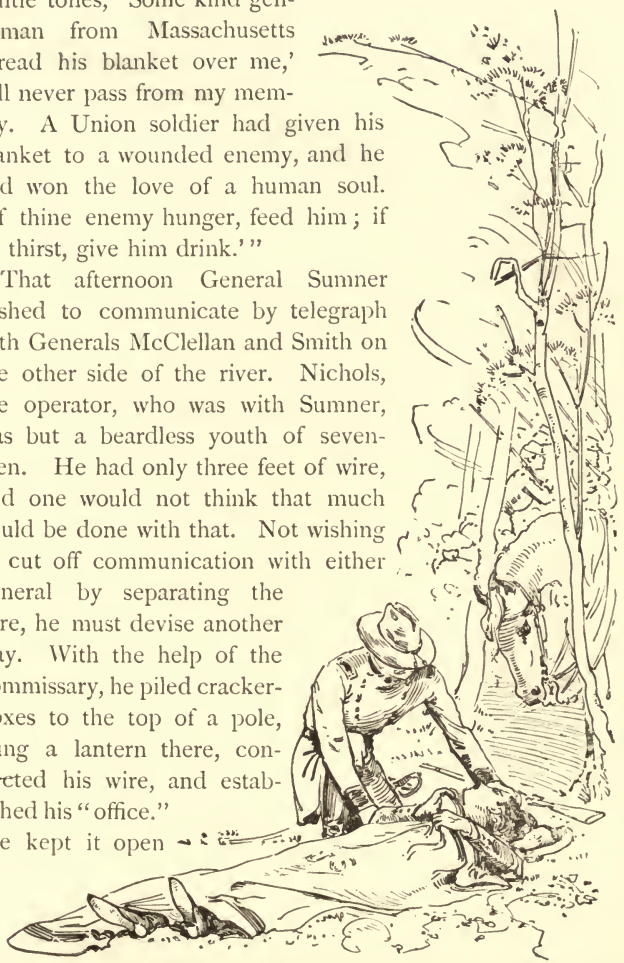
General Sumner's corps had just finished building two bridges across the river, and he lost no time in getting reenforcements over them. When it seemed as if the whole Union army on the south bank of the Chickahominy would be cut to pieces, General Sedgwick's division came upon the field. With a gallant charge, it drove the enemy back in disorder, and saved the day.

A story is told by General O. O. Howard, of a touching scene which occurred at the close of the first day's battle, in which he was himself an actor. "The field was not silent; for far and near we heard the cries of the wounded who were not yet removed by our ambulance-corps. I then heard a voice which one could never forget. It was not far from us. It said, 'O sir, kind sir, come to me!' The earnest entreaty affected me strangely, and I hastened to him. 'O sir, I'm so glad you've come!'—'What command do you belong to, my man?' I asked. 'I am a private of the —— Mississippi Regiment,' he replied, giving me the number, which I do not recall. 'I am badly wounded, as you see. Our boys have gone on, and left me.' From glimpses, I saw that he was dressed in the long-worn, dingy gray. Across his body, not quite covering his tall form, was a new double blanket. 'O sir, I was so cold! I am cold still. Some kind gentleman from Massachusetts spread his blanket over me. Yet I don't know why; but I am still cold.'"

"Poor fellow! His wound was fatal, and it was the chill of

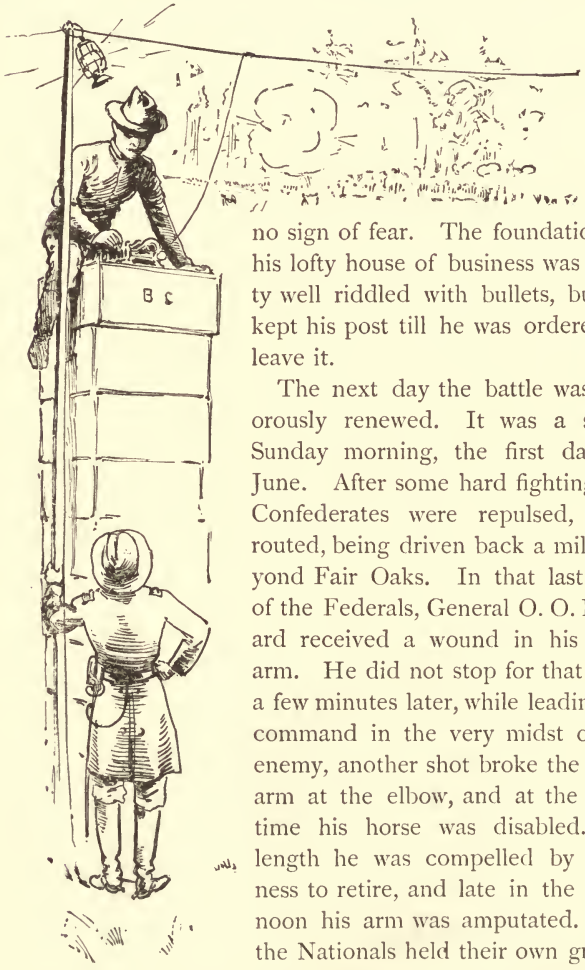
death creeping over him. Those tender words, uttered in gentle tones, 'Some kind gentleman from Massachusetts spread his blanket over me,' will never pass from my memory. A Union soldier had given his blanket to a wounded enemy, and he had won the love of a human soul. 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.'"

That afternoon General Sumner wished to communicate by telegraph with Generals McClellan and Smith on the other side of the river. Nichols, the operator, who was with Sumner, was but a beardless youth of seventeen. He had only three feet of wire, and one would not think that much could be done with that. Not wishing to cut off communication with either general by separating the wire, he must devise another way. With the help of the commissary, he piled cracker-boxes to the top of a pole, hung a lantern there, connected his wire, and established his "office." He kept it open



till long after dark; and, although he was a pretty good

target for sharpshooters with his twinkling light, he showed




Casey the day before.

no sign of fear. The foundation of his lofty house of business was pretty well riddled with bullets, but he kept his post till he was ordered to leave it.

The next day the battle was vigorously renewed. It was a sweet Sunday morning, the first day of June. After some hard fighting, the Confederates were repulsed, even routed, being driven back a mile beyond Fair Oaks. In that last rally of the Federals, General O. O. Howard received a wound in his right arm. He did not stop for that; but a few minutes later, while leading his command in the very midst of the enemy, another shot broke the same arm at the elbow, and at the same time his horse was disabled. At length he was compelled by faintness to retire, and late in the afternoon his arm was amputated. But the Nationals held their own ground again, which had been occupied by The next morning General Howard

was waiting for other wounded, who with himself were to be removed in a freight-car, when General Philip Kearney rode up. Dismounting, he extended his only arm, for his left sleeve was empty, and grasped General Howard's left hand. They looked into each other's eyes; and Howard said cheerily, "There is one thing we can do, General: we can buy our gloves together!" Kearney replied, "Sure enough!" and with a smile the two friends parted, never to meet again in life.

The Union arms had been victorious, but what a price to pay for success! Ten thousand friends and foes lay heaped together, dead or wounded. After the battle a surgeon found a drummer-boy whom he supposed to be dead. Feeling his pulse, the doctor exclaimed, "Why, the child is alive!" — "Yes, sir, I am alive," the boy said, and opened his eyes. "Will you send me to my mother?" — "Where is your mother, my child?" — "In Sumterville, N.C.," he replied. "Oh, yes, my son!" answered the surgeon kindly: "we will certainly send you to your mother." — "Well, well, that is kind," he said: "I will go to sleep now." And the homesick child shut his eyes in the sleep of death. Poor little Confederate! He had no more bad dreams of war and blood.

General J. E. Johnston had been wounded in the engagement the day before, and now General R. E. Lee was placed in command of the Confederate army.

This battle has been given two names. The Confederates call it the battle of Seven Pines, because it was fought near a tavern beside which stood seven lonely pines. The Unionists have given it the name of Fair Oaks, by which we will call it. The morning after the battle General Hooker with a considerable force advanced within four miles of Richmond, meeting no enemy. No doubt there were good reasons why no advantage was taken of a situation which

seemed promising to the success of the Unionists. We know that one cause was the perpetual rain of that season, which had swollen the streams, so that bridges were carried away. The ground had become so soft, that artillery-wagons sank deeply of their own weight.

During the brief quiet which followed the battle of Fair Oaks, General Lee sent a famous cavalry-officer named General J. E. B. Stuart, with a body of men, to reconnoitre. This man, usually called "Jeb" Stuart, a nickname spelled by his initials, was as bold as a freebooter. One might imagine him wearing the "Lincoln green." He actually rode around the entire Army of the Potomac, burning wagons, and capturing horses and prisoners. He started from the south, and returned from the north. His ride led to an immediate attack upon Porter, who still occupied the extreme right of the Union army, on the north bank of the Chickahominy.

McClellan spent nearly all of the month of June in building bridges and intrenchments, while the whole army breathed the poisoned air of swamps and marshes. Neither were the Confederates idle. They fortified Richmond so well, that even a small force could have held it against an assault, and strengthened their army by every possible means.

Stonewall Jackson was still flying about the Shenandoah Valley, a terror to Unionists everywhere; but he was always prepared, upon short notice, to turn and attack McClellan, thus co-operating with Lee. At length that time came.

Once more re-enforcements had been promised to McClellan; and he was waiting for these, to make a final advance upon Richmond, when news was received that Jackson was already at Hanover Court-House. The next day McClellan's pickets were driven in from the rear. There could be no choice of evils now. He must fight, whether he was ready or not. General McCall was posted at Mechanicsville,

where, on the 26th of June, began the famous "seven-days' battles." General McCall's position at Mechanicsville was "of great natural and artificial strength." At a certain point in the battle, a turn in the road gave the Unionists the enemy's flank. McCall used this advantage with telling effect. At sunset the enemy had been repulsed with a heavy loss, while the Nationals had suffered little. The battle was a Union victory. Still the Union soldiers slept on their arms that night, expecting another attack in the morning. Instead, however, McCall was ordered to fall back to Gaines's Mill, to rejoin General Porter. The weather had suddenly become hot and dry. Clouds of dust, like smoke, marked the movements of each army. About two in the afternoon the enemy's approach was discovered. The division of A. P. Hill made the attack, being re-enforced after two hours by Longstreet. Tired and exhausted as McCall's troops were, they fought manfully. Sometimes the balance seemed to be upon one side, and sometimes upon the other. To many of the Confederates this was their first battle, but the raw recruits were as brave as veterans. With a yell, they rushed to the very muzzles of Porter's guns. It did not seem to matter to them that their ranks were cut down like swaths of grass. More followed eagerly, till Porter began to call anxiously for help. Re-enforcements came at last; but Confederate reserves also arrived at the same time, making a desperate assault upon the weakest place in the Union lines. The Federals gave way, and fled in disorder, spreading the panic from wing to centre. Two fresh brigades coming up at that moment, however, restored order. The Federals rallied once more, and slowly fell back across the Chickahominy. They had lost the battle of Gaines's Mill and six thousand brave men besides, who deserved a better fate. With a single corps of thirty-five thousand, General McClellan had opposed seventy

thousand men, said to be the best fighting material in the Confederate army. The rebel general, Magruder, expressed the opinion, that, had McClellan concentrated his whole army in this battle, "the city (Richmond) might have been his reward." Next day the Union army was on its way to the James. Before it, was sent a supply-train of five thousand wagons, followed by a herd of twenty-five hundred head of cattle.

McClellan had determined to change his "base of operations" from the York River to the James; that is, to approach Richmond from the south side of the Chickahominy, and receive his supplies by the way of the James River. He therefore gave up the idea of capturing Richmond at present, and began, at Gaines's Mill, to fall back to the James River. Through a swamp, under a scorching sun, many a worn-out soldier dropped in the ranks, and was left to die by the roadside in that unhappy march. The Federal retreat was unknown to the Confederates until the next morning, when Magruder started in pursuit, overtaking Sumner, toward evening, near Savage's Station. He was repulsed, however, after a furious battle, lasting between four and five hours, — as long as there was light enough for brothers to see to kill each other. Peace always comes with the darkness. Under its shadow, the Army of the Potomac again retreated, leaving twenty-five hundred poor fellows in hospital at Savage's Station. The chaplain, Dr. Marks, remained with them to share their fate, rather than leave them without care and nursing. Those who were not fortunate enough to die, endured the horrors of rebel prisons. All night the troops struggled on through White Oak Swamp, weary, footsore, faint, to find themselves next morning at a clearing called Glendale. The rear of that miserable column suffered untold horrors. Monday, the 30th, in the afternoon, the attack began with the fury of a tempest. Here the Confederates

meant to crush the Nationals utterly. They were all there, — Lee, Jackson, Longstreet, and the two Hills. The battle soon became a hand-to-hand encounter with bayonets. General McCall was taken prisoner, and General George G. Meade was wounded. About four in the afternoon the Confederates gathered their strength, and swept in upon the tired and hungry Nationals, as an avalanche sweeps down the sides of the Alps. But, when they seemed about to be overwhelmed, a happy thought came to General Butterfield. He ordered all the regimental bands to the front, and "in one great burst of sound" they played the Star-spangled Banner.

Cheer after cheer rose wildly, and the whole army caught the inspiration. They fought desperately till long after nightfall, and the rebels were finally driven back. But think of the death-roll! "Here it was, that, among the Confederates, a son of Major Peyton, but fifteen years old, called to his father for help. A ball had shattered both his legs. 'When we have beaten the enemy, I will help you,' answered Peyton: 'I have other sons to lead to glory. Forward!' But the column had advanced only a few paces, when the major himself fell to the earth, a corpse. History will ask in vain for braver soldiers than those who here fought and fell." This was the fifth day. Another night of marching brought the Nationals to Malvern Hill — all that remained, at least, of the grand Army of the Potomac. Words cannot describe that day, the 1st of July. No doubt the troops were discouraged, and that always makes things worse. We know that they were tired and ill. Still, all day skirmishes were kept up. But at six in the evening the battle really opened in earnest. The Nationals were posted on a hill, and hence had the advantage of position. Every charge the enemy made, was certain death. The poor boys in gray stained with their blood the hillside against which they rushed so

hopelessly, obedient to orders. The James River had now been reached, and the Union gunboats were taking part in the battle. At nine o'clock the rebels gave up the struggle, and retreated into the shelter of the woods and ravines. Their loss that day was said to be not less than five thousand, being more than one-fourth of the total Confederate loss in the "seven days." The battle of Malvern Hills was a victory and yet a retreat. The Union army quietly retreated that night to Harrison's Landing, on the bank of the James River.

It was in a sad plight indeed; but the men well deserved the praise which General McClellan had bestowed upon them when he said, "The soldiers of this army love their government, and will fight well in its support. You may rely upon them." Their last battle occurred on the 1st of July, and by the Nation's birthday they were pretty well settled in their quarters at Harrison's Landing. A few days later President Lincoln paid a visit to the Army of the Potomac. Such a kindly, cheery visitor must have been very welcome at such a time. Because he was so gentle and so fatherly, the soldiers called him "Uncle Abe."

"Passing through the grounds of the Executive Mansion one afternoon, just after the 'seven-days' battles,' ending at Malvern Hills, the President was observed looking at an object in a bush. A friend approaching said, 'What is the matter, Mr. Lincoln?' He replied, 'There is a young bird which has got out of its nest, and I am trying to get it back.' It appeared that a young bird had tried its wings too soon; and whilst its mother was fluttering, affrighted at the danger to the fledgling, the Commander-in-Chief and President of the Republic could feel pity, and stop to help it back to its nest." Such was the man who was at the head of the nation during the cruel war of the Rebellion.

In less than a year after Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, a

bitter sorrow came to him in the death of his second son, Willie, but eleven years old. Perhaps this made him the more tender to those bereaved of their sons by the fate of war. One day there came to the White House an old woman to ask Mr. Lincoln to pardon her boy for desertion. "Where is your petition?" asked the President. "I have none," she answered. "I thought I would come and ask for myself, because I'm too poor to pay a lawyer to write it out." Mr. Lincoln sent for a list of the prisoners confined for that offence. Counting them, he exclaimed, "Twenty-seven! Well, these poor fellows have suffered long enough, I think. And now, while I have the papers in my hand, I'll turn out the flock." So he wrote, "Let the within prisoners be discharged," and signed his name. The poor woman wiped away her tears, and said, "Good-by, Mr. President: may we meet in heaven!" He took her hand in both his, and replied, "With all that I have to cross me here, I am afraid I shall never get there; but your wish to meet me there has fully repaid me for all I have done for you."

Before Mr. Lincoln's election, in 1860, a little girl was shown his picture. As she looked at it, she said to her mother that she thought he would look much better if he wore whiskers, adding, I believe I'll write and tell him so." The mother did not object, so the child carried out her purpose. In her letter she said that she thought he would make a good president, but she wished he would wear his whiskers, which would improve his appearance. Perhaps she felt sorry to wound his pride: so she told him she thought the "rail fence" around his lithograph, which she had seen, was "real pretty." After giving him a history of herself and family, she closed by asking him to let his little girl answer the letter, if he had not time, and addressed the envelope to "Hon. Abraham Lincoln, Esq."

It was not long before the following answer came: —

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Oct. 19, 1860.

MY DEAR LITTLE MISS, — Your very agreeable letter of the 15th is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons, — one seventeen, one nine, and one seven years of age. They with their mother constitute my whole family. As to the whiskers, having never worn any, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affectation if I should begin it now?

Your very sincere well wisher

A LINCOLN.

---

The next summer four soldiers were strolling along the Potomac River road, when they met a carriage driving toward Washington. On the box sat two colored men in livery. One of the soldiers said, "They think they are some, don't they? Let's have some fun with them." As the others agreed, they all kept the road. Soon the carriage stopped, and a voice called out, "What is wanted?" The boys turned, and saw a white-haired man at the carriage-window. "We want to take a ride with you to see 'Old Abe.'" — "Did you never see him?" asked the man, getting out. Three others followed him; and, before the astonished soldiers could answer, he continued pleasantly, "Soldiers, I introduce to you the President of the United States; also the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War; the Hon. William H. Seward, Secretary of State; and myself, Gideon Welles." The President stepped forward, shook hands with the men, and laughed heartily at the joke; although one of the soldiers afterwards said that their situation had "passed the laughing-point."

While the good President never masqueraded in the costume of another, he never took pains to proclaim himself. Like many another great man, he enjoyed plain people who spoke their minds to him as frankly as to each other.

Mr. Lincoln was far from pleased with General Mc-

Clellan's part in the operations on the Peninsula. Still he did not storm about it, blaming everybody but himself. That would not bring the dead to life, nor cure the sick, nor unlock prison-doors. He did, however, ask McClellan for an account of the noble army intrusted to his care, whose official report now gave, "not over fifty thousand men with their colors." Where were the remaining thousands? It was a sad showing.

The Army of the Potomac was keenly disappointed to give up the march to Richmond, after its hard-won victory at Malvern Hills. Many an officer gave the order to retreat, with cheeks burning with shame. Only one day's march! How near it looks on the map! General Philip Kearney said, in talking over the matter with some brother-officers, "I Philip Kearney, an old soldier, enter my solemn protest against this order to retreat. We ought, instead, to follow up the enemy, and take Richmond."

On the 26th of June, the day of the battle at Mechanicsville, John Pope, Major-General of Volunteers, was appointed to the command of the Army of Virginia. The forces comprising it were three corps, under Generals Frémont, Banks, and McDowell. General Frémont, however, was unwilling to serve under Pope, who was his junior in rank: therefore General Franz Sigel was given that corps which had been intended for Frémont. While each of these generals was responsible for his own immediate command, the direction of them all was given to General Pope. You will hardly need an introduction to this new commander, for through his perseverance you have already been admitted to Island Number Ten. He was a graduate of the Military Academy at West Point, had served in the Mexican war, and had been brevetted for his services there. The history of General Frémont is familiar to every one. General Banks had been Governor of Massachusetts, but had neither military

training nor experience when the war began. He owed his appointment to the command of a corps, simply to his patriotic enthusiasm, and his high character as a citizen. Sigel was a German. In his youth he had some military education. With his great ability for carrying out military plans, he had distinguished himself in the West at the very outbreak of the Rebellion. McDowell's history was a repetition of that of Pope, — West Point, the Mexican war, promotion for gallantry. He commanded at Bull Run, and failed; he was, nevertheless, a good general.

Beside those already named, the forces in and around Washington were added to Pope's army, making it about fifty thousand strong. With it he was expected to protect the capital, threaten Richmond, and "guard the valley entrance to Maryland, in the rear of Washington." The President, in the mean time, had ascertained that McClellan had under-estimated his army, and that he had still eighty-six thousand men present, and fit for duty.

Under the present circumstances it was most unfortunate that a cordial understanding did not exist between the commander of the Army of the Potomac and the new commander of the Army of Virginia. When McClellan proposed change of base from the York to the James River, Pope advised him not to do it. McClellan did not regard his suggestion. Then Pope tried to bring about a more friendly feeling by offers to assist him on the James. But McClellan did not like to be interfered with. So there was an end to any attempt to "make up."

It now became apparent that there must be a head to the military affairs of the nation; and, as we have already hinted, General Halleck was called from the West, to take the position of General-in-Chief.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### A NEW COMMANDER.

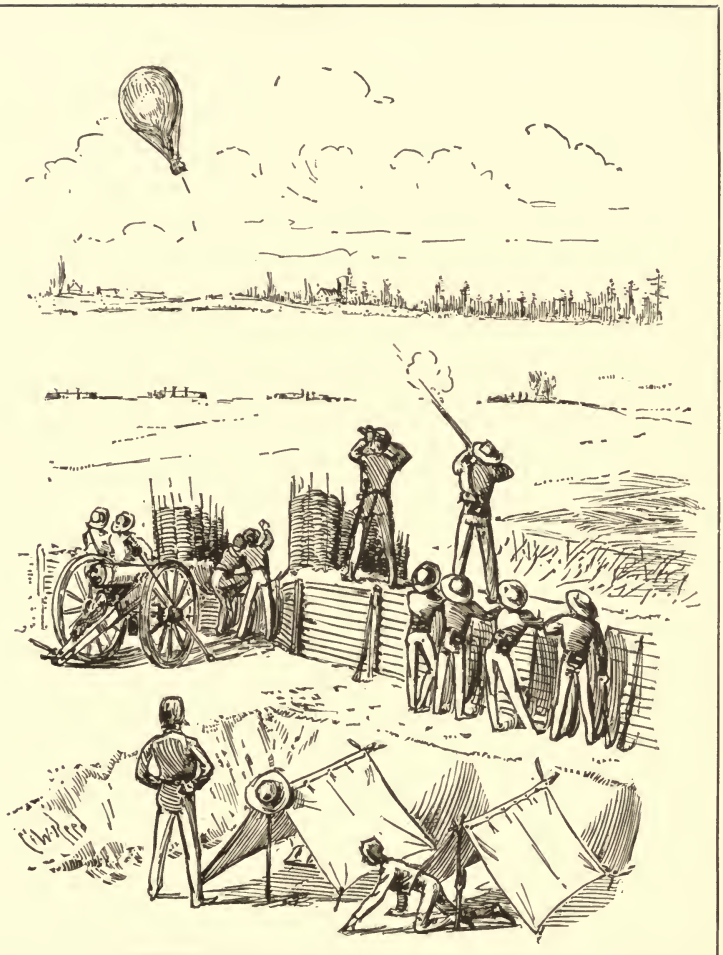
AMERICANS are naturally hopeful. Therefore, when General Halleck came to be installed Commander-in-Chief, it was expected that a new broom would sweep clean. He had gained glorious triumphs in the West, why not in the East?

A growing distrust of McClellan had so far taken possession of the President and his advisers, that, at this very critical time, McClellan's opinion was scarcely listened to. In the beginning we have seen that McClellan refused to act according to the President's directions. Now, even with all his charity and forbearance, the President could not excuse the failure which seemed to him the result of McClellan's own wilfulness. It was not surprising that such was the case: still, as long as he continued to command an army, it was most unfortunate. So, when McClellan urged the President to leave the Army of the Potomac at Harrison's Landing, as the best point for threatening or attacking Richmond, those in authority at Washington turned a deaf ear.

Had his advice been taken, McClellan would doubtless have been displaced by some more energetic general. But rather than formally to deprive him of his command, or else because his army was so devotedly fond of him, — it so seemed, — the Army of the Potomac was ordered off the Peninsula. That McClellan might receive necessary aid in transferring his troops, he was given the command of the

war-fleet in the James River and Chesapeake Bay. General Burnside had just returned from his successful expedition to North Carolina. He was immediately ordered to Aquia Creek, on the Potomac, whither the Army of the Potomac was also bound. The President now called for three hundred thousand more troops, which must be raised by draft if not otherwise obtained.

General Lee's spies kept him well informed of the movements of the Nationals, and nothing could have suited him better than the present position of affairs. Upon hearing of Pope's advance toward Gordonsville, where the Confederates were encamped, Lee sent "Stonewall" Jackson forward to meet him. Gordonsville, a town of some importance on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, lies on the south bank of the Rapid Anna River, or, as it is usually called, the Rapidan. Pope was coming from the North, and arrived on the 9th of August, at Cedar Run, near Culpeper Court-House, to find the enemy already there. Sigel's corps was delayed for twenty-four hours, and Pope did not wish to begin a battle until he had all his pieces on the board, as we say in a game of chess. Still the first move would be an advantage; and as he feared that Jackson would attack, if he did not at least threaten, he ordered Banks's corps to the front. In case the enemy should advance, Banks was to attack him first. Banks obeyed, to the letter. Jackson did approach, and Banks made the attack with his whole strength, which appeared to be a surprise to the enemy. At first the Nationals were very fortunate, and drove the rebels back in disorder; but by and by Early rallied them again, and turned the tide of battle. The Nationals fell back, charged, pursued, then fell back again, and it became clear that the day was lost. Some one describes this battle as one where the "tenacious obstinacy of the American character was well shown." After terrible bloodshed,



MILITARY BALLOONING.

the Nationals were defeated at the battle of Cedar Mountain; but no advantage had been gained on either side. Jackson retreated to the Rapidan; and Pope hastened after him, re-enforced by two divisions from Burnside, who had come across from Aquia Creek. All this happened before the first regiment of McClellan's army had left Harrison's Landing, so promptly had General Pope obeyed his instructions to turn the enemy's attention from McClellan. Lee now determined to let McClellan alone, and throw his whole force upon Pope. To do this, he ordered Longstreet's corps and Stuart's cavalry to unite with Jackson at the Rapidan. General Lee now took command of the Confederate army in person. Halleck directed Pope to wait for re-enforcements on the Rappahannock River, which would be the line of McClellan's advance from Aquia Creek. A glance at the map will be necessary for a clear understanding of the movements which followed. All this time Lee was trying to cross the Rappahannock; but the steep banks on the northern side, where the Unionists were, gave them great advantage. At length Lee marched a long distance up the river, constantly threatened by Sigel, who kept up with him on the other bank, until they reached Sulphur Springs. Here, in spite of every thing, the Confederates began to cross.

While this was going on, "Jeb" Stuart's calvary dashed into General Pope's camp at Catlett's Station. He carried off papers, despatch-book, private baggage, and prisoners. Lee had been unable to surprise Pope as he intended: so he decided upon another course. Stuart's daring raid into Pope's camp now proved of the greatest use. From that general's despatch-book, Lee found out his plans, and determined to upset them. His trusty general, "Stonewall" Jackson, was sent as secretly as possible to throw his command between Washington and the National army. To do this, Jackson began his march up the Rappahannock on the

morning of the 25th of August. The Confederates passed through the valley between the Blue Ridge and Bull Run Mountains, coming out through Thoroughfare Gap. Very cautiously they made their way, fearing that the pass would be defended. As the long column moved past General Jackson, he watched it proudly, saying, "Don't shoot, boys! the Yankees will hear us." And then he added, "Who could fail to win victory with such men?" The danger of being found out was over, and Pope was completely flanked. Jackson's march with an army of twenty-five thousand men had been made in two days and one night. Stuart's cavalry easily captured Manassas Junction with the only large quantity of supplies for Pope's army between it and Washington. The moment the news reached him, Pope ordered a general advance upon Manassas; but Jackson had gone to Centreville. This movement deceived Pope, who, supposing that he wished to get away through Thoroughfare Gap, ordered McDowell, who was then at Gainesville, to go in immediate pursuit. In reality, the wary Jackson was falling back to the old battle-field of Bull Run. Not only did he choose to fight on familiar ground; but there Longstreet and Lee could easily join him, as they should come through Thoroughfare Gap.

McDowell's advance was attacked late in the afternoon of Thursday, the 28th. Although the battle was stubbornly fought and the loss was severe, General Jackson gained but little advantage. In this engagement, General Ewell was seriously wounded. Pope fell upon the Confederates with characteristic energy the next morning. But so sure was Jackson, that Lee and Longstreet were nearer than Pope dreamed, that he only fought a defensive battle at first. Just before noon on the 29th, his wished-for rebel re-enforcements came upon the field. Pope was not so fortunate. Of the promised troops already sent from the Army of the

Potomac, Porter's fine corps had taken no part in the action, in the face of repeated orders to advance and engage the enemy. McClellan's habit of "putting off" had kept back re-enforcements, notwithstanding the President's urgent telegrams to the contrary. It was only when positively commanded to move, that Franklin's corps was put in motion, and only then in time to cover the retreat. Pope's communications with Washington and his supplies were cut off, and he had mistaken the enemy's design. He was thus caught in a trap.

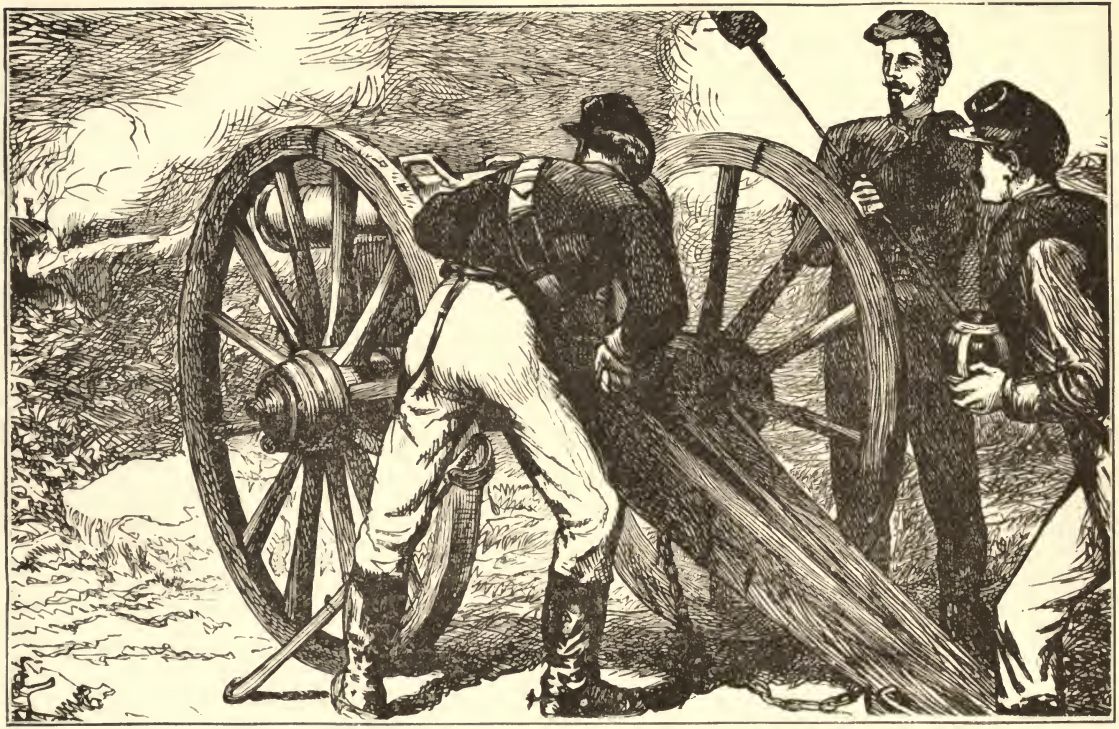
The battle was continued all day Friday, the 29th, growing hotter and hotter as evening approached. The forces were engaged until nine o'clock. This battle near Groveton was claimed by Pope as a victory, but he had only held his ground. That night he sent a very sharp message to Porter, ordering him to appear on the field at daybreak the next morning. Pope was very much annoyed and distressed to receive word from McClellan, that, "as soon as he should send a cavalry escort for the train," provisions should be sent for his army. Pope had not a man to spare, and there were forty thousand tired, hungry men to feed.

General Jackson describes the battle of Saturday, the 30th, as "a fierce and bloody struggle." Although all was done that was possible, under the disadvantages under which the Union army suffered, this day also ended in defeat. In the history of the war, no fiercer contest took place than at the second battle of Bull Run, which, like the first on the same ground, was gained by the Confederates. And even the lapse of more than twenty years has not hushed the strife which there began. General Pope charged his loss and defeat to the slowness of McClellan to support him, and to the disobedience of Fitz-John Porter. Pope complained, that, although Porter was ordered to hasten forward with his command before any fighting occurred, he never came at all.

So serious a matter required looking into; and, after a trial by court-martial, General Porter was dismissed from the service of the United States. His friends, however, thought him badly treated; and, years after, the case was carefully reviewed by a military board, who acquitted him of blame. Still later, General Porter applied to be restored to his old position in the army. The whole ground was again gone over; every incident of that fearful battle was brought to light: yet the best men in the nation, military and civil, were unable to agree upon the case.

After the battle, the retreat was orderly and deliberate, by no means the rout which it was a year before. For Lee, it was a grand victory, worthy of his genius and of the stanch soldiers who composed his army. The Union Brigadier-Generals, Hatch, Schenck, and Tower were wounded; and Colonel Baylor, the Confederate commander of the "Stonewall Brigade," was killed. In the battle of Bull Run, a Union officer was injured by the fall of his horse, which was shot under him. He was limping off the field when he saw a body of men going in the same direction. Supposing them to be running away from duty, he tried to rally them and even threatened violence, if they did not return. "Who are you, sir?" at last cried one of the number. "Major of the Seventy-sixth," returned the officer. "Seventy-sixth what?" — "Seventy-sixth New-York." — "Well, sir," answered the rebel, "you are my prisoner, for you are trying to rally the Second Mississippi."

The loss on both sides was very great. The retreat brought the Army of Virginia to Centreville during Saturday night. Pope, who was not easily discouraged, bore his misfortunes bravely. Not so the North. He was severely criticised for his failure. When he took command of the army, he had made an unfortunate address to his troops, saying, "I have come to you from the West, where we always see the backs



BATTERY AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

of our enemies. Glory and success are in the advance: disaster and shame lurk in the rear." He said a good deal more in the same strain, which called forth much ill feeling then, and afterwards.

Naturally supposing that the Federals would withdraw to Washington, General Jackson undertook a flank movement. Hastily marching around them to the eastward, he took a position near the town of Chantilly, where he made a sharp attack upon them. A cold rain was heavily falling, and the night of Aug. 31 was drawing on. The brunt of the battle fell upon Generals Reno and Kearney. Kearney himself had planted a battery in position, and was cheering his men on, when he was shot, at the head of his troops. General Isaac J. Stevens was also killed. The Confederates were driven back, leaving the field to the Nationals. General Lee, who knew Kearney well, sent his body with a flag of truce to Pope's headquarters. General Philip Kearney was a native of New-York City, where he was admitted to the bar at a very early age. He afterwards entered the army, and went to France to perfect himself in military science. In Algeria he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor for bravery. Returning to this country, he served in the Mexican war, where he lost his left arm. He went to Europe again, and again received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, from Napoleon Third. He returned, to enter the civil war; and, as we already know, he behaved with gallantry in the "seven-days' battles" on the Peninsula. Notwithstanding that both he and General Howard were in the second battle of Bull Run, they never met after parting at Fair Oaks.

The Army of Virginia was immediately recalled to Washington, which was, no doubt, a welcome order. On Saturday, the 30th of August, when the news of the battle of Manassas reached Washington, a call was issued to the citizens from the War Department, asking them to go out to the battle-

field, and assist in the care of the wounded. At least a thousand persons went, loaded with lint, bandages, and blankets. More would have gone, but the invitation was recalled. Owing to the presence of the enemy in that neighborhood it was thought unsafe, as some who did go were made prisoners by the Confederates. In Boston a despatch was received, making the request for twenty surgeons and for hospital supplies. Early in the morning of Sunday the 31st, it was published that these contributions would be received at Tremont Temple; and clergymen gave the same notice from their pulpits. Old sheets, under-clothing, pillows, liquors, jellies, delicacies of all kinds, any thing which could be welcome to the sick soldier, arrived in enormous quantities, from morning to night. Twenty-one hundred cases were packed and ready to be sent by the night train. Subscriptions amounting to five thousand dollars were also taken on the streets. And this was but a sample of the spirit throughout the entire country. With the battle of Chantilly, Pope's career ended in Virginia. He asked to be relieved of his command, and was assigned to the Department of the North-West, on the 8th of September.

At the urgent entreaty of his friends, McClellan was again placed in command of all the armies of Virginia, under the old name of the Army of the Potomac. The soldiers received him with shouts of joy. McClellan's wonderful skill in gathering, organizing, and training an army, is admitted by every one. With all his might he began to get this vast body of men ready to be again set in motion.

On the 1st of July the President had called for three hundred thousand men, to serve till the war was over. In June he had asked for forty thousand, for a term of three months. Now, on the 9th of August, he again appealed to the people for three hundred thousand more, to serve for nine months. At the end of that time a draft was to be

AID SOCIETY'S STORE-ROOM.

ordered, unless three hundred thousand men volunteered to take the places of those whose time should then expire. The call was promptly answered, as Abraham of old answered the call of the angel of the Lord, "Here am I." But General Lee thought that it would be safer not to wait for these fresh troops to be equipped, and sent to the field: so he began operations at once.

In the fourteen months since the fall of Sumter, the whole nation, from Maine to Florida, had burst forth into singing war-songs. The war was the one idea filling the public mind. No doubt these songs encouraged patriotism, stimulated the men in the field, and helped their friends at home to bear their absence. One of the prettiest of them was a rebel song called "My Maryland." General Lee, believing this song to be the voice of the people, expected Maryland to

—"Burst the tyrant's chain,"

and flock to the rebel standard, if it were only once borne into that State. He had many good reasons for invading Maryland; and, now that the Union army was out of the way at Alexandria, what was there to hinder him? The Confederate soldiers were ragged, and many were barefoot; but would they not be better able to go without shoes and clothing now than in winter? So reasoning, Lee pushed forward. He followed up the south bank of the Potomac to Leesburg, where he crossed, and marched straight to Frederick. He issued a stirring address to the people, in which he said he had come to right their wrongs, and aid them in "throwing off this foreign yoke." But he was disappointed. Frederick was a peculiarly loyal city; and General Jackson, who led the advance, found many a National flag flying in the town. The sight of such odious bunting vexed his righteous soul, and he ordered all the flags to be removed. Near a bridge which spans the river lived an aged woman, whose

name has become historical. From a little dormer-window in her house floated the Stars and Stripes on that memorable day. The flag was hauled down, with all the rest; but that loyal old woman, infirm though she was, flung its folds to the breeze again. As Jackson's troops passed her door, they saw it, and halted. Somebody gave the order to fire, and in an instant the torn banner dangled from the broken staff. Bed-ridden as had been Barbara Freitchie for years, she snatched the flag, and —

"She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

'Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag!' she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came.

The noble nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.

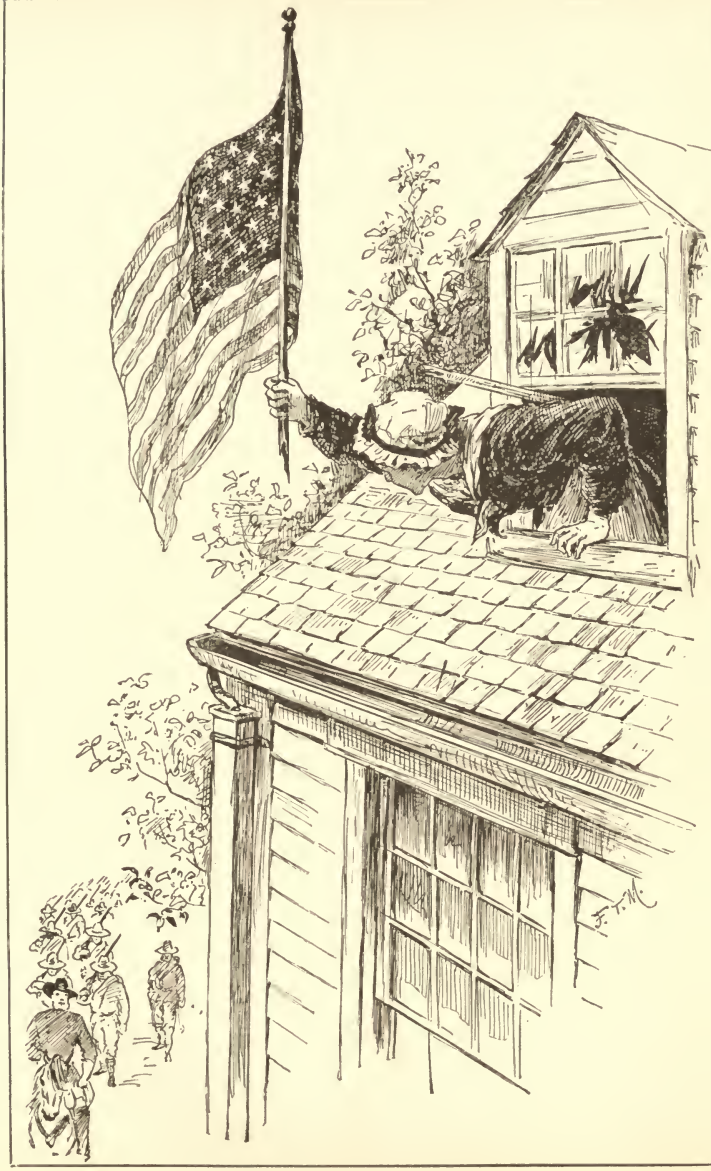
'Who touches a hair of that gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!' he said.

All day long, through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet.

All day long, that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host."

The truth of this story is questioned nowadays, but there must have been a reasonable foundation for the poet Whittier to build his ballad upon. Some of the loyal citizens of Frederick do not deny it, and others affirm it. At any rate, it is no more improbable than many a feat of valor with which heroes are credited.

Stonewall Jackson's advance-guard reached Frederick on the 6th of September. The next day, being Sunday, Gen-



BARBARA FREITCHIE.

eral Jackson attended church, where the fearless pastor, the Rev. Dr. Zacharias, prayed in a firm voice for the President of the United States.

Notwithstanding the appearance of Jackson with his "army of liberation," brave, ragged, and dirty, he received not a single recruit. A few women did, indeed, gather secretly to make clothing for the army; but that was all, unless we except a presentation to General Jackson of a magnificent horse, which threw him the first time he mounted him.

Leaving General Banks in charge of the defence of the Capital, General McClellan took the field in person on the 7th of September, and moved in pursuit of the rebels. Although he knew that it was "quite probable" that Lee was in Frederick on the 10th, he only arrived there on the evening of the 12th, two days after the rebels had gone. In General Hill's headquarters at Frederick, McClellan had the rare good luck to find a copy of Lee's orders to his army. Up to this time, it was impossible to guess what Lee's plans were. He might intend to get McClellan out to follow him, and then, when the Capital was unprotected, he could, by a flank movement, throw himself upon it. Of course, this was to be guarded against, and might perhaps excuse McClellan's lack of haste. But, now that the order was found which showed just what Lee was going to do, there was no apology for halfway work.

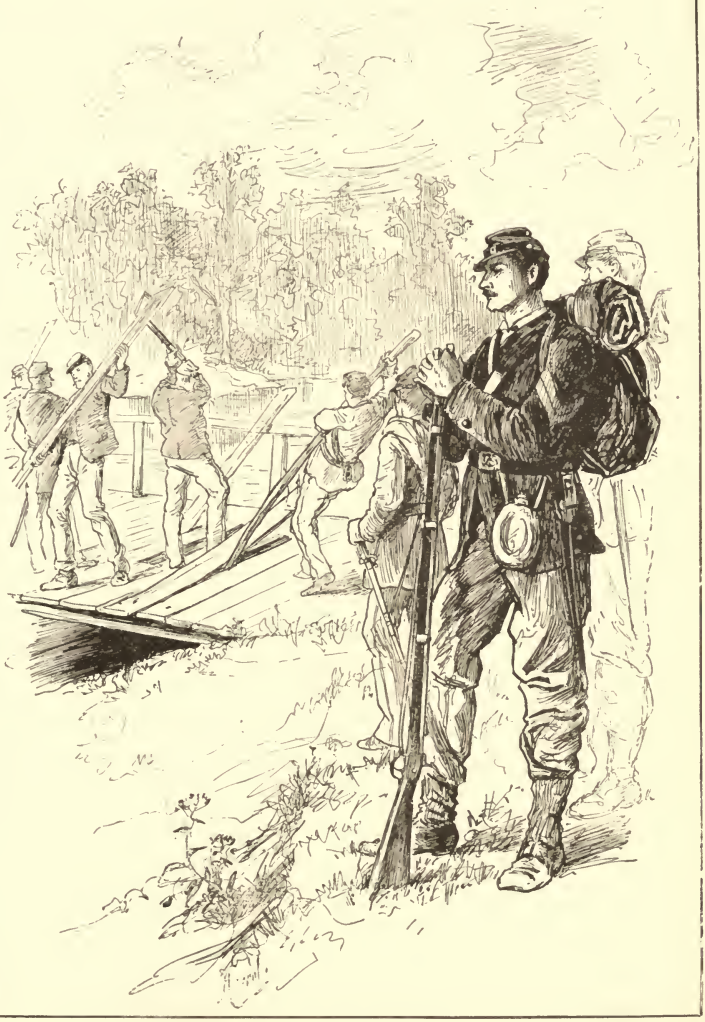
General Lee's army was to be divided. Jackson was to press forward rapidly through the South Mountains, along the north bank of the Potomac, past Sharpsburg and Harper's Ferry, and, crossing the river at the most convenient point, he was to seize Martinsburg, and afterward Harper's Ferry. The Confederate General Walker, in the mean time, was to cross the Potomac, east of Harper's Ferry, and to occupy Loudon Heights, on the other side of the Shenandoah. But there was still another place "hard by," which

Lee coveted as much as King Ahab coveted the vineyard of Naboth. This was the stronghold of Maryland Heights, on the north bank of the Potomac. Its guns commanded the post of Harper's Ferry. It was indeed the key to the valley. The well-laid scheme of its sudden capture was intrusted to General McLaws.

Before we go farther, we will examine the situation by the aid of the map. To the north of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and running in the same direction, lies a range of hills which is known as the South Mountains. At Harper's Ferry it is cut in two by the Potomac; and a spur on the northern bank, which rises above all the surrounding hills, is called Maryland Heights, which nearly a month before, General Wool had directed Colonel Miles to fortify; but no attempt to carry out that order had ever been made. Of course, General Lee knew this, and that it would fall an easy prey whenever the time came to capture it.

While this was going on, Lee himself was to conduct the main body of the Confederates through the passes or gaps of the South Mountain, into Pleasant Valley, which lies between that range and the Potomac. Here Jackson and McLaws were to join Lee for further operations.

Well, now that the rebel programme was in McClellan's hands, it only remained for him to change it to suit his own taste; but we shall see what was done. Jackson carried out his orders to the letter, as he always did. He left Fredericksburg on the 10th, and, crossing the Potomac the next day, he hurried toward Martinsburg. General Julius White, with his command, left that post immediately upon his approach, retiring to Bolivar Heights, above Harper's Ferry, and leaving Jackson in undisputed possession of Martinsburg. General McLaws also performed his part promptly; and on the 13th he had installed himself with his troops at Maryland Heights, after a very slight resistance on the part



CUTTING OFF JACKSON.

of Colonel Thomas H. Ford. As Loudon Heights was seized on the same day, the fall of Harper's Ferry was not far off. Colonel D. S. Miles, who, you remember, won small praise at the first battle of Bull Run, was commandant of the post of Harper's Ferry. On the 15th, early in the morning, the batteries from all the surrounding heights opened fire upon it.

The National batteries answered till all their ammunition for long-range guns was gone, when Miles ordered the white flag to be raised. Captain Phillips of the Hundred and Twenty-sixth New-York entreated Colonel Miles not to surrender; but he replied, "They will blow us out of this in half an hour." Still Phillips urged, that, even with a great loss of men, the place and its stores could be saved till relief should come. At last Miles exclaimed impatiently, "Do you know who I am?"—"I do," answered Phillips, with a deep meaning in his voice. "You are Colonel Miles." At that moment, a piece of a shell struck Miles in the leg, tearing the flesh cruelly. At length the white flag was seen by the enemy, and the firing ceased. By nine o'clock in the morning, Harper's Ferry had been surrendered. When it was made known, the men showed great dissatisfaction. One sturdy captain burst into tears as he exclaimed, "Boys, we have no country now!" A few hours after, Colonel Miles died in the hospital, in great agony. General Julius White, who succeeded him in command, arranged with General A. P. Hill the terms of surrender, while, says Swinton, "the swift-footed Jackson turned his back on the prize he had secured, and headed toward Maryland, to unite with Lee, who was eagerly awaiting his arrival at Sharpsburg." When the proper time came, Colonel Ford was cashiered for his shameful abandonment of Maryland Heights. The rebel spoils were twelve thousand men, as many small-arms, a quantity of stores, and seventy-three pieces of artillery.

## CHAPTER XX.

### BROKEN CHAINS.

So far, General Lee's plans had worked well. While Jackson and his fellow-generals were doing their part, the main rebel army was pressing through the passes of the South Mountain, toward Boonesboro'. The Nationals, in two columns, followed closely. The left wing, under Franklin, took the road through Crampton's Gap. The right and centre, under Burnside, marched toward Turner's Gap, six miles to the north. Lee had already reached the summit of the passes, intending to leave them unguarded, and hasten on. When, however, he found that McClellan's advance column was so near, there was nothing left but to defend the gaps, so that Jackson might profit by the delay. The Federal left was pushed forward quickly in order to afford relief to Harper's Ferry, then in a state of siege. Franklin's force, being much larger than that of the Confederates, after three hours of hard fighting, gained the crest of Crampton's Gap, reaching Pleasant Valley on the western side the same night. The loss was about five hundred on each side, but Franklin took four hundred prisoners.

This was Sunday, the 14th of September. The same day McClellan advanced upon Turner's Gap. Burnside led the way. The road through Turner's Gap was very difficult and steep. As the rebels were already posted above them, the Nationals had to fight up hill, which was greatly to their disadvantage. But they steadily crowded their way up.

Every inch of the way was taken, not yielded. Near the top, a savage encounter took place between the Twenty-third South-Carolina and the Twenty-third Ohio regiments. This latter regiment was a part of General Cox's Kanawha division, known as the "Psalm-singers of the Western Reserve." It was a trial of matched strength and courage. When, at last, they were overpowered, the Carolinians were so desperate, that not a man surrendered until he had made his gun worthless by beating it against a tree or rock. But the Unionists carried and held the crest, which was the key to the pass; and at nightfall the Confederates retreated to Sharpsburg. Still, Lee was well satisfied with his day's work. Although his loss had been heavy, it had delayed the "Yankee army until Harper's Ferry could not be relieved."

On the Union side, General Jesse L. Reno had been killed. As he received his death-wound, he said, "Boys, I can be no longer with you in body, but I can be with you in spirit." The Confederate General Garland was also killed. About fifteen hundred Confederate prisoners were taken.

The night after the battle of South Mountain, Lee retreated to the west bank of Antietam Creek, in front of Sharpsburg. His position was excellent. The Antietam is crossed by four stone bridges, three of which were well guarded; and the fords were all difficult. Behind him was a low range of hills, sloping down to the Potomac. McClellan's advance arrived on the east bank opposite, on Monday, the 15th, and took position behind the hills at Keedysville. "On the afternoon of that hot 15th of September," says General Palfrey, "while the long columns of the Federal army were resting along the Boonesboro' road, McClellan passed through them to the front, and had from them such a magnificent reception as was worth living for. . . . The weary men sprang to their feet, and cheered and cheered, and, as he went, the cheers went before him and with him and after

him, till the sound, receding with the distance, at last died away."

It will give you a better idea of the immense space which this army covered, to know that a single corps is nearly twenty miles in length when it is ready to march. Let us count and see. Twenty-one thousand and four hundred infantry, marching four abreast, would take up six miles; seven hundred wagons, seven miles more; fifty ambulances for the sick and wounded, one mile (here are fourteen miles already); thirty cannon and thirty caissons, three-quarters of a mile; and five hundred cavalry, five miles, making nineteen miles and three-quarters. This is not counting the herd of cattle that often follows an army to feed it. General Jackson used to say that he could beat any army that was followed by a herd of cattle. Well, the whole Union army, excepting Franklin's corps, which was on the way, was gathered on the Antietam. On the rebel side, Longstreet and Hill were alone; but no attack was made that night. McClellan spent Tuesday in reconnoitring, and getting ready for action. In the afternoon, Hooker crossed the Antietam by a ford and the upper bridge, which was not guarded. Fighting sharply, he pushed on till dark. That night the two armies rested with only a patch of open ground and a few corn-fields between them. During the night General Mansfield crossed his troops, taking position in Hooker's rear. At daybreak "Fighting Joe" Hooker opened the battle with zeal enough to sustain his reputation; and Jackson, who had arrived upon the field the day before, replied with equal fury. Before eight o'clock in the morning whole regiments had been destroyed. Others took their places. Dense masses of faded blue were hurled against walls of dingy brown and gray. Then clouds of sulphurous smoke closed over the scene, and hid them all from sight. One figure stood out in bold distinctness. Here, there, every-

where, on his milk-white horse, General Hooker dashed into the thick of the fight. Bullets pattered like a summer hail-storm. The yells of the rebels, the shouts of the Nationals, and the groans of the dying, filled the air, even above the roar of artillery and musketry. At length, sorely pressed, Hooker called for Mansfield; and with their combined strength they forced the enemy back. But at this crisis General Mansfield was killed, and Hooker was so severely wounded in the foot that he had to leave the field. The Nationals had the advantage at this moment. Bitterly sorry to leave a battle so nearly won, the fiery Hooker cried, "I would gladly have compromised with the enemy by receiving a mortal wound at night, could I but have remained at the head of my troops until the sun went down." Sumner's corps next entered the field, and marched straight into a trap. So completely were his troops encircled, that he lost nearly two thousand men in a moment. When the bullets were flying around him, Sumner was obliged to send his son, a young captain on his staff, to a distant part of the battle-field. After his orders were fully given, the father embraced his boy, and said, "Good-by, Sammy." — "Good-by, father," the son replied, and rode away. When he came back in safety, General Sumner took his hand fondly in his own, and said earnestly, "How d'ye do, Sammy?" He was well aware that the "chances and changes" of that short time might have deprived him of his favorite son.

All this had happened, before ten o'clock, on the Union right. On the left, Burnside was fighting for the possession of the second bridge from the Potomac. One effort after another failed to carry it by storm. A dashing charge with fixed bayonets, a crash of artillery, and it was done at last, but with the loss of five hundred men. Then Burnside's troops safely crossed, and pressed on toward Sharpsburg, but were again repulsed. In the National cemetery at Antietam

is shown to-day a limestone rock where Lee stood to direct his troops. The field then swarmed with living rebels: now thousands of dead soldiers sleep in its peaceful enclosure.

The battle of Antietam is especially difficult to follow. What with wheeling and marching, advancing and retreating, charging and falling back, it is enough to discourage the casual reader. Hooker and Burnside were really fighting two distinct battles. Lee was ever present on the field, urging and inspiring his troops; McClellan, never. With the enthusiastic devotion of his army, what might not "Little Mac" have done, had he shown himself at the head of his command! An old farmer once said that his men accomplished much more work when the order was, "Come, boys," than if it were, "Go, boys."

When night settled over the battle-field, there was nothing to show for the sacrifice of life, excepting a few feet of ground, more or less, watered by the best blood in the land. Nationals and Confederates lay side by side, enemies no longer. There had been no lack of courage. The rebels gallantly attacked and defended: the Federals bravely defended and attacked. Although claimed as a Union victory, in reality the fight at Antietam had been but a drawn battle. A field of waving corn had been the scene of the most fearful bloodshed. Between the rows, the dead lay heaped upon each other. "In an open space," says Captain Noyes, "I saw bodies, dressed in the rebel gray, lying in ranks so regular, that Death the reaper must have mowed them down."

A Massachusetts drummer-boy lay ill in hospital after the battle of Antietam. No doubt he often wished for home in the long hours, but he never complained. One day he was given some blackberry cordial, and was told that it had been sent by the Young Men's Christian Association of Boston. The boy's face brightened; and he said, "May be, sir, my

BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

mother made this: she was always good. Anyhow, God bless you and them that sent it!"

The day after the battle, when a supply-train arrived, and rations were distributed, an officer met the captain of a company, who raised a large piece of pork on his sword, saying, "Look here! This is the allowance of pork for my company. I shall have to eat it all, for I am the only one left." The loss on both sides was not less than twenty-five thousand.

Next morning before light, the boys in blue ate their slender breakfast, and made ready for a second day of battle. They knew that some advantage had been gained, and they were determined not to let Lee escape again: besides, they had been joined by fourteen thousand fresh troops. But the day went by without any order to attack. Another night dragged on, and in the morning Lee was gone. This was hard. What, they asked themselves, had been the use of all this patriotism and suffering and death?

For a long time the President had been turning over in his mind the subject of the emancipation or freedom of the slaves. At first he was not at all inclined to meddle with the question; but, as the war went on, he began to see that it might be necessary as a means of self-defence to free the slaves. Of course, it really helped to prolong the struggle to allow slaves to cultivate the plantations of men who were fighting in the rebel army. On the other hand, there were loyal slave-owners, who would suffer if the slaves were freed. Many other ways were proposed, one of which was to pay loyal slave-owners for their negroes; but nothing was very practical. It was indeed a difficult question to settle. When his friends urged him to take the matter into his own hands and free them all at once, Mr. Lincoln's answer was, "Whatsoever shall appear to be God's will, I will do." And the nation waited breathlessly for

his decision. It came at last. On the 22d of September, 1862, the President issued a proclamation which gave no uncertain sound. It was a solemn warning to those States in rebellion, that, unless they should return to their allegiance to the government of the United States within the next hundred days, all slaves held within any such State, or part of a State, should be "thenceforward and forever FREE," and that the government would stand by them to secure that freedom. Moreover, the slaves would be received, after that time, into the army or navy of the United States. It also secured other rights of an American citizen to every freedman. The Proclamation of Emancipation was issued two days after Lee crossed the Potomac into Virginia. It was received with disfavor by many; but upon the whole it met with favor, although it produced intense excitement. The slaves alone seemed to take it quietly, unable yet to comprehend the whole truth.

The battle of Antietam was claimed as a Union victory, and of course McClellan was expected to follow up his advantage. Still he lingered, excusing his delay on the ground that the army was not prepared with shoes or clothing for a long march. The rebel army was half naked when it advanced into Maryland. While he was doubting and debating, "Jeb" Stuart's cavalry made another raid around the Army of the Potomac. This time it even penetrated Pennsylvania as far as Chambersburg, doing much damage to public and private property, and again escaping across the river into Virginia.

President Lincoln visited the army while it lingered on the banks of the Antietam. He was thinner, and looked more careworn, and was more silent than usual. A few days later, impatient of the slow progress of McClellan, the President relieved him from duty, and turned his command over to Major-General Ambrose E. Burnside, who accepted his appointment reluctantly, for McClellan was his warm friend.

ANTIETAM BATTLE-GROUND.

As on a former occasion, McClellan received the news with calmness, and behaved with great good temper toward his successor. Burnside assumed the command of the Army of the Potomac on the 10th of November. Both armies were moving southward at the time, toward the Rappahannock. and were separated only by the Blue Ridge Mountains, Burnside reached Fredericksburg first; but his pontoon bridges did not get there for eight days. In the mean time, Lee had crossed the river, fortified Fredericksburg, and re-enforced the garrison. Sumner had begged to be allowed to cross by fords at once; but this Burnside was afraid to do, because the Confederate strength already there was not known. No thought of flanking the enemy seems to have entered Burnside's mind. He therefore prepared to attack Lee in his present intrenched position. The building of the pontoon bridges began. Owing to sharpshooters on the bluff banks opposite, the work was done with the utmost difficulty. At last the Federal guns were turned upon the town, setting it on fire in many places, and for a while the bridge-building went on. After many failures, volunteers were called for, to cross in boats and drive the riflemen away. It was bravely done by the Seventh Michigan and the Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts regiments. Among the volunteers for the forlorn hope was the Rev. Arthur B. Fuller, a Masachusetts chaplain, and brother of the celebrated Margaret Fuller. By his pure Christian character and devotion to his work, he had won the love of every man in his regiment. He was killed soon after he reached the shore. Another volunteer in that noble little army was a courageous drummer-boy but twelve years old, named Robert Hendershott. When the Seventh Michigan was pushing off, he followed. "You can't go," said an officer. "I want to go," said Robert. "No, you will get shot. Out with you!" was the answer. The boy waited to push the boat off, but he clung fast to the boat.

At last the men allowed him to get in. As the boat touched the other side, a piece of shell struck his drum. Throwing the drum away, he seized a gun which some fallen soldier had dropped, and scrambled up the steep bank. Encountering a wounded rebel, Robert pointed his gun at him, crying, "Surrender!" Then he proudly marched his prisoner to the rear. After the battle, General Burnside said to him, "Boy, I glory in your spunk. If you keep on this way a few years more, you will take my place." Robert fought well in more than one battle, and was known as the "Drummer-boy of the Rappahannock."

That night the Union army crossed by four pontoon-bridges into the town of Fredericksburg. The next was a day to be remembered. The intrenched position of the Confederates on the semicircular heights surrounding the town, made the struggle hopeless from the first moment. Burnside's army was divided into three corps, under Hooker, Franklin, and Sumner. Franklin opened the battle on the left, General George C. Meade leading the attack on Jackson's right. More troops were pressed into the service, till the whole of Franklin's command seemed to be engaged. Longstreet was securely posted on Marye's Hill, back of the town, at the foot of which ran a stone wall. Here the battle was most appalling. Hancock and French, of Sumner's corps, made the attack, supported by Howard. It was gallantly done; but they were repulsed, leaving four thousand fallen comrades on the field.

In vain Hooker now urged Burnside to withdraw his troops. He only answered, "That crest must be carried to-night." Hooker returned to a fierce assault with artillery, followed by Humphrey's division, four thousand strong, which made a bayonet-charge with the loss of seventeen hundred men. Six times the Federals were repulsed, and at length Burnside consented to retire. On the night of

Dec. 15, the Union army recrossed the Rappahannock, having left fifteen thousand dead or wounded men on the other side.

The new year found the Army of the Potomac in winter-quarters opposite Fredericksburg. Since the first shot was fired at Sumter, more than one million of men, in army and navy, had volunteered for the Union. At this time scarcely half that number was serving. Many, as we know, had died in battle or in hospitals. Somewhere in rebel prisons many longed for home, while for the rest the time of service had expired. We know, upon the authority of Dr. Draper, that, "if the trains of the Army of the Potomac alone had been put upon a single road toward Richmond, the head of the column would have reached that city before the rear was out of sight of Washington."

The clayey soil of Virginia had softened with continuous rain, making a forward movement at that season difficult, one might say impossible, had not Napoleon called "impossible the adjective of fools." One day, for a joke, the rebels put up a big signboard, with its face toward the Union encampment, bearing this inscription, "STUCK IN THE MUD!" The Confederate army was filthy, ragged, and barefoot, and their honest leader, "Stonewall" Jackson, was scarcely one degree more decent in appearance. The "Johnnies," as they were nicknamed, used to say that they knew a "Yank" by his gun, which was always bright; for theirs were always rusty.

Mr. Henry J. Raymond of the New-York "Times" paid a visit to the Union camp in January. One day he received the following alarming despatch, "Your brother's corpse is at Belle Plain." He hurried off to the place named, and found his brother alive, well, and glad to see him. The telegraph-operator had only misspelled the word "corps," making it "corpse."

The first day of 1863 was one of deep interest and anxiety, both to North and South. The "one hundred days" had expired, and this was the birthday of freedom to the slaves. Believing that it would come, long and patiently the negroes had waited for this glad time. On the last night of the old year, — the last night of slavery, — all over the South they waited, on bended knees, for the clock to strike the hour of midnight; and at the last stroke they thanked God for liberty. Earnestly they poured out their broken prayers for "Massa Linkum." So slavery passed, "as a tale that is told."

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE STUFF THAT HEROES ARE MADE OF.

A SPIDER weaves his web to catch his prey: so the two armies, Union and Confederate, were trying to entangle each other in the meshes of their military fly-traps. With what success their efforts were crowned, we shall see.

While General Grant was fighting the battle of Shiloh, General O. M. Mitchel, who commanded a division under Buell, was taking possession of Huntsville, Alabama. By skilful management the town was captured without the loss of a single life.

Huntsville is on the Memphis and Charleston Railway, to the west of Chattanooga. General Mitchel pushed on from Shelbyville till within eight miles of the coveted town. Here he bivouacked. His tired soldiers slept soundly while their leader watched. Soon after the moon went down, the sleepers were wakened and the march began. A force of artillery and cavalry led the way, followed by Turchin's brigade. A company of workmen, well guarded and supplied with the necessary tools, were sent to tear up the railway at either end of Huntsville. They all moved very quietly as they neared the slumbering town; and the last order given was, "Now, boys, perfect silence! Straight forward, and let not the enemy know that you are coming by any sound whatever." It must have been very startling in those times to be wakened by the tramp of horses' feet in the quiet streets. And it would be hard to imagine

more terrified people than were the inhabitants of Huntsville when they found out that the dreaded and detested Yankees had taken forcible possession of town, telegraph, and railway. "Seventeen locomotives and more than one hundred passenger-cars" were taken, besides prisoners and all kinds of supplies. This movement secured the possession of the Memphis and Charleston Railway as far westward as Tuscumbia.

General Mitchel received the rank of Major-General of Volunteers for his brilliant exploit. He entered the military academy, at West Point, a poor boy, where he was a classmate of General Robert E. Lee. He was graduated with honor, and at the outbreak of the Rebellion he had become a famous astronomer. Some of you may already be acquainted with text-books upon that science which came from his pen. General Mitchel re-entered the army in the summer of 1861.

As will be seen by a glance at the map, it became necessary to cut the railway between Chattanooga and Atlanta, Georgia, to prevent re-enforcements and supplies from being sent to Chattanooga. To accomplish this difficult task, a secret expedition was sent out. Disguised as Confederates, twenty-two "picked men," led by J. J. Andrews, started on foot for Georgia. Of course they had to go through the Confederate lines, and over very rough mountain roads, braving dangers seen and unseen. Nor did they go in company, which would have excited curiosity, and led to detection, but in squads of three or four. On the 7th of April they were all together at Chattanooga, and the same night they slept at Marietta.

On that day Mitchel had captured Huntsville. The next day, while the engineer and conductor of the northward-bound train were breakfasting at Big Shanty, eight miles north of Marietta, the band of raiders quietly uncoupled the engine and three baggage-cars; and away they went, "over

COLUMN IN MARCHING ORDER.

hill and down dale," toward Chattanooga. Nobody tried to stop them. They gave station-keepers to understand that it was a powder-train.

As often as they dared to stop long enough, they cut the telegraph, and tore up the track behind them. They had already passed several trains; and at last Andrews said, "Only one more train to pass, boys, and then we will put our engine to full speed, burn the bridges after us, and dash through Chattanooga, and on to Mitchel in Huntsville." They were just about to take up a rail when they were startled by a whistle behind them. They had passed the dreaded "last train," which had gone as far as the last break in the road behind them, when its engineer was told what had happened. He instantly reversed his engine, and started back to catch the runaway train. "Then occurred one of the most thrilling races on record. Both engines were put to full speed. Away they went, to the amazement of the inhabitants, who had no conception of the urgency of the errand of both."

The raiders lost much time in cutting wires, although they delayed their pursuers by breaking up one of the baggage-cars, and dropping the pieces on the track. At last fuel failed. It was not long, therefore, before they were overtaken, near Chattanooga. Then they all jumped from the train, and hid in the thicket.

They were, however, hunted down by men and blood-hounds, and finally caught. Twelve of them were taken to the jail at Knoxville, Tenn.; and it is said that they were put in the iron cages in which Parson Brownlow and other Union men were so cruelly imprisoned. Afterwards eight of the number were hanged. Eight escaped, and six were exchanged as prisoners of war, after a year of confinement. To each of these six was afterwards given a medal of honor by the Secretary of War.

It will be well worth our while to pause in our story long enough to examine the craft of all kinds afloat on western waters. We have already seen mortar-boats, transports, and gunboats of the usual pattern. But there were two new kinds of ironclad gunboats which began about this time to figure largely in river warfare. One was called a "turtle," on account of its striking resemblance to the animal of that name. There were seven of these, built by Captain James D. Eads. They were named for river cities, and entered the service of the government in December, 1861. The other kind was invented by Colonel Charles Ellet, jun., and in May four of these were added to our navy. They were called "rams;" and, as the name suggests, they depended chiefly upon the strength of their blows to destroy an enemy. Volunteer soldiers and sailors manned them; and a brother of the inventor, Lieutenant-Colonel A. W. Ellet, commanded them. By this time vessels of all kinds had accumulated in the Federal navy, until a fine fleet dotted the rivers. Nor had the Confederates been less industrious. Besides the common gunboat and ram, they had a queer-looking, cigar-shaped ironclad, which could also do very efficient butting.

Soon after the surrender of Island Number Ten, an expedition was undertaken by General Pope and Commodore Foote, for the capture of Fort Pillow, which is still farther down the river. The fleet had scarcely arrived at its destination when Pope was ordered to Pittsburg Landing. As he started the same day, the attack upon Fort Pillow was necessarily put off. Still, Foote's flotilla lingered, now and then bombarding the fort; but, owing to illness resulting from a wound received at Fort Donelson, Foote was obliged to give up his command. On the 9th of May, Commodore C. H. Davis succeeded him. The next day the rebel fleet opened the battle. Four Confederate gunboats were rendered useless, then they withdrew within the

HUNTED WITH BLOODHOUNDS.

protection of their own fort. The Unionists kept up the bombardment until the 4th of June. On that night the rebels abandoned Fort Pillow and blew up their magazines, dropping down the river to Memphis. After hoisting the Union flag over the deserted fort, the Nationals followed, and anchored a mile and a half above. With steam up, the rebel gunboats were waiting on the opposite side of the river. Soon the Little Rebel fired the first shot, and then the fight became general. Ram butted against ram, and mortar-boats dashed their heavy shots into each other. Captain Ellet's flotilla bore a brilliant part in this action, in which its commander received a wound from the effect of which he died soon after. The engagement happened directly in front of the town. The roofs of houses were thronged with frightened people. Sharp as was the battle of Memphis, it only lasted one hour and twenty minutes, and was over before breakfast. The city surrendered on the morning of the 6th. At first the people were very fierce, and threatened the invaders; but Colonel Fitch, who was left there to stand for the Government, was so wise in his behavior, that quiet was soon restored. Two regiments of Union soldiers occupied the town, while the Union fleet anchored in front of it.

The capture of New Orleans had opened the Lower Mississippi to the Federals. In May, Farragut went up the river as far as Vicksburg. On the way he took the towns of Baton Rouge and Natchez. He demanded the surrender of Vicksburg, which was promptly refused. As his force was not strong enough to insist upon the demand, he returned to New Orleans. In June, with a body of troops, he re-appeared before Vicksburg, and began a bombardment, having run past the batteries to join Davis, whose fleet lay a few miles above. The land-forces in Farragut's expedition were under General Thomas Williams. They were landed on the Louisiana shore, for the purpose of cutting a canal across the peninsula made

by a sudden turn in the river. It was to extend from Milliken's Bend to a point south of Vicksburg, the distance of one mile. The men worked with a will. Every day the ditch grew bigger. But the river was in too great a hurry to help, and long before it was time, it burst through: so the work had to be given up.

Farragut again returned to New Orleans, leaving General Williams with a small command at Baton Rouge. Not long after, General Breckinridge made a sharp attack upon the town, in which Williams was killed. The Confederates failed to capture Baton Rouge, and retreated to Port Hudson, thirty miles above. The rebel ram Arkansas was on its way to take part in the battle, when one of its engines broke down, so that it did not arrive. Hearing of this, three Union gunboats started the next morning to find her. As soon as they came in sight, the engineer of the Arkansas ran her ashore, and, landing his crew, set her on fire and sent her adrift. She exploded a few miles below.

The Mississippi was now open from New Orleans to Cairo. The Federals did not take advantage of the fact, however; and, as a result, the Confederates fortified every available point upon the river within the next few months.

On the first of June a great army was gathered at Corinth. Its *morale*, as we say in speaking of the spirit of an army, was excellent, owing to its late successes; for —

> "A merry heart goes all the day,
> A sad tires in a mile."

But this fine body of men did not long remain together. Generals Buell and Thomas, with the Army of the Ohio, moved toward Chattanooga, where General Mitchel was still holding the Memphis and Charleston Railway. After some delay, General Grant was re-instated in the command of the Army of the Tennessee, and General Sherman was sent to

FARRAGUT'S
FAVORITE PLACE
IN AN
ENGAGEMENT.

occupy Memphis. General Pope, at the head of the Army of the Mississippi, started in pursuit of Beauregard, following him as far as Rienzi on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. But these two commanders were not likely to meet, as Beauregard was superseded by Bragg, and Pope was called to the East. The Army of the Mississippi was then given to Rosecrans. Such was the situation of affairs at the West, when, in July, General Halleck took leave of his army to occupy a place of far greater responsibility and importance.

Bragg, who had in the mean time continued his retreat, was in the vicinity of Tupelo, eighty miles south of Corinth. Between him and Rosecrans at Booneville, on the Mobile and Ohio Railway, the latter had placed a small body of men under the command of Colonel Philip H. Sheridan. It was here that this young officer won his "golden spurs." Intent upon doing his whole duty, he determined not only to watch the enemy's movements, and report them as he was instructed, but to keep him inside his own picket-lines, and outside the Union picket-lines. With the aid of a trusty scout or guide, Sheridan had made a capital "information map" of the surrounding country, and learned it by heart. A great many country roads centred in Booneville. Early in the morning of July 1, Lieutenant Scranton sent Sheridan word that the enemy had attacked his picket-line about three miles and a half out from the town. He was ordered to fall back slowly, if necessary, until re-enforced. Although assistance was immediately sent, Scranton was driven back, fighting hard, nearly to Booneville. Sheridan sent to the main army for more men, taking care to let his men know that he had done so. He says, "I did not know whether re-enforcements would be sent or not: so I thought that I would do the best that I could with what I had. I was heavily pressed by the enemy; and I did not know his strength, but made up my mind to rely upon myself." Sheridan's study of the

geography of the country now served him in good stead. Choosing one company of the Second Michigan, and one of the Second Iowa, he placed them in command of Major Russell A. Alger, "to perform the duty of a forlorn hope." He gave them his faithful scout, with full instructions, and sent them around to the left of the advancing enemy to attack him in his rear. When a certain road should be reached, Major Alger was to take it, and "charge right through whatever they might meet," causing his men to cheer as loudly as if they outnumbered the enemy ten times. Major Alger was then to report again at Booneville. If he found the enemy too strong to charge through, he was to go as far as possible, and return by the same route. In the mean time, Colonel Sheridan, with the rest of his command, was to join Lieutenant Scranton at the front; and, when he should hear the cheering of Alger's men, he was also to charge the enemy. But in case the cheering was not heard at the end of an hour, which was the time given for Alger to strike the enemy, Sheridan would charge from the front without waiting for any further signal. Watches were set, and the forlorn hope set out. The fighting grew so sharp, that Colonel Sheridan grew very anxious about the major and his little band. But we will let Sheridan tell his own story.

"The hour was up, but there was no cheering: so I ordered the charge on the enemy, which was my part of the arrangement. Just at that moment a locomotive and two platform-cars, loaded with bales of hay for the horses of my command, came down the track from the main army in the rear, right into Booneville, and just behind the line of battle. As the troops knew that I had sent back for re-enforcements to help us, I thought, if the engineer were made to blow his whistle, it would give them encouragement: so I galloped to him, and ordered it to be sounded loudly and continuously. The men heard it, and believed that re-enforcements had arrived; and I have reason to suppose that the enemy thought so too. I never heard such wild cheering as occurred on our part. The enemy broke and ran, not only on the roads, but all over the country."

Major Alger did charge at the very same moment with Sheridan, but they were too far apart to hear each other. The enemy heard both, however, and imagined themselves surrounded by a large army: indeed, they estimated it at ten thousand in front, and four thousand in the rear; while in fact Sheridan's entire command only numbered eight hundred and twenty-seven men, ninety of whom were given to Major Alger. And the now famous young colonel modestly closes his account of his brilliant exploit by saying, "The officers and men of my command were very demonstrative, after the battle was over, in their consideration and politeness to me." For this, Colonel Sheridan received the thanks of his commanding general, and was given rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers by President Lincoln.

While the two grand armies were eying each other at a distance, a guerilla warfare was being carried on under the leadership of Colonel John W. Morgan, the most famous of all the guerilla chiefs.

He was gay, young, and handsome, a fearless horseman, a sure marksman, and, withal, a rank rebel. It is related of him that he once gave an order to one of his men, involving the greatest danger. The man did not obey. "You understand my orders?" asked the chief. "Yes, captain; but I cannot obey you," was the answer. "Then good-by," said Morgan, and shot him dead. Turning to his men, Morgan said, "Such be the fate of every man disobeying my orders in the face of an enemy."

This band of raiders took the name of "cavalry;" but it was little less than a company of robbers, who openly plundered and burned small towns, destroyed railroads and telegraphs, or attacked bodies of men fewer in number than themselves.

In July, Morgan entered Kentucky, where his force was largely increased by young secessionists who flocked to his

standard, tempted, no doubt, by a spirit of knight-errantry and adventure. By a bold dash, Morgan captured the town of Lebanon, Ky. He tore up a portion of the Lexington and Louisville Railway, destroyed a fine bridge over the Ohio, and finally marched his band, now numbering two thousand, toward Cincinnati. A cavalry force was hastily despatched to meet the guerillas, who fled before superior numbers; but for a little while alarm and excitement ran high in that goodly town.

In Tennessee, another band of guerillas was led by General N. B. Forrest. With a force even larger than that of Morgan, he attacked Murfreesboro', and captured the Union garrison there, as well as their stores.

Bragg and Buell were now moving in the general direction of Chattanooga. Bragg arrived there first, and prepared to advance upon Louisville, the occupation of that town being important to either side. General Kirby E. Smith led the advance, attacking and defeating the Nationals near Richmond, Ky. The records and valuable papers were removed from Frankfort, the capital of Kentucky; and a million of money was hastily taken from the banks of Richmond, Lexington, and Frankfort, to Louisville, for safe-keeping. The Governor issued a call to the people to rise, and defend their homes and property. Two days later the Confederates reached Lexington, from which all National stores had already been removed. They moved rapidly, because they carried little baggage, expecting to capture booty of all kinds on the way. On the 6th of September, therefore, they occupied Frankfort, where Morgan joined them. The cities of Louisville and Cincinnati were now thoroughly alarmed. In this emergency, General Lewis Wallace offered to command a regiment for the defence of Cincinnati; which offer was promptly accepted. One regiment was not enough to meet the necessity, however; and other troops eagerly

NIGHT MARCH OF CAVALRY.

joined the popular commander. Martial law was proclaimed in Cincinnati and in the cities of Covington and Newport, opposite. All places of business were closed. No one was allowed to enter or leave the city without a pass. Ferry-boats were stopped. In a few hours forty thousand volunteers had enlisted. A pontoon bridge, or bridge of boats, was thrown across the Ohio; and intrenchments were built upon the south bank. Peaceable steamers were turned into gunboats, plying on the river to protect the bridge. All this was quickly done, but not a moment too soon. Hardly had these preparations been completed, when the advance column of Confederates appeared. Perceiving the warm reception intended for them, they hastily fell back without further demonstration.

On the same day General Kirby E. Smith occupied Frankfort. Bragg, with the main rebel army, was in the mean while hastening toward Louisville. Buell had supposed Bragg's purpose to be the capture of Nashville; but, seeing his mistake, he now used all diligence to overtake the enemy.

About this time a small Union garrison at Mumfordsville was attacked by the Confederates. Notwithstanding his insufficient force, Colonel T. J. Wilder, who was in command, refused to surrender. In the hourly expectation of re-enforcements, and trusting to the pluck of his command and to a strong stockade, or block fence, he determined to hold out to the last. Six companies arrived in the mean time, and a sharp battle took place. The rebel bullets made a hundred and forty holes in the Union flag; but still it floated, and the rebels were repulsed. Colonel Wilder afterward said in praise of his men, "If I were to give a list of those who did their whole duty, it would simply be a muster-roll of all who were there." The Confederates waited in that neighborhood till Bragg's army came up, when another

attempt was made to induce the garrison to yield, with the same result. At length, knowing the great strength of the enemy, and that nothing but the timely arrival of help could save them, Colonel Wilder surrendered, not, however, without requiring that he be allowed to march his men out with the "honors of war."

It was now October. Bragg had reached Frankfort, where he and Kirby Smith played at inaugurating a "provisional" or temporary governor of Kentucky. Buell had not pursued and punished Bragg as it was thought that he might have done. When he reached Louisville, therefore, he was relieved, and General George H. Thomas was given his command. But Thomas asked to have Buell re-instated, not only because he was unwilling to displace his friend, but he modestly hesitated to take the responsibility upon himself. Accordingly, Buell was restored once more; and with largely increased numbers he turned to follow the enemy, who had begun to retreat. Being pressed hard, the rebels made a stand at Perryville. It was a desperate battle, gallantly fought on both sides. The Confederates were repulsed with great loss on both sides. It was here that Colonel Lytle of the Tenth Ohio, while leading his brigade, was seriously wounded. He refused to be borne from the field, saying, "You can do some good yet: I can do none. Let me die here."

In the night which followed, Bragg took up his line of retreat again, leaving behind him a large number of sick and wounded. The Union army was now ordered to Louisville. Buell was promptly relieved; and the Army of the Ohio, hereafter to be called the Army of the Cumberland, was given to Rosecrans.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### CRUMBS PICKED UP.

WE must now go back in time to September, 1862. Grant had sent every man whom he could spare from Corinth, to assist Buell; and the rebels knew it. He was sure that they would take advantage of the fact: so he was on the alert. While Bragg and Buell had been playing at hide-and-seek, the two rebel generals, Price and Van Dorn, had gathered a fine veteran army at Holly Springs, Miss. It seems to have been their plan for Price to attack some point not far from Corinth, and, when Grant should withdraw his force to meet him, Van Dorn was to rush in, and capture the coveted town and all that it contained. The first dash was made by Price upon the little town of Iuka, near Corinth, where there was a large quantity of government stores. Colonel R. C. Murphy, who was in charge, fled without resistance, leaving the supplies in the enemy's hands. General Rosecrans was at Corinth, and Grant sent him without delay to retake Iuka. A sharp battle was fought, but unluckily Price got away. Grant and Rosecrans instantly set out in pursuit; but Price succeeded in escaping, and reached Van Dorn in safety. Rosecrans' army returned from the pursuit just in time to occupy Corinth before Van Dorn, who was hastening thither. Grant's headquarters were at Jackson, Tenn., about fifty miles north of Corinth.

A line of fortifications had been built inside those of Beauregard, after Halleck entered Corinth. Inside of that,

Grant now added another. When the enemy approached, the Nationals went out to meet him when he was yet a great way off, intending to resist only strongly enough to draw him within the range of the Union guns. Before night, however, they were driven back to their inner line of intrenchments with a loss of two guns. Van Dorn was jubilant, and telegraphed to General Lee that he had won a great victory. The next day the enemy was very confident, though the Nationals showed no lack of courage. The Unionists made a stout resistance; but the rebels assaulted so furiously that they captured a battery with all its guns, and dashed into the very heart of the town. They fought in the streets. It is even said that they fought in the yard of General Rosecrans' headquarters. But, after all, Van Dorn was badly whipped; and, before the day was over, he had retreated, leaving his dead and wounded on the field. It is a comfort to know that the Confederate soldiers shared the same kind nursing with our own, whenever or wherever they fell into Union hands. The loss on both sides at Corinth was between eight and nine thousand.

Instead of instant pursuit, which Grant expected and desired, Rosecrans delayed until the next morning. He then gave his troops urgent instructions to hasten, but it was too late. Van Dorn had used his utmost speed, and was well on his way toward Holly Springs again.

General Rosecrans was transferred immediately to General Buell's command, and, not long after, was promoted to Buell's place. He found the Army of the Ohio discouraged and broken. Its name was changed to the Army of the Cumberland, and it soon became "a new creature." In General George H. Thomas, Rosecrans had a lieutenant, or second in command, who was a patriot, a gentleman, and a soldier. Prompt and cheery himself, Rosecrans' army soon caught his spirit. He was beloved by every man in his

army, although his discipline was very strict. Nothing was too unimportant to attract his notice. One day during a review he saw that a soldier's knapsack was strapped in a slovenly way. "Captain," said he, "I am sorry that you don't know how to strap a knapsack on a soldier's back." — "I did not do it, general," the captain replied. "Oh! you didn't," returned Rosecrans. "Well, hereafter you had better do it, or see that it is done." — "But if I can't make them attend to these matters, general?" — "If you can't, sir," said Rosecrans, "you had better leave the service."

Van Dorn was superseded by Lieutenant-General John C. Pemberton. After Corinth, Grant was appointed to the command of the Department of the Tennessee, embracing Cairo, Forts Henry and Donelson, the portions of Kentucky and Tennessee north of the Tennessee River, and Northern Mississippi.

You remember, that, soon after the fall of Bowling Green, Nashville was surprised and occupied by Federal troops. Naturally the garrison left for its defence was small, and in such a disloyal neighborhood it suffered much at the hands of raiders. In July, 1862, Forrest had captured Murfreesboro' with all its valuable stores. Bragg had left Chattanooga in October, and marched toward Nashville. Rosecrans hastened forward to re-enforce Major-General James S. Negley, who had been left in command there. But Bragg only went as far as Murfreesboro', where he took up winter-quarters, believing that Rosecrans had made himself comfortable in the same manner at Nashville. There was a notable assembly of celebrities in Murfreesboro' at this time. It was a gay winter at the Confederate headquarters. Parties and balls followed each other in rapid succession. President Davis and the courtly General John C. Breckenridge were among the distinguished guests at the marriage of General John H. Morgan, the guerilla chief, to the

daughter of an ex-congressman, Mr. Charles Ready. The soldier-bishop, General Polk, performed the ceremony. The bridal party danced upon a carpet made of Union flags, to show how they despised the National banner. Although

"KEEP OUT OF THE DRAFT."

Bragg did not expect an attack, he was too good a soldier to be unprepared for one. When, therefore, he heard that Rosecrans was advancing, he chose his own battle-field.

Near Murfreesboro', between it and the approaching army, flowed the Stone River. It was very low: still with its wooded banks, it was a sort of defence. The enemy

encamped on the north side of Stone River, on the night of Dec. 30, while the Union army stretched itself in a long line on the opposite bank. The two armies were so near that each could see the other's camp-fires. Rosecrans' force did not exceed forty-three thousand. Bragg's army was about fifty-one thousand strong; but Morgan and Forrest were off on their raids at this time, reducing the rebel army on the field to forty-six thousand six hundred. The Rebels were always stronger in cavalry than the Nationals. Very early on Wednesday morning, the 31st, both armies were astir. Rosecrans expected to make the attack in his own good time, and was therefore unprepared for a surprise. While some of his horses had been unhitched from the gun-carriages, and led down to the water to drink, Bragg made a rush through the fog, with the fury of a tornado, upon the Union centre. Rosecrans' plan had been to swing his troops around upon the enemy, as a gate swings upon its hinges; General A. D. McCook on the right, being the hinge which should stand firmly, and hold the gate.

But the sudden attack had struck McCook, and broken the hinge, throwing the right wing into confusion. General Sheridan rallied his division again, however, and manfully withstood a second shock against three to one, only falling back when every gun and cartridge-box was empty. As he passed Rosecrans, with less than three-fourths of his division, in falling back, Sheridan said, "Here's all that's left of us, General." Defeat now seemed certain. At this stage of the battle every thing depended upon General Thomas, who held the centre. One regiment of regulars in his command lost five hundred and thirty men, yet never wavered. Cruft's brigade especially distinguished itself for bravery, but even it was repulsed with heavy loss. At length General W. B. Hazen's brigade was ordered to meet and hold the enemy. It was nobly done. On the spot where that band so

valiantly stood alone, stands a monument built by Hazen's brigade after the battle. On one side it bears this inscription: "Hazen's Brigade, to the Memory of its Soldiers who fell at Stone River, Dec. 31, 1862. Their faces toward heaven; their feet toward the foe."

In the mean time Rosecrans got his troops into line again, and held the ground. At night the rebels withdrew to wait for the morning. Every man had done his best. The first day of the new year of 1863 was quietly spent in position, each uncertain what the other meant to do. The doubt was settled on the following morning by a fire from four of the enemy's batteries. The second day's battle was but a repetition of the first. The fighting was especially hot in the cedar thicket. A pretty story of this part of the battle is told by Mr. Champlin, which it may not be a liberty to repeat. "While the fight was raging in the cedar thickets, the birds and small animals that lived among them were nearly paralyzed with fright. Wild turkeys ran between the lines, and tried to hide among the men, and many hopped on the ground like toads, apparently as tame as household pets. Some even sought protection from the men who were lying down to escape the cannon-shot, nestling under their coats, and creeping among their legs, as if seeking a place of safety. Flocks of little birds, too, fluttered and circled about the field over the combatants in a state of bewilderment, as if not knowing which way to fly."

The soldiers were very fond of their commander, and affectionately called him "Old Rosey." He was always in the thickest of the battle, directing and encouraging his men without a thought of fear. A piece of shell struck within a few inches of his head, instantly killing his beloved chief-of-staff, Garesché; yet the stout-hearted soldier never flinched.

A division had been ordered across the river, the day before, with the idea of getting between Bragg and Mur-

freesboro'. Now Breckenridge's whole force swept down upon it, driving it across the river. Other Union troops pressed forward. The fighting was furious. One charge more, and the rebels fled, pursued almost into the town. During the pursuit, Cruft's brigade of Palmer's division suddenly found itself under the guns of an unseen battery. The order to lie down was given, and instantly obeyed. Still the shot poured over them and beyond. While they were lying close to the muddy ground, a shell fell between two men, so near to both as to stun them. One of their comrades dug up a handful of soft mud, held it over the smoking shell, and said quietly, "Ten to one, boys, that she don't bust." And then he daubed the mud over the hot shell. The terrible bomb grew cool; and George Hunt, private in Company C, First Kentucky, was a hero.

The next day rain fell heavily. After some demonstrations on the Federal side, which were not returned with much spirit, both armies were silent. But that night, Jan. 3, Bragg noiselessly withdrew his troops from Murfreesboro', and retreated to Tullahoma, behind the Duck River. Not even the Union pickets knew of his retreat until the morning. The loss in killed and wounded on both sides amounted to more than eighteen thousand. Bragg had left his wounded behind him. It was Sunday; and Rosecrans, who was a devout Roman Catholic, had high mass celebrated in his tent for the victory. The President, ever thoughtful, ever kind, sent the Army of the Cumberland and its general this despatch: "God bless you, and all of you! Please tender to all, and accept for yourself, the nation's gratitude for your skill, endurance, and dauntless courage."

Rosecrans now took up winter-quarters in Murfreesboro'. Several expeditions were made by detachments of the army, but no general movement took place until the latter part of June. Meantime the Confederates made an attempt to

retake Fort Donelson; but, thanks to the skill of Colonel A. C. Harding and the courage of his six hundred men, the rebels were repulsed. A little girl near Fort Donelson had watched the troops passing and repassing, carrying the National colors. One day after a shower, she saw a rainbow in the sky. "Mamma," she asked, "is God a Union man?" —"Why do you ask?" the mother answered. "Because," answered the child, "I see his colors in the sky."

In April, Van Dorn made an attack upon General Gordon Granger at an unfinished Union fort in Franklin, Tenn. Van Dorn was repulsed with considerable loss, and driven to Spring Hill, from which place, also, he was compelled to retire, a few days later. This was Van Dorn's last battle. He was killed in his tent soon after, by a man with whom he had a private quarrel.

Early in April, Colonel A. D. Streight undertook an expedition similar to that of Colonel Grierson, of which we shall speak hereafter. With a force of eighteen hundred men he set out to go around the Confederate army, but was caught, and with his command was sent to Libby Prison, not, however, till he had done much damage to rebel property.

The last of the same month the Union General J. J. Reynolds captured McMinnville with one hundred and eighty Confederate prisoners and a large quantity of stores. About the same time, too, Morgan's cavalry was routed by General D. S. Stanley.

In June, General James A. Garfield, afterward President of the United States, who had become General Rosecrans' chief-of-staff, urged, as strongly as became a subordinate officer, an immediate advance upon the enemy. Leaving the question to be settled by the commanders and their chief, we will return to General Curtis, whom we left hastening toward the Mississippi after the battle of Pea Ridge. The rapid and difficult march to Helena, Ark., will be well

remembered. Curtis's army had been reduced in size in order to re-enforce Halleck before Corinth. Missouri was then pretty nearly at the mercy of the rebels. General J. M. Schofield, who had been commander of the militia in that State, got permission to call out all the State troops, and soon the Union force for defence was increased by ten thousand. Schofield's command was called the "Army of the Frontier." A series of battles and raids was kept up in Missouri from July to December; among them were those of Boston Mountain and Prairie Grove, in both of which Schofield was victorious. In September, General Curtis was called to the Department of Missouri. This was in 1862, for it is necessary to go back a little in order to keep the threads of our story well in hand. A noted desperado named Quantrell figured very largely at that time in the raids in Missouri and Kansas. In August, 1863, he surrounded the town of Lawrence, Kan., and shot all who tried to leave it. Houses were plundered and fired. Citizens were murdered in cold blood. Scarcely one family escaped. It seemed as if no crime were dark enough to satisfy Quantrell's cruelty. A traveller met a tumble-down wagon a few days after the attack on Lawrence, crowded with a family trying to escape. On one side a dirty, barefoot child was running. "Where do you live, my little fellow?" asked the stranger. "I don't live anywhere, only in a wagon," was his pathetic reply.

Up to the spring of 1863 a draft had been unnecessary. Perhaps the Proclamation of Emancipation, and the propect of using colored troops, had helped to dampen enthusiasm. Perhaps so many lost battles had made the Union army unpopular. Whatever the reason might have been, Congress then ordered the draft to be made. All able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five were enrolled. From this list, three hundred thousand must be chosen by lot to fill up the thinned ranks of the army. The way in

which drafting was done was very fair and simple. All the names were written on separate slips of paper, and put into a round tin box, which was turned by a crank. It looked like the wheel of a squirrel's cage. A door was made in the wheel; and, after the names were well mixed, it was opened, and a man, blindfolded, put his hand into the hole, and took out a name. The slip was read aloud by an officer, and a clerk wrote it in a book. It was always done in the presence of witnesses, so that no one could be accused of cheating. Any one could be excused from serving in the army by the payment of three hundred dollars, or by securing a "substitute." Among the poor or laboring classes, especially among the Irish, there was bitter complaint of unfairness in this provision of the draft. But, after all, if they enjoyed the blessings of a free country, why should they not be willing to defend it? Really, jealousy of the negro seemed to be at the bottom of the trouble. In New-York City, terrible riots were the result of the draft. Colored people were the especial objects of cruelty. Even an orphan asylum for colored children was burned, and negroes were robbed and killed. The reign of terror lasted four days. Other cities suffered, but in a less degree. The whole country was stirred up against the draft. Only one-sixth of the required number really entered the army, the rest preferring to pay the three hundred dollars. Sometimes, when a rich man was drafted, much more was paid. The sum above the fixed amount was called "bounty." Many touching incidents are told, where a brother or friend took the place of another, with no pay but love. Such men were heroes, though they might never see a battle-field.

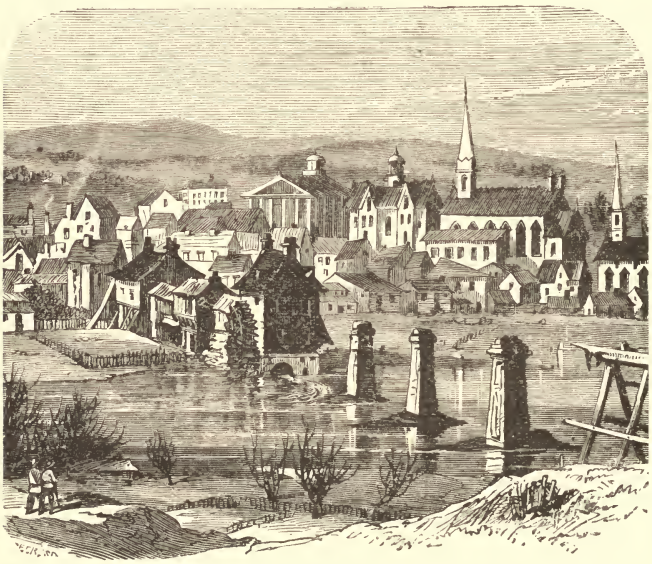
THE DRAFT.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### DEFEAT AND VICTORY.

WE left the Army of the Potomac mud bound at Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg. An attempt to cross the Rappahannock had been made and given up. As the result of inactivity the whole army had grown dissatisfied, and desertions became frequent. At length some of Burnside's best generals complained to the President about their chief, saying, that, with him for their leader, a forward movement could never be successful. No matter to whom the loss of the battle of Fredericksburg might belong, Burnside nobly took all the blame upon himself. But he also went to the President with his troubles. He had never desired his present position, and he now felt that he was unfairly treated. He therefore asked to have the discontented officers dismissed. Instead of that, however, Mr. Lincoln advised Burnside himself to ask to be relieved. After some delay, Burnside reluctantly agreed to this arrangement, and he was appointed to command the Department of the Ohio. Major-General J. E. Hooker succeeded him in the Army of the Potomac. Franklin was relieved from duty. Sumner, at his own request, was transferred to the Department of the Missouri; but he never reached his new command. In the interval between his removal and his re-appointment he died at his own home in Syracuse, N.Y. Gentle, brave, and loyal, he was beloved by officers and men. He went into battle with boyish enthusiasm.

Removing his false teeth, and placing them carefully in his pocket, raising his spectacles to his forehead, he would dash into the fight with his white hair streaming in the wind, shouting, "Steady, men, steady! Don't be excited. When you have been soldiers as long as I, you will learn that this is nothing. Stand firm, and do your duty!"



FREDERICKSBURG.

That winter the soldiers made funny little huts for themselves on both sides of the river, which looked like colonies of mammoth ant-hills. The Nationals now numbered a hundred and thirteen thousand men fit for duty. Hooker soon became very popular. His discipline was excellent. In the re-organization of his army he made the cavalry force much more useful by gathering it into one corps, instead of scat-

tering it through different divisions. A system was adopted by which a man's corps and division could instantly be recognized by the badge upon his cap. That worn by the First Corps was round, or disk-shaped; that of the Second was a clover-leaf, or trefoil; the Third was a diamond; Fifth, a Maltese cross; Sixth, a plain cross; Eleventh, a new moon, or crescent; and Twelfth, a star. Each corps had three divisions. The color of the badge of the first division of every corps was red; of the second, white; and of the third, blue, — patriotic colors, made to serve a patriotic cause. The headquarters of each division was known by a square flag bearing its badge. The army was divided into seven corps, instead of three, under the command of Reynolds, Couch, Sickles, Meade, Sedgwick, Howard, and Slocum.

Just before Hooker began his movement upon Lee, which had been so long expected, he received a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, with several members of the cabinet. It was early in April. In honor of his son Tad's tenth birthday the good President had promised to take him down to see the soldiers, of whom both father and boy were so fond. Business prevented Mr. Lincoln from going at that time, but at last the day came when they really saw their wish gratified. It was a great event to the army. Officers and men joyfully prepared to receive their guests. The First Army Corps, twenty-two thousand strong, stood in line for three hours in the broiling sun, ready to be reviewed by the President. At length the carriages came in sight, escorted by a body of cavalry. But Master Tad was not going to be cooped up in a carriage — not he! With a boy about his own size for an orderly, wearing a cavalry uniform, both mounted upon ponies, the lads dashed ahead of the sober company. Tad, who was a great favorite with the soldiers, cried with all his might, "Make way, men; make way, men! Father's a-com-

ing; Father's a-coming!" Then the guns thundered forth a loud welcome, and all the bands played "Hail to the Chief;" while all the flags dipped, to salute the presidential party.

The men fell in quickly, and proudly passed in grand review. This was repeated every day. It was a glorious five-days vacation for Tad, whose little gray riding-cloak "flew like a flag or a banneret" from morning till night.

A few days later and the army was astir, making ready to advance upon Lee. Stoneman with his fine cavalry was to cross the Rappahannock at some distance above Fredericksburg, and, riding to the rear of the enemy, cut his communication with Richmond; then, while Sedgwick should cross a few miles below, and make a feint upon Fredericksburg, Hooker with his main army would cross the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, and surprise Lee. Rainy weather delayed Stoneman, so that he could not carry out his part of the programme; but the main army was safely over, and in position at Chancellorsville, eighteen miles above Fredericksburg, before the movement was suspected. Chancellorsville was not a town, but simply a large T-shaped brick house owned by a Virginian named Chancellor. The country about is a dense thicket, and is usually called the "Wilderness." General Lee was now between Sedgwick on the south, and Hooker on the north. But he had no idea of letting Sedgwick chase him pell-mell into Hooker's arms. To meet the emergency, Lee advanced toward Chancellorsville with his main army, including Stonewall Jackson's corps, leaving Early to hold the heights of Fredericksburg against Sedgwick. General Pleasanton captured a rebel despatch, showing that on the 30th of April Lee was still in Fredericksburg, uncertain which way Hooker's attack was to come from. If, then, Hooker, who was already at Chancellorsville, had "made haste, and staid not," all might have been well. Instead of advan-

cing, he waited all night, and till nearly noon of the next day, while Lee spent every hour of that precious time in fortifying the lines which Hooker wished to occupy. On Friday, May 1, Hooker moved out to attack Lee. The armies were nearly hidden from each other by the thick undergrowth. A battle took place, in which the rebels were not victorious, even if they were not defeated. Hooker withdrew, and occupied about the same position as on the day before. On Saturday morning, May 2, Lee sent Stonewall Jackson upon one of the flank movements for which he was so famous. When his column was seen marching toward the south, it was supposed that Jackson was retreating to Richmond. Lee, in the mean time, opened a cannonade upon Hooker's front. Jackson was really making a circuit of fifteen miles around the Union army to strike its flank. A little before sunset, with wild yells, at a double-quick, Jackson's advance dashed upon Howard's corps on the Union right, with such fury that they drove even the frightened animals of the wood before them. The startled and surprised Union troops of the Eleventh Corps fled like deer. Vainly did General Howard try to restore order and rally his men. As they ran, others joined them, till it seemed as if the whole army had been put to flight. General Berry, who had never failed Hooker in the hour of danger, now formed his division across a plank-road, and held it. General Pleasanton ordered Major Peter Keenan, with his Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, to charge upon the on-coming column. Both general and officer knew very well that almost certain death lay in the execution of that order, yet, with a smile on his lip, the gallant, generous major said firmly, "I will do it, General," and, with his little band of four hundred men, he charged an army of ten thousand. A few moments of precious time were gained, but Keenan never came back. Like Curtius of old, he had given his life

to save his country. Pleasanton took advantage of this momentary check to get some guns to bear upon the advancing column. Just then a Union flag was displayed by a cloud of troops that swarmed within a few yards of his batteries; and a voice cried, "Come on, we are friends!" The next moment the rebels, who had stooped to this deception, charged upon the Federals with the fury of wild men. It was now nine in the evening, and Jackson's troops fell into confusion. So he halted them on the edge of a wood, while he himself, with a small escort, rode out to reconnoitre. As he returned, his own men mistook him for an enemy, and fired upon him, inflicting three wounds, and killing several of his staff. At that moment the Union guns opened a hot fire on the road. One of Jackson's litter bearers was killed, and General A. P. Hill was wounded. As soon as General Jackson could be borne to the rear, his left arm was amputated. He was then taken to a hospital, where he was kindly cared for. He died, however, from the effect of his wounds on Sunday, May 10. In his last moments his mind wandered; and he cried, "Order Hill to prepare for battle — pass the infantry to the front — tell" — then the scene changed, and the battle-fire died out of his eyes, and saying softly, "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees," he fell asleep.

General Thomas J. Jackson was at the same time an undaunted soldier and a gentle Christian. From general to drummer-boy, his command revered and loved him. All bore testimony to his earnest piety. It used to be said that his negro-boy knew when there was going to be a battle by the time his master spent in prayer. "Gwine to be a fight, sartin," he said one morning. "Massa's been a-prayin' all night." It is also said that when Jackson ordered a charge, he always offered up the prayer, "And God have mercy on their souls!" Jackson shared his soldiers' hardships, and

SLAVES FLEEING TO THE ARMY FOR PROTECTION.*

pitied their misfortunes. Lee had lost the best general in the Confederate army.

The next morning, Sunday (May 3), General J. E. B. Stuart, at Jackson's request, took command of his army. As he opened the attack upon Sickles, the men rushed to the charge, crying, "Remember Jackson!" As on the day before, Lee assaulted on the front. Hooker was stunned early in the morning, by the shock of a cannon-ball against a pillar of the Chancellor House, upon which he was leaning. For two hours he was unconscious. Much of that time the Union army had to take care of itself, for in the confusion nobody assumed command. It has been called "a mad and desperate battle." Every general did his best: still, Meade, Howard, and Reynolds were two miles off, taking no part in it, for lack of orders. While this had been going on, Sedgwick had attacked and carried the enemy's works at Fredericksburg. He drove Early out, and put his own army between the two wings of the Confederates. He was but seven miles from Chancellorsville when Lee, hearing of his approach, promptly sent McLaws back to take care of him. In order to keep Hooker in the dark, Lee still kept up a loud firing in his front. By Monday evening Sedgwick was sorely pressed by superior numbers. During that night he escaped across the Rappahannock, by Banks's Ford, with a loss of one-fifth of his command. The next night, Tuesday (May 5), Hooker also recrossed the river, and went into his old quarters again. One more failure was set down to the account of the Army of the Potomac. Yet it was as brave an army as ever trod field of battle, and the seventeen thousand comrades left behind them were as stanch as they. Among the killed was General Berry.

While the battle of Chancellorsville had been going on, Stoneman's cavalry had made a very telling raid in the rear of Lee. They did much damage, but were too late to be

of use. Kilpatrick went even nearer Richmond than his superior officer, and carried off a Confederate officer and several men from inside the fortifications. "Who will carry the news of our success to Hooker?" asked Kilpatrick, after a march of two hundred miles into the enemy's country. "I am ready to go," answered his aide, Lieutenant Estes. With ten men he hastened across from Gloucester Point to the Rappahannock. On the way they captured a rebel lieutenant and fifteen men, whom they paroled. The river was too high to cross, so they could not go northward. By this time the militia was out, so they fled to the south. They met, captured, and paroled a Confederate major, two captains, and three men, as they escaped from their pursuers. At last they left their horses, and took to the Great Dragon Swamp. Between the militia and the bloodhounds, they were caught at last. But in a day or two Kilpatrick freed them, and captured their guards. These detached expeditions were of no serious damage to Lee: although Stoneman's entire force in one body might have injured him greatly; for Lee never carried more than two days' rations, and his supplies must come from Richmond. Indeed, the very next thing that Lee did has been accounted for by that fact. The story is told, that Lee sent to his commissary at Richmond for provisions for his army while in camp at Fredericksburg. He received the reply, "If General Lee wishes rations, let him seek them in Pennsylvania." If the story be true, Lee evidently thought Mr. Davis's advice good, for he acted upon it promptly.

Meanwhile Longstreet had been busy in trying to capture the Union garrison at Suffolk, Va., on the edge of the Dismal Swamp. But, thanks to the energy of General J. J. Peck, he failed in his attempt, and now rejoined Lee at Fredericksburg.

The first week in June, Lee sent the larger portion of his

army to Culpeper Court House. On the 9th Pleasanton, who had superseded Stoneman, was sent to reconnoitre. He met Stuart at Brandy Station, and a fierce cavalry battle was fought. Stuart claimed the victory; but Pleasanton had done just what he most wished, — he had crippled Stuart, discovered the enemy, and found out his strength. General W. F. H. Lee, a son of General Robert E. Lee, was here wounded, and taken prisoner.

Ewell was rapidly advancing down the Shenandoah Valley to the north. General Milroy, who commanded the post of Winchester, got the news from a captured scout; but, before he could withdraw to Harper's Ferry, the garrisons from two weaker posts came in, who were too weary to go farther. Milroy would not leave them, so all must remain. Yet all together could not withstand Lee's army. There was but one day's rations, and the ammunition was nearly out. Ewell's advance fell upon Milroy on the 15th of June. After severe fighting, darkness ended the unequal struggle. That night, after spiking his guns, and throwing his ammunition into the cisterns, Milroy and his men moved silently out of Winchester. They were pursued, and many were captured; but the greater number reached Harper's Ferry in safety. Lee was now master of the Shenandoah Valley.

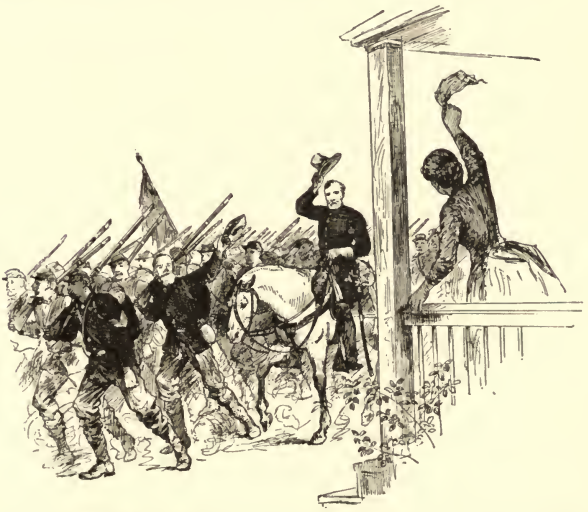
By this time the loyal States in the North were wide awake to their danger, and they began to cry loudly for militia to resist a second invasion. Mr. Lincoln called for one hundred and twenty thousand men to meet the present crisis. Hooker had already started in pursuit of Lee. As soon as he broke camp, and was fairly out of the way, the rebel General Hill was at liberty to leave Fredericksburg, and follow him. Away they all went. Jenkins, with his rebel cavalry, led the way (look at it on your map), through Winchester, Williamsport, Chambersburg, away up to Carlisle in Pennsylvania. Do you wonder that the citizens of Har-

risburg and Philadelphia trembled? Jenkins filled them with dismay. He freely helped himself to horses, cattle, any thing that he needed; but he paid for it freely in worthless Confederate bank-notes. Such money became quite too plentiful in Chambersburg. On one occasion Jenkins complained of some loss which had befallen him, and demanded his pay from the city. He was promptly paid with his Confederate money.

Hooker, in the mean time, had advanced as far as Manassas; but, not daring to leave Washington unprotected, he could go no farther until he found out what Lee was going to do. Such a mixed-up affair as it all was! As soon as the Confederate army was withdrawn from before Richmond, General Dix advanced upon the rebel Capital from the direction of Yorktown and the Chickahominy. On the 15th of June the Union troops were within fifteen miles of Richmond. Its inhabitants suffered the utmost terror, and wished to recall Lee; but every able-bodied citizen rallied to the defence of the Capital, and Dix abandoned his position.

Lee had now penetrated so far into the north that Washington was no longer in danger, so Hooker moved forward also. He crossed the Potomac, and hastened to Frederick. Thinking that the large garrison at Harper's Ferry was no longer needed there, he asked permission to add it to the main army. Halleck positively refused; and Hooker, in a very disgusted state of mind, resigned his command. It was promptly accepted, and Major-General George Gordon Meade succeeded him. No sooner had Meade the opportunity than he broke up the post of Harper's Ferry, and ordered its garrison to the main army; but no notice was taken of this act. All this time Lee supposed the Union army to be south of the Potomac. When he discovered that it was so near, he turned back, to make a stand at Gettysburg. Meade at the same time was on his way to the same place.

Gettysburg is surrounded by several lines of hills or ridges. Seminary Ridge begins at the south and west of the town, running north of a little way above it; then, trending away to the north-east, it makes a circuit, coming up on the east side in a loop, resembling the letter "P." Cemetery Ridge lies south of the town, parallel with the lower end of Seminary Ridge, ending at the south in two hills called Round Top



ONE YOUNG LADY WAVED HER HANDKERCHIEF AS THEY PASSED.

and Little Round Top. The upper end of Cemetery Ridge nearest to Gettysburg is called Cemetery Hill. And not far away to the east is Culp's Hill. A great many country roads centre at Gettysburg, a pretty country town of three thousand inhabitants. The place seemed deserted as the Union troops came through. Not a person was visible, except one young lady, who waved her handkerchief from a porch as they passed. The men gave her three hearty cheers for the

welcome she had given them. Nearly all the men of Gettysburg had run away at the first sound of alarm; but, when the time of need came, the women were, as a rule, very kind. John Burns, an old soldier of 1812, was an honorable exception of loyalty. When the war sounds were growing pretty loud, his wife, seeing that he was trying to clean up his old gun, asked him what he was going to do. "Oh, I didn't know but the boys might want to go a-hunting," was the guarded answer. When she saw him take it down as the Union army was passing, she asked, "Where are you going, John?"—"Going to see what is going on," John replied. He found out before very long; for he joined a Wisconsin regiment, and fought well until he was wounded.

The first fighting occurred on the morning of Wednesday, July 1. Neither army knew that the other was so near. Reynolds's corps was in advance; but the main Union army was at Pipe-Clay Creek, about twenty-five miles south. Buford's cavalry was attacked by General A. P. Hill, west of Seminary Ridge. Reynolds heard the firing, and hurried forward, but was killed very soon after he arrived on the battle-field. Howard, as next in rank, succeeded Reynolds in command. He was driven back by superior numbers, and retreated to Cemetery Hill; which position he afterward steadily held. Lee's army then entered the town. That night General Hancock superseded Howard by order of General Meade. Late in the afternoon the assault had been so violent, that it decided the day for the Confederates. Toward the close of the battle, an officer of the Sixth Wisconsin approached his commander with firm step and tightly shut lips. Making a great effort to speak, he said, "Tell them at home that I died like a man and a soldier." Then baring his breast, he showed a cruel wound and dropped dead. The Union army slept on their arms in the cemetery that night. Before morning the main army,

THE COLOR-BEARER.

excepting Sedgwick's corps, arrived, and took position along Cemetery Hill.

Stretched along the crest of Seminary Ridge, about a mile away, hidden by the trees, lay the rebel army. Skirmishing began in the morning; but until noon, July 2, there was not much system or effect in the firing. About two in the afternoon Sedgwick's corps came in, and was placed in reserve behind Little Round Top; and at four o'clock, the entire Confederate line advanced, Ewell on our right, Hill in the centre, and Longstreet at the left. Longstreet fell upon Sickles, whose line was in front of the ridge of Peach Orchard. Although their leader lost his leg, and was carried off the field, Sickles's troops fought well, yielding only inch by inch, when overwhelmed by superior numbers. Wright's Georgian rebels fought desperately. They reached the very crest of the ridge, but, being unsupported, were forced to retire. As they came on, a Union battery was limbered up, and galloped off. "The last gun was delayed. The cannoneer, with a long line of muskets pointing at him, deliberately drove off the field. The Georgians manifested their admiration for his bravery by crying, 'Don't shoot!' And not a musket was fired at him. Battery men clubbed their rammers and handspikes, and even used stones to repel the attack, rather than desert their beloved guns."

All this time Hood had been trying to get Little Round Top, which, oddly enough, was not occupied at all. General Warren, one of Meade's staff, seeing the danger of letting such a position fall into the enemy's hands, ordered a brigade to hold it. The battle became furious. Bayonets were resorted to, and even stones were used in this hand-to-hand engagement. Four Union officers were killed in defending the crest of Little Round Top. At last General Crawford's Pennsylvania Reserves charged upon the rebels, who swarmed like bees around its base, with such violence, that they

drove the enemy over a stone fence and beyond a wheat-field. Little Round Top was fortified and defended. Hood having been wounded, Longstreet had led the last attack in person. In the mean while, the enemy's left had made a vigorous assault upon Howard at Cemetery Hill. The fierce and bloody battle did not cease till ten o'clock at night, yet the enemy had not been repulsed. On Friday, July 3, very early, Lee again opened the battle. During the morning it continued, with heavy loss to both armies. At one o'clock the rebel guns along Seminary Ridge were trained upon Cemetery Hill. Until three the firing was kept up. Meade's headquarters were completely riddled. The graves were dug up, and the headstones broken. Still the Union soldiers managed to shelter themselves in hollows, and behind rocks and trees, so as not to suffer much harm. At length, supposing that he had silenced Meade's guns, Lee steadily advanced his troops upon the Union lines. They came on as handsomely as if they had been on dress-parade, and moved across the space which lay between the two ridges. As the long lines reached the plain, the Union guns poured a deadly fire upon them. The men only drew the closer to fill up the gaps. Expecting to meet green troops hiding behind the trenches, they came boldly within musket-range, when up sprang the Union veterans, and burst forth with such a volley, that the rebels no longer doubted that the Army of the Potomac was waiting for them. Away went Pettigrew's Carolinians, without waiting for orders; and Wilcox could not rally Hill's corps to the front. So Pickett was left alone with his Virginia veterans, who loved the smell of gunpowder. Not even wavering for an instant, they ploughed through the galling fire, up the side of Cemetery Hill, over the wall, until they were face to face with the Union army. Orders were useless. Officers and men alike fought desperately. The Stars and Stripes almost touched

"WITH A HURRAH, THEY RUSH ON."

the Stars and Bars. At last Pickett alone, of all the rebel generals, was left. There was one final shock. Custer against Wade Hampton, sabre to sabre — and it was over. Some ran away; some surrendered. The ground was heaped with the dying and the dead. General Hancock was wounded, and borne away on a litter. But Gettysburg was won for the Union. The cavalry had behaved with dauntless courage through all the fight; and Stannard's Vermont regiment, though raw troops, had fought like veterans. It was a heavy blow to Lee. He had gained nothing: he had lost much — too much; for thirty thousand of his brave men had fallen.

That night, after the sound of the battle had ceased, the bands played "The Star-Spangled Banner;" and the Union soldiers answered with hearty cheers as they lay upon their arms. The whole town of Gettysburg was turned into a hospital. The Sanitary and Christian Commissions provided every thing that could relieve the sufferings of the wounded, or tempt the appetite of the sick. Among the contributions, Canadaigua, N.Y., sent a quantity of cologne, which the sick desired and enjoyed more than delicacies of food. There was no "lack of woman's nursing," nor "dearth of woman's tears." Confederate and Union soldiers shared alike in the comforts of the hospitals.

After the battle, Army Chaplain Eastman, of the Seventy-Second New-York, lay wounded on the field. He suffered intolerably. As he lay thinking, he heard a voice saying, "O my God!" He tried to go to the poor fellow; but his wound was in his knee, and he could not rise. At last it occurred to him that he could roll over and over to the place, and he did so. He reached the dying man, and prayed with him. At that moment a messenger came for him to go to a line-officer who wanted to see him. He could not walk, and so he was carried. And all night long

this brave, good man was borne in the soldiers' arms over the battle-field, ministering to the dying. Poor General Barlow, with a thousand others, was left, wounded, in the hands of the enemy. His wife braved all kinds of dangers, and at last made her way to him through the Confederate lines.

All night, after the battle, Lee was getting his trains ready for retreat. At dawn he was under way. Think of the miseries of the wounded, jolting along in crowded ambulances, with nothing to eat or drink! There was a feeling at the North, that, after the sacrifice of so many men, Lee ought to have been followed and beaten again. He was indeed followed, but not until he was quite out of danger of being caught. The Union loss had been twenty-three thousand. General Meade and the horse he rode that day were both wounded. The animal, "Old Baldy," had belonged to General Baker, who rode him in the first battle of Bull Run. General Meade used him in the seven-days' battles near Richmond, and in the second battle of Bull Run, where the horse was wounded in the hind-leg. At Antietam he was wounded again. After that battle General Meade's groom found "Old Baldy" browsing about the field as if nothing had happened. Neither did he nor his master suffer much from this wound.

A girl named Jennie Wade was killed in her own house, while baking bread for the Union soldiers. Twenty years after, her mother applied for a pension, on the ground that she lost her daughter at the battle of Gettysburg. Another woman lived very near the battle-field, and, when asked if she was not afraid, she answered, "Well, no. You see, we was a-bakin' bread around here for soldiers, and we had our dough a-risin'. The neighbors, they run into their cellars; but I couldn't leave my bread. I stood a-workin' till the third shell come through, and then I went down cellar; but

I left my bread in the oven." — "Why didn't you go before?" — "Oh! you see if I had, the rebels'd have come in, and daubed the dough all over the place."

John Burns was left wounded on the field. He wore no tell-tale uniform, so it was impossible to find out on which side he had been fighting. After asking many questions, which the old man managed to evade, the rebels who found him sent him to his home, where he was afterwards visited by many Northern people.

Lee's Gettysburg campaign had been a failure. His loss amounted to about thirty thousand men; and more than twenty-seven thousand guns had been left behind, which he could illy afford to lose. He recrossed the Potomac, followed by Meade as far as Culpeper Court-House. Lee then crossed the Rapidan; so that the two armies were in much the same geographical position that they held when Pope began his Virginia campaign one year before.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### VICKSBURG.

EARLY in November, General Grant began an advance movement, with a view to the capture of Vicksburg. Your map will show you that the opposing armies were then pretty near each other. Grant had seized Bolivar and Grand Junction, midway between Corinth and Memphis; while Pemberton, who had succeeded Van Dorn, was at Holly Springs. As Grant advanced, however, Pemberton retreated. On the same day, Dec. 5, Grant moved forward to Oxford, and Pemberton retired behind the Tallahatchie River. As the Union lines were drawn between Pemberton and Memphis, where his supplies came from, it became a serious question with him how to get provisions. That such supplies continued to be received by the Confederates was well known. And how, also, it was managed came to light. One day Sherman and his staff were riding across the country, when they saw an unusually good-looking wagon; and, as he was always in need of wagons, Sherman ordered the quartermaster to look after it. The officer immediately fell behind, and after a few moments he re-appeared. "What luck?" asked Sherman. "All right," was the answer. "I have secured that, and I have got another also." When the quartermaster had returned to the farmhouse to ask about the wagon, the farmer said that it belonged to "a party in Memphis," and that there was also another in the barn. Upon going to the barn, they found there a plumed city

GENERAL SHERMAN.

hearse, containing a coffin full of medicines for Van Dorn's army. Funeral processions were looked upon, after that, with suspicion, when they attempted to pass the Union lines.

Grant's plan for taking Vicksburg was now complete, and there seemed to be no reason why it should fail. General Sherman was to go down the river from Memphis, taking re-enforcements at Helena, Ark., under the escort of Admiral D. D. Porter. Sherman was to make a river attack, surprising Vicksburg. Grant, in the mean time, was to hold Pemberton in check, or follow him if he should retreat toward Vicksburg, where Sherman would be awaiting Grant. General Halleck requested General Banks to send Admiral Farragut with a fleet to co-operate with them. But grown-up people, as well as boys, sometimes get the tail of their kite too long, and it seldom happens that naval and land forces are able to arrange their plans to work together with advantage. In this case a most unfortunate circumstance came near defeating the whole expedition. Sherman carried out his instructions as promptly as possible, leaving Memphis on the 20th of December. General Grant made Holly Springs his base of supplies, and Colonel Murphy was stationed there with sufficient force to hold it. About the middle of December, Van Dorn swept over the country in a fearless raid, capturing Murphy without the least resistance. Although he had been warned of the coming danger, Murphy had taken no steps to protect his stores. But, while their commander was so ready to give up, his men behaved well, and indignantly refused to be paroled. So the rebels burned the storehouses, containing medicines, provisions, clothing, and ammunition to the amount of more than one million of dollars. General Grant was thus deprived of the supplies of all kinds, upon which he had depended for the use of his army. The commander of the garrison at Holly Springs

was the same Colonel R. C. Murphy who fled from Iuka. He was immediately dismissed the service.

At the same time Forrest's cavalry dashed through the same region, cutting railroads and telegraph-wires. For two weeks General Grant had no food for his army, excepting what he could pick up, while for one week he could communicate neither with the North nor with Sherman. This misfortune was a sudden check to Grant. It forced him to turn back, and make the weary march to Memphis. In the mean time, General McClernand had obtained from the President the appointment of commander of the river expedition. But Sherman was off before receiving this news. As the little flotilla passed Helena, it took on board General F. Steele's division, increasing Sherman's command to thirty-three thousand men. As had been arranged, Admiral Porter's gunboat fleet escorted the expedition.

Vicksburg stands on the outside of an elbow which is made by one of the sharp turns of the Mississippi. A line of bluffs called the Walnut Hills rises on the east bank of the river, and extends a long way above and below the town. At Vicksburg these bluffs leave the river, turning to the north-east. Twelve miles farther north, where they meet the Yazoo, they bear the name of Haines' Bluff. Following the winding Mississippi from Memphis down to the mouth of the Yazoo, the Union fleet steamed up that river, and assaulted the enemy's works at Chickasaw Bluffs, at the north of Vicksburg. But the attempt was unsuccessful; and Sherman's loss was heavy, one brigade alone losing one-third of its whole number. Sherman withdrew, and at the mouth of the Yazoo River he met General McClernand with the news that he was to command the Mississippi expedition. Sherman also learned, for the first time, of Grant's disaster. This accounted for the re-enforcements which Sherman had seen pouring into Vicksburg as he lay

encamped on the Yazoo. Now that Grant had been checked, of course Pemberton had been left free to bring his troops to the defence of the town.

On the 4th of January, 1863, General McClernand assumed command, giving his troops the name of the Army of the

A MISSISSIPPI SCHOOLHOUSE.

Mississippi. Expected supplies for the Union army having failed to arrive, it was discovered that they were captured at the mouth of the Arkansas River. General Sherman therefore proposed to McClernand to pay a visit to Arkansas Post, where the mischief was done. The advice was promptly acted upon. The army, convoyed by gunboats, moved up the Mississippi to the mouth of the White River, and thence,

through a cut-off, to the Arkansas. Going up the Arkansas a little way, they came to Fort Hindman, or Arkansas Post as it is usually called, and opened fire upon it. At last, when the troops were preparing to take the works by assault, the fort surrendered. The prize for this undertaking was five thousand Confederate prisoners and a large quantity of stores and ammunition. Leaving a small force here, the Union army returned to Milliken's Bend, where Grant, in person, took command of the whole army. The troops were set at work at once to finish the canal begun by Williams in the preceding June. While this was going on, Grant began to cast about for some way, not yet tried, to reach Vicksburg from the north. Another canal was begun at Lake Providence, seven miles above the town. After weeks of hard work, it was finished, but was soon given up. A third canal was opened at Moon Lake, still farther north, and shared the same fate.

At length Grant conceived the idea of pushing his troops down the west shore to a point below Vicksburg, to run his gunboats past the Vicksburg batteries, and, using them to cross the river, to reach Vicksburg from the south and rear. When it was known that the gunboats were to run the batteries, the whole army would have volunteered to undertake the dangerous task. One still, cloudy evening about the middle of April, seven gunboats, three transports, and ten barges moved down the river in silent procession. They were so protected by cotton-bales and hay, that they scarcely looked like boats. Admiral Porter, in the flagship Benton, led the way. Vicksburg was dark. Suddenly, just as the fleet was in front of the city, the whole hillside blazed with lights. The signal-gun had been fired, rockets were sent up, and bonfires lighted, until even the court-house clock could be seen. Out blazed the rebel cannon, and the national guns gave answer. The roar was deafening. But

under cover of the smoke and noise, without the loss of a single life, the flotilla ran safely by. One transport was lost, and two men were wounded. It was a grand idea, and had been so nobly carried out, that, ten days later, six wooden transport-steamers, without escort of gunboats, ran the blockade of the Vicksburg batteries. Captain Oliver commanded, and the Tigress led the fleet. Laden with cotton, provisions, and forage, with barrels of water, and hose to use if necessary, the boats noiselessly drifted with the current down the river. Not a light was seen, no steam escaped. Yet, just as before, a picket-boat betrayed them to the watchers on Vicksburg Heights, and they also ran the gantlet of the terrible fire. Every steamer received some injury. The Tigress and six barges were lost. One man was killed, and eight were wounded. The whole fleet had now passed the batteries, and soon arrived at New Carthage, where General McClernand's troops were in waiting. The march across the country had been difficult, but nothing less than impossible things could stop Union soldiers.

While these slow movements were being made, Colonel B. H. Grierson, under Grant's orders, led a gallant little army through the enemy's country from Tennessee to Louisiana. His object was to cut the rebel lines of communication, to annoy General Pemberton, and to keep him busy, and to destroy all of the enemy's property that they could lay their hands upon. The march was long, and full of dangers. They passed themselves off as Van Dorn's cavalry. One day they rode through a swamp eight miles long, where the water was so high that twenty of their horses were drowned. They had very little difficulty, however, in "borrowing" enough horses from loyal Confederates to repair their loss. They once rode forty-eight hours without resting, except long enough for their horses to take breath. When they reached Baton Rouge, at the beginning of May,

these brave fellows were thoroughly worn out. Many of them even fell asleep in their saddles. But the cheers of the troops who were expecting them must have waked them up; for never was heartier welcome given, or better earned. Colonel Grierson and his trusty soldiers had ridden eight hundred miles in sixteen days, taken five hundred prisoners, and destroyed four million dollars' worth of rebel property.

General Grant had found the crossing at New Carthage impracticable. He therefore moved as far down the river as Hard Times, just above Grand Gulf. Admiral Porter then opened fire upon the rebel batteries at Grand Gulf, but, failing to silence them, withdrew; and McClernand marched his troops about three miles farther down the river. That night, under cover of the mortar-boats, Porter's transports and gunboats passed the batteries at Grand Gulf. In the morning of April 30 Grant's troops began to cross the river. Not an hour was to be lost. The crossing began at daylight. Every gunboat and transport was used to ferry over the eighteen thousand men. Like the Greeks who stripped themselves for a race, "laying aside every weight," so Grant's army left behind every ounce of extra baggage in this famous crossing. The baggage of even the Commander-in-Chief was said to have consisted of "a pipe, a tobacco-pouch, and a tooth-brush." The landing was made at Bruinsburg. The same night the army pushed on to Port Gibson. General Johnston, who had been wounded on the Chickahominy the year before, was now commander of all the Confederate forces on the Mississippi. He was aware of Grant's movement, and ordered General J. S. Bowen out to meet the Nationals. In a severe battle near Port Gibson, after a gallant defence, Bowen was defeated. On May 2 the Union army entered the town, and, as Grand Gulf was deserted at the same time; Grant at once made it his depot of supplies.

Sherman, who had been left at Milliken's Bend, was ordered to make a feint upon Haines's Bluff when Grant's army crossed the Mississippi, in order to distract Johnston's attention from its movements. A "feint," you know, is a make-believe. So by pretending that the whole National army was to attack this point in the rear of Vicksburg, which was the key to that city, General Sherman took the rebel mind from Grant. It must be explained that the Confederate army was stretched from Haines's Bluff to Grand Gulf. Sherman, having accomplished his task, now rejoined Grant, and the army moved on again. Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, lies directly to the east of Vicksburg, at the junction of two important lines of railway. Grant now hastened thither to scatter the force which Johnston was gathering there, to break up railroad and telegraph connection with Vicksburg, and to secure supplies.

McPherson was ordered to go by the way of Raymond. Logan's division, which was in advance, met a stout resistance. After a brisk action, lasting two or three hours, the Confederates were repulsed, and abandoned the field. Grant now moved quickly upon Jackson. No very serious resistance was met till Crocker's division attempted to cross a deep cut near Jackson, when the rebels made a determined stand; but a charge, with cheers and fixed bayonets, drove them at last in confusion into their works. The Nationals continued to advance without hindrance, to find the town nearly deserted. The governor and many of the citizens had fled. Grant and a party of officers were the first to enter the town. His son Fred, who had followed his father's fortunes in this campaign, put spurs to his horse, and rode into the rebel capital ahead of them all. That night the Union flag was hoisted over the State House, and Grant occupied the house which had been Johnston's headquarters the night before. Sherman was left at Jackson to destroy

rebel property, while the main army turned to attack Pemberton, then advancing from Vicksburg. The result was the battle of Champion Hills on the 16th of May, really fought and won by McPherson's corps. It has been said, that, if McClernand had shown half as much energy as McPherson and his three division commanders, every man in Pemberton's army might have been captured. The Confederates lost General Tilghman, who surrendered Fort Donelson to Grant. Pemberton's army was routed, and hastily fell back to Bridgeport, on the Big Black River. The night after the battle of Champion Hills, an incident took place which shows to what straits our hungry soldiers were sometimes pushed. Although General Grant did not allow his men to help themselves to what did not belong to them, his strict orders were sometimes evaded.

A hungry soldier set out to find something for his supper. He soon returned to his tent, bringing a side of bacon, a bag of corn-meal, and (only fancy what a luxury !) a pitcher of molasses. After such a good meal as they had not enjoyed for many a day, his comrade chanced to pass headquarters, and was surprised to hear a woman's voice. He stopped and listened. He was just in time to hear her say, "Yes, it was one of your soldiers. I could tell him anywheres. He was the shortest man ever I see." — "But my soldiers would not be guilty of such a thing," the general replied. "Well, you just give me an officer to show me around, and I'll pick him out. I'd know my blue-edged, broken-nosed pitcher anywheres," she answered. "Very well," said the general, and gave the order. The listener waited no longer. He hurried back to his tent, dug a hole in the ground with his bayonet, dropped the pitcher in, and covered it up. He then told the forager, who was indeed the shortest man in his regiment, to hide in the canebrake close by till the woman had examined their quarters. He was not a moment

too soon. Hardly had the man disappeared, when she and her escort entered the tent, and, after carefully looking about her, passed on to another.

The next morning, Sunday, May 17, Grant attacked the Confederates in their works on the Big Black. General M. K. Lawlor executed a gallant charge that day, which sent the rebels flying in every direction. Seventeen hundred prisoners were taken. Although they threw away their arms, and left their artillery behind them, the rebels succeeded in burning their bridges; the only thing which prevented Grant's army from chasing them into Vicksburg. The pontoon-trains were with Sherman in the rear; but that night Colonel Hickenlooper, McPherson's chief engineer, cleverly built a bridge of cotton-bales, over which the troops eagerly pressed in the morning. As soon as he arrived, Sherman threw his pontoons across the Big Black; and before daylight his command, too, had safely passed over. By ten o'clock he was within three miles and a half of Vicksburg, between it and Haines's Bluff. Grant and Sherman rode side by side to the top of the Walnut Hills, and looked down upon the Union fleet in the Yazoo River. Commodore Porter was on the Yazoo that morning when he was startled by the sound of cannon. Taking his field-glass, he saw men on the hills in the rear of Vicksburg. Were they friends, or foes? He almost doubted his own eyes. They were Sherman's troops, bearing the flag that he loved to see. Look again! They were signalling to him. You remember, that, by the way of the Yazoo, one could gain the back of Vicksburg. When he arrived at Haines's Bluff, he found that Sherman had already captured the outer works, and the Confederates were leaving them. Porter said afterward that he had never seen such a network of forts. The rebels had now given up all outworks, and withdrawn within the defences of Vicksburg. On the 19th a general assault was made, Sher-

man on the right, McPherson in the centre, and McClernand on the left. After a hot encounter without success, for the rebels fought well, the Union troops fell back. The next two days were spent in establishing connection with the Yazoo. No doubt the tired troops were glad to rest, for it was evident that it would be no boys' play to reduce Vicksburg. On the morning of May 22, at ten o'clock, another assault all along the line was ordered. To make sure that every gun should blaze out at the same instant, all the corps commanders set their watches with General Grant's. With a rush the whole line advanced, only to be beaten back. The struggle was fearful. A fort is always surrounded by a ditch. A storming-party of one hundred and fifty volunteers formed the forlorn hope which was to cross the ditch, and scale the parapet. Provided with poles and boards for the crossing, at the given signal the party ran forward at full speed, closely followed by Ewing's brigade. The ditch was passed, the flag was planted on the parapet; but the bodies of that brave band almost closed up the way before the troops who pressed on to their support. Something happened that day which shall be given in General Sherman's own words; for it shows not only a small boy's courage, but a great soldier's gentleness. "When the battle of Vicksburg was at its height, on the 22d of May, and I was on foot, near the road which formed my line of attack, a young lad came up to me, wounded and bleeding, with a good healthy boy's cry, 'General Sherman, send some cartridges to Colonel Malmborg. The men are all out.' — 'What is the matter, my boy?' I asked. 'They shot me in the leg, sir; but I can go to the hospital. Send the cartridges right away.' Even where we stood, the shot fell thick; and I told him to go to the rear at once, I would attend to the cartridges. And off he limped. Just before he disappeared over the hill, he turned and called out, as loud as he could, 'Caliber 54!'"

PLANTING THE FLAG AT VICKSBURG.

And then this kind-hearted, busy man adds in his report his opinion that such a faithful boy, wounded and so young, would "make a man," which was high praise from such a source. This was one of the hardest fought battles of the campaign. At last the colors of the Hundred and Thirtieth Illinois were planted on the counterscarp, or inner wall; but so deadly was the rain of bullets, that the Nationals could get no farther. The colors floated there all day, neither side being able to secure them. Of the thirty thousand Union men engaged in the second assault, one-tenth were killed or wounded. But the assault had failed. "A soldier left on the battle-field that night begged piteously for water; and, being near the Confederate intrenchments, his cries were all directed to the Confederate soldiers. The firing was heaviest where the boy lay, and it was at the risk of life for any one to go near him. Yet a Confederate soldier asked and obtained leave to carry water to him, and stood and fanned him while he drank from the heroic soldier's canteen."

Grant now began to prepare for a siege. The enemy, in the mean time, prepared to hold out. Their rations were cut down to fourteen ounces and a half for each person. We must remember that not soldiers alone occupied the besieged town, but women and children lived in it, hiding in caves dug in the hillsides; for Vicksburg was called "the city of a hundred hills." Flour reached a thousand dollars a barrel in Confederate money. Mule-meat was a dollar a pound. Horses were fed on corn-tops. No supplies could be brought in, and all communication with the outside world was cut off. When the Union army entered the town, the following bill of fare was found in the rebel camp: —

HOTEL DE VICKSBURG.

BILL OF FARE FOR JULY, 1863.

*Soup.*

Mule-tail.

*Boiled.*

Mule Bacon, with Poke Greens. Mule Ham, canvassed.

*Roast.*

Mule Sirloin.

*Entrées.*

Mule Head, stuffed and jerked. Mule Liver, hashed and fricasseed.

*Jellies.*

Mule-foot.

*Pastry.*

China-berry Tart. Cottonwood-berry Pie. Pea-meal Pudding.

*Dessert.*

White-oak Acorns. Beechnuts.
Blackberry-leaf Tea. Genuine Confederate Coffee.

Parties arriving by the river, or Grant's Inland Route, will find Grape, Canister, & Co.'s carriages at the landing, or any depot on the line of intrenchments.

Even the dogs moaned and whined about the streets, howling when a shell exploded. To add to the horrors of the siege, Grant began to dig mines, through the hills, under the town. In these, powder was placed, and fired by means of a fuze. The Confederates also resorted to this mode of

warfare, making counter-mines, thus keeping the wretched inhabitants of the town in a state of constant terror. Every day Porter shelled the city, and every night the sky was red with the glow of his mortars. Yet the rebels held out, despite hunger and sickness, and failing ammunition. For forty-seven long days and longer nights the siege lasted. Surrounded on all sides, the Nationals pressing their lines closer every day, an assault hourly expected, and with thirty-one thousand hungry soldiers crowded into the town, their case grew daily more desperate.

Now and then, it is true, messengers from Johnston succeeded in reaching Vicksburg; but they were usually captured by the Nationals. On one occasion Johnston called for volunteers to carry despatches to Pemberton. A man presented himself. Entering the Yazoo in a small boat, he rowed to the Mississippi. Here he left the boat, and hid in the wood till dark. He then took off all his clothing, and rolled it tightly, with the letters, in a bundle which he fastened to a plank. Then he jumped into the Mississippi, and in the darkness drifted with it down the stream, past the Union fleet, two miles below Vicksburg, reaching Pemberton in safety.

Finally General Grant made up his mind to make one more assault. Seeing that he was getting ready to do so, General Pemberton asked Grant to meet him under a flag of truce. At three o'clock one afternoon, under an oak-tree, these two men came face to face, and talked — does it seem strange? — they even shook hands. They were accompanied by several officers. On both sides, the works were crowded with unarmed men hanging over the parapets, and looking on. Pemberton asked Grant on what terms he would accept his surrender. "Those that were expressed in my letter this morning," Grant replied. "If this be all, the conference must terminate, and hostilities be resumed im-

mediately," Pemberton answered haughtily. "Very well," said Grant, and turned away. After a little more conversation by themselves, and some talk between their officers, they separated. The next morning, at ten o'clock of the 4th of July, 1863, Pemberton surrendered; and Grant's army celebrated the day by writing "Vicksburg" on their banners.

It was a piteous sight to see the long lines of ragged, half-starved, brave but beaten soldiers, as they marched out of the town, stacked their arms before their conquerors, laid their colors upon them, and then returned within the lines, prisoners-of-war. Thirty-one thousand men, of whom more than two thousand were officers, and one hundred and seventy-two cannon, thus fell into Union hands, — "the largest capture of men and materiel ever made in war."

Grant's loss in the entire campaign had been about ten thousand. It was a proud moment to the young and gallant Colonel William E. Strong, of General McPherson's staff, when he flung out to the breeze from the court-house of Vicksburg the garrison-flag of the Seventeenth Corps. A few hours later McPherson's corps, headed by Logan's division, entered the town; and from the same lofty height hung the torn and bullet-riddled battle-flag of the Forty-Fifth Illinois. It had well won the honor. Grant with his staff, and McPherson with his, rode at the head of the column, and went at once to seek Pemberton, whom they found seated with his generals; and, although they saluted the Federal commander, no chair was offered him until he had been kept standing for some minutes. The boasted courtesy of Southern gentlemen deserted the Confederate chiefs when it would have become them well. Grant said that he was thirsty, but no one offered to get water for him. After groping about in a dark passage, he found a negro at last, who gave him a cup of water. In his absence

some one had taken his seat, and no other was offered him. After half an hour's conversation Grant took his leave, and rode to the river to find Admiral Porter. The Union army now entered the town. Rations were issued to the lean and hungry prisoners during the week that elapsed before their release. A Union soldier fainted from fatigue, or joy, as he entered Vicksburg. When he recovered, a ragged Confederate was leaning over him, squeezing the juice of some fruit into his mouth. "How long is it since *you* had a square meal?" asked the "Yank." "Three days," was the answer. "Well, there is my haversack, with three days' cooked rations. Help yourself," said the Union soldier. And the man did "fall to" with such an appetite that there was no reason to doubt his word.

The war-eagle, "Old Abe," behaved like a hero in the siege of Vicksburg, flapping his wings, and shrieking as if he were cheering his comrades to the fight. He was present at the surrender, and it is a pity that he could not have known what "victory" meant.

The Rebellion was stunned, not killed, by the defeat of its two great armies; for the same day which saw the Stars and Stripes wave from the court-house at Vicksburg saw also its folds flung out in triumph on the hills of Gettysburg. Two battles had been fought and won for the Union.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### ON MANY WATERS.

THE surrender of Vicksburg settled the fate of Port Hudson. At that time General Banks was in command of the Department of the Gulf with headquarters at New Orleans, and Admiral Farragut controlled the naval fleet in the Lower Mississippi. Banks learned that the Confederate garrisons at Vicksburg and Port Hudson were receiving supplies by way of the Red River, which enters the Mississippi midway between the two towns. Of course, if this were continued, the siege of either town might be carried on for years: so it was determined to run the batteries of Port Hudson, and blockade the Red River. Colonel Ellet had passed the Vicksburg batteries in February, for the same purpose; but one of his boats was disabled on the way, and the other was afterward destroyed in the Red River.

The night chosen for Farragut's undertaking was as dark as a pocket. No lights could be used on board the vessels; but the decks and gun-carriages were whitewashed, while the stands of shot and shell were left black. The effect was wonderful: objects stood out in clear relief, and yet through the darkness the vessels could not be seen from shore. Early in the morning of March 14 Farragut anchored a little way below Port Hudson, and kept up a lively bombardment all day. General Banks at the same time attacked in the rear with his land-forces, so that Farragut's design might not be suspected. That night, at nine o'clock, at a red signal from

the flag-ship Hartford, eight war-vessels started on their perilous journey, under cover of fire from the mortar-boats, which were to remain below the batteries. Scarcely were they off, before they were discovered and fired upon.

Admiral Farragut's only son, who was paying him a visit, stood by his side. The fleet-surgeon begged that the lad be allowed to go below and assist him in the care of the wounded, where the danger would be less. "No, that will not do," answered the Admiral. "It is true that our only child is on board by chance, and he is not in the service; but, being here, he will act as one of my *aides*, to assist in carrying my orders during battle, and we will trust in Providence and the fortunes of war."

"Who could fail, with him?
Who could reckon of life or limb?
Not a pulse but beat the higher!
There had you seen, by the starlight dim,
Five hundred faces strong and grim —
The Flag is going under fire!
Right up by the fort, with her helm hard-a-port,
The Hartford is going under fire."

Like all the larger river-towns, Port Hudson is situated on a bend. But just at the turning-point the channel narrows, which would seem to promise complete protection to the town, since the passage of the Union fleet could only be made with the utmost danger to itself. Nevertheless, the Hartford fearlessly pushed her way up the stream, past the enemy's batteries, which opened their hottest fire upon her. One after another, all the vessels that followed the flag-ship were disabled or destroyed, except the Albatross alone. That gallant ship and her leader, the Hartford, only got safely through; but all made a noble fight. Farragut's loss was much greater than was Grant's afterward in running the batteries at Vicksburg. Lieutenant-Commander Cummings stood on the deck of the Richmond,

with a speaking-trumpet in his hand, when a shower of shot flattened it, and at the same moment a fragment of shell took off his leg. As he fell, he said, "Send my letters to my wife, boys. Tell her that I fell doing my duty." When he was carried down to the surgeon's room, he glanced around, and said, "If there be any here hurt worse than I, let them be attended to first." Soon after, a noise of escaping steam startled the group; for it told them that the engine was struck. Commander Cummings exclaimed, "Get her by the batteries, boys, get her by the batteries, and the rebels may have the other leg!"

Farragut was now assisted in his Red River expedition by four gunboats from Porter's fleet. They succeeded in putting a stop to rebel supplies, but no attempt was made to capture Port Hudson till the latter part of May. Neither side, however, spent those two months in idleness. While General Banks was making arrangements to invest the town, the Confederates were strengthening their position in every imaginable way. To "invest," in a military sense, is to surround by a force large enough to keep a garrison inside.

The first assault upon Port Hudson was made on Wednesday, May 27. It was unsuccessful, and the Union loss was heavy. General T. W. Sherman was severely wounded. After a fortnight the attempt was repeated, with the same result. Then began the siege, which was but a repetition of that of Vicksburg. The rebels held out manfully. The town was literally torn to pieces. Trees were even stripped of leaves and bark, and the garrison lived on all sorts of miserable food; rats and mules being commonly used for meat. But when, on the 9th of July, Colonel F. K. Gardner, the rebel commander, heard of the fall of Vicksburg, he surrendered the fort, garrison, and all the materiel of war. There were no stores of food left.

The Mississippi River was now once more open to the

Union fleet from New Orleans to St. Louis. There was great rejoicing a few days later, when the steamer Imperial reached her dock at the former port; for it was the first peaceful craft to make the trip in two years.

While Banks and Farragut had been busy at Port Hudson, the Confederate General, Dick Taylor, had seized Brashear City and Alexandria, — two towns lying in that network of bayous that covers a large part of the State of Louisiana. Nor was this all. They even threatened the city of New Orleans; and General Emory, who had been left in command there, wrote to General Banks on the 4th of July, urging him to return at once. Banks chose to make sure of his "bird in the hand," and waited, till, with the fall of Port Hudson, the danger passed: indeed, the whole country surrounding New Orleans was very restless under "Yankee" control.

Although Galveston, on the Gulf coast of Texas, had been captured in November, 1862, it was very far from loyal to the Union; and it was willingly retaken by the rebels on Jan. 1, 1863. It remained in their possession till the close of the war.

Grant meanwhile had remained in Vicksburg. He was made a major-general in the regular army as a reward for his services in the late campaign. Generals Sherman and McPherson received a well-earned promotion to the rank of brigadier-general in the regular army.

Johnston had advanced to the Big Black River, with the hope of aiding Pemberton, when he heard of the surrender of Vicksburg: he therefore quickly retreated to Jackson. Sherman pursued him with nearly fifty thousand men, surrounded the town, and began a siege. As Johnston had no provisions for his army, he could neither make an attack, nor stand a siege: so he quietly slipped away, putting the Pearl River between himself and Sherman, and burning the bridges behind him. Sherman was instructed to relieve

the sufferings of the inhabitants, whose city had been laid waste by the tramp of two armies. Rations for five hundred people for a month were accordingly issued.

During the siege of Vicksburg the Confederate General Walker attacked the post at Milliken's Bend with peculiar savageness, on account of the complexion of its garrison, for it was made up of colored troops. Against great odds, the poor fellows defended themselves. They were at length overpowered, and would have been captured, but for the timely assistance of two Union gunboats.

The Union garrison at Helena, Ark., under General B. M. Prentiss, was also attacked. But after a sharp battle, lasting several hours, the Confederates withdrew. After that, nothing of importance was done for the next two months. McPherson's corps was retained at Vicksburg; and Sherman went into camp on the Big Black, where his family joined him.

Events of some importance had also been taking place on the Atlantic coast during the past few months. Along its whole extent, only Charleston and Savannah remained in the possession of the Confederates. General O. M. Mitchel, who had been transferred from the West to the Department of the South, had begun active preparations for a campaign against Charleston, when he suddenly died of yellow-fever; and the intended expedition was abandoned. In February, 1863, Commander Worden, our old friend who fought the first monitor at Hampton Roads, made the attempt to capture Fort McAllister on the Ogeechee River, a few miles below Savannah. For eight months the blockade-runner Nashville had been lying under cover of the guns of the fort, waiting for a chance to slip out with her cargo. Commander Worden bombarded the fort from the monitor Montauk; and the fort, in turn, opened fire upon him, neither doing the other harm. At length Worden turned his

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

attention to the Nashville, and soon a low boom was heard. Then a black smoke rose over her. One after another, her guns exploded, and at last her magazine. The splendid steamer Nashville was in flames. As the Montauk withdrew, she ran over a torpedo, which literally lifted her out of the water without inflicting serious damage. A few days later the whole Union fleet again entered the Ogeechee, to assault McAllister. After a fight of eight hours, unrewarded by any fruits, the fleet withdrew.

By this time the monitors had come into such favor, that there was a small fleet of them doing duty on the coast. But they were better fighters than sailers. The first ram bearing that name foundered at sea before it was quite a year old. Her crew were saved by her two companions, the Passaic and the Montauk, both of which narrowly escaped her fate. There were seven monitors now, in the South Atlantic squadron, all having Indian names. Early in April Commodore Dupont assembled his war-fleet at the entrance of Charleston harbor. On the 7th it entered the harbor, and slowly moved toward Fort Sumter; the Weehawken leading the way. To Dupont's surprise, the batteries on Morris Island were silent. When the vessels made the attempt to pass between Sumter and Sullivan's Island, the Weehawken was caught by a cable stretched across the channel. Now was the time for all the batteries to blaze forth, and they used their opportunity to good purpose. The Weehawken turned around; and immediately all the others followed, thus throwing the fleet into confusion. Commodore Dupont's iron-plated frigate, the New Ironsides, became unmanageable. The Nantucket and Catskill at the same moment were entangled with her, and she had to anchor to keep from running aground: so she signalled to the others to go on and leave her. The monitors next tried the passage to the south of Sumter, but found that impassable also. All this

time shot and shell beat upon the squadron with the regularity of the ticking of a clock. At last they took position in front of Sumter, and opened bombardment upon it. The Keokuk was completely riddled; and, although she was with difficulty kept afloat, she sank that night near Morris Island. But they all fought well. The Ironsides got off with the tide, having only fired two broadsides. The next day Dupont returned with his fleet to Port Royal, leaving the Ironsides outside of Charleston harbor. The disappointment was the greater, because it had been hoped that the Union flag might be raised over Sumter on the anniversary of the first attack upon it, two years before.

In June it was whispered that the Atlanta, a swift, strong British blockade-runner, had been changed into an iron-clad at Savannah, for the purpose of dashing into the Union blockade fleet at Charleston. The women of Savannah had sold their jewels to meet the expense of her new coat-of-mail, and she was said to be equal to any two monitors in action. Commodore Dupont therefore sent the Weehawken and the Nahant to watch for her. On the 17th of June, as she was coming down Wilmington River, accompanied by two steamers full of people who had come out to see the destruction of the Union fleet, the Weehawken came in sight. Captain John Rodgers beat to quarters, and prepared the Weehawken for action, closely followed by the Nahant. They advanced steadily to meet the Atlanta, which lay across the river waiting for them. Captain Rodgers's very first shot from a well-aimed fifteen-inch gun penetrated the Atlanta's armor, and wounded several men. Another, at nearer range, took the roof off the pilot-house, and stunned the man at the wheel. In just fifteen minutes after the first shot from the Weehawken, the Atlanta hauled down her colors, and the battle was over.

Several changes occurred in the Department of the South

about this time. General David Hunter was transferred to the West, and General Q. A. Gillmore succeeded him. Commodore Dupont was relieved by Rear-Admiral Foote, but while the latter was getting ready to go to his new command he died. Admiral John H. Dahlgren, the inventor of the Dahlgren gun, succeeded Foote.

On the 3d of July, just on the eve of the victories at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, General Gillmore began operations upon Charleston. He secretly conveyed a body of men to Folly Island, built earth-works, and mounted heavy guns to bear upon the batteries of Morris Island. Your map will show you that Folly Island lies to the south of Morris Island, and is only separated from it by a narrow inlet.

When all was ready, these unseen batteries opened fire upon the enemy's works, assisted by four monitors. Admiral Dahlgren commanded. Under cover of this fire, General George E. Strong landed his infantry in small boats, and carried the works on the south end of the island by assault. Forts Gregg and Wagner, at the north end, were shelled at intervals all night; and early in the morning an unsuccessful attempt was made to take Fort Wagner.

A few days later General Gillmore and Admiral Dahlgren attacked Fort Wagner with batteries, monitors, and mortars. After three hours, its guns were silenced; and, presuming that it was abandoned, General Seymour undertook to take possession of the fort. A fierce and bloody battle followed. One colored regiment, led by Colonel Robert G. Shaw, was literally destroyed, their gallant leader being among the first to fall. General George C. Strong was also killed. After twelve hours of hard fighting, the Nationals retired, having suffered heavy loss.

General Gillmore now began a siege. Night and day the monitors kept up a steady fire. During the nights new

batteries were built nearer and nearer to Fort Wagner, while all day long the Union guns shelled both it and Sumter.

Does it seem possible that a gun on Morris Island could throw a two-hundred-pound ball with force enough to go through a wall as far away as Charleston, a distance of five miles? "The Swamp Angel," a Union Parrott gun, performed this feat, to the great discomfort of the dwellers in that city.

For seven days General Gillmore bombarded Fort Sumter. On the 24th of August he demanded its surrender, together with the forts on Morris Island. In return, Beauregard complained of General Gillmore's "barbarity" in firing upon defenceless old men, women, and children. To this, Gillmore answered that Beauregard had not performed his duty in removing them, although he had been given forty days in which to do it. After that, only an occasional reminder of its Union neighbors was dropped into Charleston. On the 7th of September it was discovered that the rebels had secretly evacuated Forts Wagner and Gregg, thus leaving Morris Island in full possession of the Union troops, who repaired and strengthened the abandoned works, and built new batteries. Charleston began to feel the effect of the protracted bombardment, and now and then a Union shot told upon Sumter. Not only did the city suffer in the destruction of its buildings, but its wharves and docks were under fire so constantly, that the business of blockade-running was out of the question.

In December the monitor Weehawken suddenly sank, in a gale, off Morris Island. Four engineers and twenty-six of her crew went down with her: the rest jumped overboard at the last moment, and were saved. It was supposed that her hatches had been left open, and she thus filled with water. It was a sad fate for the brave little company within

her iron walls, and the lesson of doing little duties as well as big ones was learned too late. No further attempt was made to capture the city of Charleston, or the forts in its harbor, during the years 1863 or 1864.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### STEPS THAT COUNT.

THE Army of the Cumberland had enjoyed a long vacation. It was not until the end of June, 1863, that Rosecrans began to prepare for an advance upon the Confederate lines. His plan then was to drive Bragg from his intrenched position at Shelbyville, Ala., cut off his retreat, and force him to fight on a field of Rosecrans' own choosing. Twelve days' rations were issued to the Union troops, and on the 23d the march began. But Bragg did not fall into the trap so nicely set for him. Although some sharp fighting took place, he steadily fell back to Bridgeport on the Tennessee River.

Rosecrans followed. But the roads were heavy, and the march was difficult; so that Bragg was safely established in Chattanooga before the Union army could overtake him. Still, Rosecrans was well satisfied with the result of his nine days' campaign. Although he had not captured Chattanooga, as he had set out to do, his army had driven Bragg out of Middle Tennessee, and taken a large number of prisoners, besides a quantity of commissary stores. The next three weeks were spent in repairing railroads and in bringing forward supplies. Another reason for delaying the movement upon Chattanooga was that the corn might ripen, and so provide food for the Union army.

Hardly had Rosecrans' army started on its march toward Shelbyville, when one morning the Union garrison at Somer-

OLD STYLE FORTRESS.

set, Ky., was startled by the sudden appearance of a woman, who dashed into its camp on a jaded horse, begging to see the commanding general, as "every moment was precious." The general courteously asked the woman to alight. Then she told him that she had ridden from East Tennessee, a distance of many miles, over rough and dangerous roads, to bring him news that John Morgan with twenty-five hundred men had crossed the Cumberland, and was at that moment marching on Columbia. A wounded scout had brought the word to her house; and as the woman had no sons, and her husband was in the Union army, she had herself made the journey to warn the garrison. General Carter sent a reconnoitring party out immediately to look for the raiders, who suddenly came upon them; and in the battle that followed, Carter was killed. Overwhelmed by superior numbers, his troops retreated. Morgan then marched upon Columbia, Lebanon, and other large towns, on his way to the Ohio, where he seized two steamers to carry his troops across, afterward burning the boats. He dashed through Indiana, destroying property on every hand, and crossed into Ohio. He was bold enough to ride around Cincinnati, so near as to see its houses. Although the people were panic-stricken, it must not be supposed that they sat still and saw him spoil their goods. The whole country was on his track, and many a skirmish took place in that long raid. On Sunday morning, July 19, Morgan reached the shore of the Ohio again, intending to cross at Buffington's Ford, near Marietta. But a band of Union men was already there; and a fierce battle was fought, which lasted several hours, in which Major Daniel McCook was mortally wounded. He was an old man, the father of eight sons, all serving under the National flag. He was as true a patriot as ever carried musket. In one of the two gunboats which took part in the fight, a gun was manned by

the son of the captain, Nathaniel Pepper, a lad but eighteen years old. Fifteen hundred rebel prisoners were captured. In the rebel camp, and on the persons of the captives, were found "greenbacks;" and the ground was strewn with articles which had been taken from peaceable citizens. Morgan, with some of his company, escaped. Two days later, however, they were again taken, at New Lisbon, and sent to the State-Prison at Columbus. Not long after, Morgan and some of his officers got out by digging under the walls, and so made their away to the rebel lines again.

Early in September, Rosecrans made vigorous preparations for an advance. Bragg saw the stir in the Union camp, and was afraid of an attack; but when the army moved to the east, toward Georgia, he hastily left Chattanooga, and threw himself between the Union army and Atlanta, with headquarters at Lafayette, behind Pigeon Mountain. Here he was re-enforced by Buckner's garrison from Knoxville, which had fled upon the approach of Burnside.

Rosecrans then proceeded to take possession of Chattanooga, having done the very thing which he had hoped to accomplish, in drawing Bragg out of it. A glance at the map will be necessary to understand the position of the two armies; but one who has never seen that rugged country can form but a faint idea of the difficulties which blocked the way of both. Chattanooga is the Indian name for hawk's nest. It lies in a gap of the mountains on the east bank of the Tennessee River. Just south of the town are two distinct mountain ranges. That at the west is known as Lookout Mountain, and the one to the eastward is called Missionary Ridge. Still farther east are others less important; Pigeon Ridge being the largest, behind which Bragg was encamped. Between Missionary Ridge and Pigeon Mountain, the Chicakamauga Creek, which the Indians called "The River of Death," lazily flows on its way to the Tennessee.

Rosecrans, supposing the enemy to be retreating, left a small force at Chattanooga, and began immediate pursuit. It was now Rosecrans' turn to be deceived. Instead of retreating, Bragg was already advancing toward Chattanooga, well knowing that Longstreet, on his way from Virginia with re-enforcements, was not far distant. So on Friday, the 18th of September, the two armies confronted each other on the Chickamauga, Bragg on the east bank, Rosecrans on the west.

There was some skirmishing during that day; but on Saturday the battle opened in earnest, and lasted till evening. Neither side had the advantage, yet this sad record of that day's work is given by one who took part in the battle: "When the firing ceased, one could have walked two hundred yards down that ditch of dead rebels without touching the ground." The next day, Sunday, the 20th, the slaughter was even more terrible. Longstreet had come, and the enemy's strength was thus nearly doubled. Early in the day, General William H. Lytle of the Union army was killed. Rosecrans' right wing and centre were completely broken. Thomas was gallantly holding his ground on the left, unconscious that he was fighting the battle alone; for by Rosecrans' defeat his communication with Thomas had been cut off. Uncertain of the fate of his friend and favorite general, Rosecrans, and Garfield, his chief of staff, got off their horses, and, putting their ears to the ground, tried to discover whether Thomas was still holding out. "It is a scattering fire," said Rosecrans, listening. "He is broken." — "No, General," Garfield urged. "He is holding his ground. They are regular volleys." So they talked and listened. At length Rosecrans exclaimed, "You are mistaken, Garfield. He is giving way. We must hurry back to Chattanooga, and hold it." — "Well, General, if you think so, let me go to Thomas," Garfield replied. And with a

"God bless you!" and a parting grasp of the hand, the two separated. Rosecrans hastened to Chattanooga, and wildly telegraphed the news of his disaster to Washington.

Garfield, braving every danger, rode with an orderly, straight toward the sound of the firing. Through the valley, across an open cotton-field where behind the fence sharp-shooters lay in ambush, up a slope in full view of the enemy, away they went. Like a ship in a storm, they rode in a zig-zag course, tacking to escape the aim of a bullet. Garfield's horse was twice shot, but neither horse nor rider cared for a flesh-wound. He reached the crest in safety; and at last, on the other side, in the midst of a shower of shot and shell, he made out Thomas. With his eager eyes full of manly tears, he cried, "God bless the old hero! He has saved the army." Then Garfield hurriedly told Thomas that he was outflanked, that Longstreet's army was upon him, that he must form a line upon Horseshoe Ridge to meet the assault of the enemy. Hardly was the order given when Longstreet appeared in sight. The line was too short. What could be done? At that instant, from a cloud of dust, General Gordon Granger came forth, and reported to Thomas for duty. The re-enforcements were just in time. The gap was filled. Then came the crash. Steedman of Granger's command seized the colors of a regiment, and led the charge. He drove the rebels from their position, and after a battle of twenty minutes, "a ghastly breastwork of three thousand mingled blue-coats and gray filled the gap; and the Army of the Cumberland was saved from destruction." Thomas had well earned the name of "The Hero of Chickamauga."

Meanwhile, Sheridan and Davis gathered some of Rosecrans' flying troops, and held the pass at Rossville till sunset. The battle of Chickamauga had been a terrible defeat. That night Thomas withdrew to Chattanooga, leaving nearly seventeen thousand dead and wounded to the mercies of

the Confederates. How tender those mercies were, let the captives in Southern prisons tell.

The story of Chickamauga would not be complete without the mention of Johnny Clem, the drummer-boy. A child of twelve years, he had enlisted in a Michigan regiment. Late on the Sunday of the battle, he found himself almost alone, when a Confederate colonel on horseback shouted to him to surrender. The boy, seeing that he was caught, picked up a gun, and fired, killing the colonel instantly. For this act of courage he was made a sergeant, "and the stripes of rank covered him all over, like a mouse in a harness." He was given duty at headquarters; and the daughter of Secretary Chase sent him a medal of honor. Twenty years after, he was a captain in the regular army.

It is true that Rosecrans held Chattanooga; but an embarrassing part of his possession was, that he could not leave it. Bragg dared not attack him in his intrenched position; but the rebel lines were drawn more closely around him every day, and Chattanooga was beleaguered. Rosecrans had one road by which he could bring in food for his army, but the rains of that season had made its condition such that even that could not be used. Halleck now telegraphed east and west for relief for the army shut up in Chattanooga. He ordered Hooker there with the corps of Howard and Slocum. He placed Grant at the head of the military division of the Mississippi, which was made up of the Department of the Ohio under Burnside, of the Cumberland under Rosecrans, and of the Tennessee, Grant's own command. Burnside was already doing duty at Knoxville; and Grant immediately ordered Sherman to Chattanooga. Sherman was then placed in charge of the Department of the Tennessee, and Thomas superseded Rosecrans. On the last day of September, Sherman took passage with his troops on the river for Memphis. His family, who had spent the

summer with him on the Big Black River, accompanied him. Willie, his youngest boy, but nine years old, was the pet and pride of the soldiers. He had shared their drills and parades, reported daily at guard-mount, and was made "sergeant" in the Thirteenth United-States Battalion. Just after the boat had started, it was discovered that the boy was ill, and almost immediately the surgeon pronounced his disease typhoid fever. The passage to Memphis was very slow, for the river was low; and Willie grew steadily worse. Just before they arrived, the doctor told General Sherman that he feared the boy would die. It was staggering news. They carried the little sufferer to the Gayoso Hotel in Memphis, and called other physicians to advise with their own. But neither skill nor loving care could save the child. So "Sergeant" Willie Sherman, the well-beloved boy, who bore his father's name and loved his father's soldier-life, passed out of his sheltering arms. The next night General Sherman wrote a touching letter to the officers and soldiers of the Thirteenth, thanking them for their love and kindness to his dead boy. But the heart-broken father could spare no time for mourning. His orders were urgent; and in a few days he left his family, and started across the country for Chattanooga. After a difficult and weary march, he arrived, on the 14th of November. He found the Union army there in a position by no means enviable. The rebel batteries along the crest of Lookout Mountain were clearly outlined against the sky. Rebel tents speckled the sides of Missionary Ridge, and across the valley were stretched lines of rebel intrenchments. Hooker was already there. On the 26th of October he had crossed the Tennessee at Bridgeport, and marched through a pass of the Raccoon Mountain. The rebels could see his marching column, and shelled it from the heights.

On the way some soldiers entered the house of a woman

JOHNNY CLEM.

who was unlucky enough to live on the line of march. They found her calmly seated in a chair, taking her chances of a shell, while under the bed she had hidden a pet calf to protect it from harm.

The Confederates made a savage attack upon General Geary's division, near Wauhatchie, at midnight, intending to surprise his men asleep. But he received them with cool courage and a steady fire, holding his position for three hours against great odds, until the enemy was defeated. When General Howard tried to press re-enforcements forward to Geary's support, he found himself, with two or three of his staff, riding quite alone, in advance of his troops. At that moment he encountered a party of rebels. Not being able to make out his uniform in the moonlight, they asked who he was. "A friend," Howard answered, and added, "Have you whipped the enemy?"—"No; but we should have done it, if our regiments had not run off and left us here," they replied. "You had better be careful in going forward," one suggested; "for the 'Yanks' are just in the edge of that wood."—"I'll be careful," returned Howard; and he rode off, thankful for the timely advice.

Sherman's troops also crossed the river at Bridgeport, when they arrived. On the march to Chattanooga a soldier of Blair's corps joined a party of Howard's men at their camp-fire. He noticed that they all wore stars, and asked if they were all brigadier-generals; for he had never heard of a corps-badge. Howard's men then explained that they belonged to the Twentieth Corps, whose badge was a star, and even their baggage was marked with it. "What is your badge?" they then asked. Blair's soldier was a little puzzled; but he answered, "Why, forty rounds in the cartridge-box, and twenty in the pocket." When Logan, who succeeded Blair, heard the story, he adopted the cartridge-box and forty rounds for his corps-badge.

During the night of Nov. 22 General W. F. Smith, sometimes distinguished by his friends as "Baldy" Smith, built two pontoon-bridges, one of which was thirteen hundred and fifty feet long. Sherman's troops were safely crossed during the next day, and, following the Chickamauga Creek, pressed up the foot-hills, and toward the northern end of Missionary Ridge. That afternoon a sharp battle was fought, in which Sherman repulsed the rebels, and held the ground already gained. On the right, Hooker had also been busy. He was ordered to draw the attention of the enemy from Sherman's movement by an attack upon Lookout Mountain. On the morning of the 24th he found Lookout Creek too high to cross. He therefore began building a bridge; but in the mean time, he sent Geary with a larger force up the creek to cross at Wauhatchie.

Geary was then to turn back again, and sweep along the base of Lookout, skirmishing smartly under cover of the artillery fire. All this time the rebels were too busy in watching the bridge-builders to notice Geary's movements until he was close upon them. A friendly fog had also helped to conceal the movements of the Union soldiers, who now advanced upon the Confederates with cheers, and drove them around the peak of the mountain. Hooker's troops gallantly fought their way, driving the enemy to the crest and over it. So dense was the fog and smoke, that only battle-sounds indicated to those in the valley what was going on at the top of the mountain. This was Hooker's famous "battle among the clouds." The Union troops encamped for the night on Lookout Mountain, and the rising sun saw the Stars and Stripes floating from its rocky peak. The enemy had departed. In the morning Hooker advanced again, and drove the rebels out of the Chattanooga valley. At the same time Sherman was still fighting on Missionary Ridge. It was an evenly matched battle. The

sky was now clear, and the action could be distinctly seen from Grant's headquarters on Orchard Knob. Sherman had drawn Bragg's attention from the centre, and Grant now seized the opportunity to advance Thomas's troops quickly to assault the Ridge. At a given signal, away they went across the valley, under a deadly fire from Bragg's batteries; four divisions closely massed, — Johnson, Sheridan, Wood, and Baird. The steady tramp soon broke into a double-quick. A thousand prisoners were taken without the firing of a single gun. General Sheridan has said that he believed it impossible to resist the effect upon the nerves of that wavering, glittering mass of steel. The fire from the mountain was terrible, but the Union troops advanced with the coolness of a dress-parade. Five or six color-bearers to one flag were shot down. In fifty-five minutes Sheridan had lost eleven hundred and seventy-nine men out of six thousand. But Missionary Ridge was carried triumphantly, in a charge which has been called "the privates' victory." Four soldiers bore a wounded color-sergeant on a blanket to the rear. When they laid him down, a member of the Christian Commission knelt beside him, and said, "Sergeant, where did they hit you?" — "Most up the Ridge, sir." — "I mean, sergeant, where did the ball strike you?" — "Within twenty yards of the top — almost up." — "No, no, sergeant, think of yourself for a moment: tell me where you are wounded." His friend then threw back the sergeant's blanket, and found his shoulder and arm torn by a shell. The sergeant glanced at it for the first time, then said, "Yes, that is what did it. I was hugging the standard to my blouse, and making for the top: when I was nearly up, the shot came. If they had let me alone a little longer, — two minutes longer, — I should have planted the colors on the top. Almost up — almost up" — And so he died, thinking, not of himself, but of his duty and his country, while in his dull

ears were ringing the victorious shouts of his comrades who had gained the top, and carried the day.

Hooker was pounding away on the rebel left all this time. Bragg had tried in vain to rally his men; and, when there was no longer hope of victory, he fled through the valley, followed by his artillery and trains. Sheridan was at his heels, but Bragg was too fleet to be caught. Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge had been taken, beside forty cannon and six thousand prisoners. The killed and wounded on both sides numbered ten thousand. After the battle, a young Kentucky boy lay wounded in the Ridge hospital. "Are you badly hurt?" the chaplain asked. "Yes, sir," he answered cheerfully. "I hope that I shall not die, but it is a good cause to be wounded in."

General Thomas remained in Chattanooga in command of the Department of the Cumberland, while Grant made his headquarters at Nashville, Tenn. Congress voted General Grant a gold medal as an expression of the value which it set upon his services. The President wrote a letter of thanks to him and his army. Mr. Lincoln also set apart Dec. 7, 1863, as a day of public prayer and thanksgiving for the late victories which had crowned the Union arms.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### IN DIVERS AND SUNDRY PLACES.

THE Confederacy was very much like the ancient fabled hydra: when one of its hundred heads was cut off, another grew again. So no sooner was one point captured than up sprang a band of rebels in another place. Ever since the war began, the loyal people of East Tennessee had suffered cruel persecution for their love of the Union. When, therefore, on the 9th of September, Burnside entered Knoxville, he was received with wild enthusiasm. It is true that he encountered small bodies of Confederates on the march, but Bragg needed his troops at Chattanooga too much to waste them on smaller enterprises. Burnside's route lay through Cumberland Gap, which had been for eighteen months in the hands of the Confederates. General Shackleford now threatened the Gap upon one side, and Colonel DeCourcy upon the other: so when Burnside appeared and joined Shackleford, the Confederates were easily driven out, leaving Cumberland Gap again in the possession of the Nationals. That was a happy day for the Union refugees hiding in the mountains. Old men wept for joy when they saw the Stars and Stripes, and women stood by the roadside to give water to the soldiers.

One day, as some Union officers were riding along, they met a bevy of boys and girls returning from school. By way of a good-natured joke, one officer called out, in a voice intended for the children to hear, "Here is a fine

chance to take some rebel prisoners!" Instead of the stampede which was expected, the eldest of the party, a girl of thirteen, swung her old sun-bonnet, and cried, "There's where you are mistaken, sir: we are all 'Yanks' to the last man."

So Burnside occupied Knoxville. On the 14th of November Bragg sent Longstreet to make a demonstration upon the place; but, meeting a stout resistance, he withdrew. On the 29th, Longstreet made another assault. Again the rebels were beaten, but with a heavy loss on the Union side. General Sanders fell, mortally wounded. Since Burnside held out so bravely, Longstreet determined upon a siege. Luckily the garrison was supplied with three weeks' rations, which enabled it to hold its position till after the surrender of Chattanooga.

In the mean time Burnside had sent word to Grant that he was beleaguered, and before that tired commander slept, on the night of the victory at Missionary Ridge, he wrote to Sherman, urging him to hasten to the relief of Knoxville. The next morning, Sherman was off. Although his troops were nearly exhausted, they made the march of eighty-four miles without resting, and arrived on Dec. 5, to find that Longstreet had already returned to Virginia. Sherman was surprised to find the garrison living very comfortably, enjoying luxuries which he had not seen for many a day. He growled a little, because he had hurried his worn-out men so fast, while the besieged garrison was so far from starvation. As he was no longer needed, Sherman returned to Chattanooga, and soon after went into winter quarters at Bridgeport. His army was not long to remain idle. At the end of January, 1864, it was ordered back to Vicksburg, where, cooperating with McPherson and Hurlbut, it was to do whatever came to hand.

On the 3d of February, Sherman left Vicksburg, and

SHERMAN AND HIS ARMY.

began a campaign to destroy rebel property and communications, and to cut off rebel supplies; thus driving the enemy from that region, thus freeing the Union troops which were now required to guard it. Sherman's force numbered about twenty-three thousand, and moved in two columns. The march was made as rapidly and with as little baggage as possible. It was one continual skirmish; for the rebels were as thick along their path as dandelions in the spring. Let us follow the line of advance. Crossing the Big Black River, they marched through Jackson, Miss., crossed the Pearl River, and pushed on through Decatur to Meridian, where General William Sooy Smith and our old friend Grierson were to join Sherman. Rebel cavalry were always at hand to annoy the advancing armies. One day Sherman had stationed a regiment at a cross-roads near Decatur, Ala., to wait for McPherson's column to come up. Sherman, in the mean time, had fallen asleep at a house near by, where he was aroused by shots, and informed that the house was surrounded by rebel cavalry. With some of his staff, Sherman ran to a corn-crib in the yard, when the regiment which had marched off re-appeared, and put the rebels to flight. It seems that General McPherson and some of his staff rode in advance of the column; and the regiment, having mistaken them for the main column, supposed their duty done, and went on. So Sherman narrowly escaped capture. When he reached Meridian, Smith and Grierson were not there, and, although he waited a week, no news of them was received. That week was improved, however; for before he left it Sherman had reduced Meridian to a pile of ruins. Two years after, a traveller, in passing through that region, asked a "native" whether Sherman injured the town much. "Injured!" was the reply. "Why, he took it with him!" This seems hard; but it was a military necessity, for Meridian was a great workshop and storehouse for Confederate arms and supplies.

Thinking it useless to wait for the missing generals, Sherman with his command returned to Vicksburg. Grierson and Smith meanwhile had started later than their orders required. They met a considerable force of the enemy on the way, and turned back to Memphis, followed by Forrest, who engaged them in a sharp battle, and won. Even though Smith had failed of what he intended, he was able to do great harm to rebel property. The negroes along his line of march were nearly wild with joy at his approach, and welcomed him as their deliverer. One old man cried, "God bless ye! We've been a-lookin' for ye a long time, and we'd a'most done gone guv it up."

Forrest then led a raid through Tennessee and Kentucky. He seized the towns of Jackson and Union City, Tenn., then, turning north, he fell upon Paducah, Ken. The commander, Colonel S. G. Hicks, refused to surrender; and, after holding out manfully with his small garrison for two days, the invaders were scared off by re-enforcements from Cairo. In April, on the anniversary of the firing of the first gun at Charleston, Forrest attacked Fort Pillow on the Mississippi, which was held by five hundred and thirty-eight men, half of whom were negroes.

The white troops were commanded by Major Bradford. Early in the battle, Major Booth, the commander of the colored troops, was killed; and Major Bradford succeeded him in command. At noon Forrest sent a flag of truce, with the demand for the surrender of the fort. Bradford asked for an hour to consult with the other officers; and Forrest violated the truce by moving, in the mean time, to a better position for an assault. After a little while Forrest sent another flag, with a message, that, unless the post were surrendered within twenty minutes, he would storm the works. By the end of that time the Confederates had crept up to within a hundred yards of the fort. Bradford stoutly

refused to yield. His answer was received with yells. The bugle was sounded, and the rebels rushed over the fortifications with a cry of "No quarter!" Terror-stricken and overpowered, the Union troops threw down their arms, and fled before the enemy. Like a band of Indians, the assailants butchered men, women, and little children, only stopping in their dreadful work because night hid their victims from their sight. Even Confederate officers assisted in the massacre of Fort Pillow, as if it were a pastime. Old men and children, even the sick in hospital, were made targets for their skill; while all the time the cry of "No quarter!" rang in the ears of the victims. The poor negroes were slain in the most savage manner. The Confederate general, Chalmers, especially distinguished himself in this affair. The Confederate report ran thus: "One hundred prisoners were taken, and the balance slain. The fort ran with blood. The Confederate loss was seventy-five." No deeds of chivalry or daring may wipe from the escutcheon of General Forrest the dark stain left upon it by the massacre of Fort Pillow.

Two months afterward General S. D. Sturgis left Memphis with a force of nine thousand infantry and artillery, and three thousand cavalry under Grierson, for the capture of Forrest. The two forces met at Guntown on the Mobile and Ohio Railway. In a sharp battle the Nationals were routed with a loss of three thousand men, and fled in wild confusion toward Memphis, closely followed by the enemy.

In July, General A. J. Smith was beaten by Forrest near Tupelo, and again the Union troops fell back to Memphis. Forrest seemed to bear a charmed life; for not long after he dashed into the very streets of Memphis, and rode up to the Gayoso House, intending to capture some of the Federal generals whom he supposed to be there. He did carry off several staff-officers and three hundred soldiers, but he missed the prize which he sought. So cleverly, however,

did Forrest perform this feat, that he was off before one of the six thousand soldiers in and around Memphis knew of his presence.

Early in January, 1864, General Halleck ordered an expedition to the Red River country to cut off the supplies which still continued to reach the Confederates from that quarter. It took a long time to organize an expedition so difficult, and it was March before the different armies began to move. Away above Alexandria, in the north-west corner of Louisiana, is Shreveport, on the west bank of the Red River. To the capture of this town, which was in reality the base of supply for the rebel army, Halleck especially looked. By consulting your map you will see that it can be reached in three different ways. Admiral Porter had collected a fine fleet of monitors, rams, gunboats, and other vessels; and on the 12th of March he awaited orders at the mouth of the Red River, where he was joined by General A. J. Smith with ten thousand troops borrowed from Sherman. The land forces from New Orleans were intrusted by General Banks to General Franklin, whom we last met at Fredericksburg. General Steele was also ordered to cooperate with Banks by way of Little Rock, Ark. The whole fleet, thirty-eight vessels altogether, anchored at the site of Semmesport on the Red River. The troops landed, and, marching toward Fort De Russy, assaulted and carried it, destroying the works. They then re-embarked, and steamed up to Alexandria. As the rebels retreated before them, they destroyed two steamboats and a quantity of cotton. The Red River is only navigable for large vessels in the months of March and April, and the water was already beginning to fall. There are some rapids in it at Alexandria, over which Porter with difficulty forced his iron-clads, leaving some of the heaviest below. Added to this misfortune, General McPherson had found it necessary to recall a part

of Smith's command for special duty on the Mississippi. It was also found that General Steele could not assist Banks as had been intended. So Banks's army dwindled down to about one-third of its original proportions. On the 4th of April, Franklin arrived at Natchitoches with the van of his army. Porter found it impossible to get farther than Grand Ecore, four miles to the north of Natchitoches, on the present channel of the Red River. Since the river could not be employed to forward troops or supplies, a baggage-train was added to the marching column, which pushed on through the sandy pine-barrens, toward Shreveport. Although the march had not been free from skirmishing, the enemy had not offered a stubborn resistance. Banks felt confident of success. On the 8th of April, however, he encountered a force of Confederates at Sabine Cross-roads, which drove the advance-guard back upon the wagon-train; and, as the infantry marched last of all, it was impossible to get it up past the wagons to support the cavalry. A general engagement followed; but the road was so blockaded, that gallant fighting in such an irregular way went for nothing. The Union troops fell back in confusion for three miles, when the Nineteenth Corps formed in order of battle, and checked their flight. The rebels fell upon the Nineteenth, but without much effect.

So they withdrew to wait till morning. In the night Banks retired to Pleasant Hill, having suffered heavy loss in both men and stores. The next day a hard battle was fought and won by the Federals. Although the enemy was driven from the field, Banks fell back to Grand Ecore with the rebel cavalry at his heels. The next thing was to get the gunboats down the river again, for the water was even lower than when they went up. When Porter was at his wits' end, Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Bailey proposed to build a series of dams across the rocks at the falls, thus raising the water

high enough to let the vessels pass over in safety, just as locks are used in canals. Porter and Banks were hearty in their support of the plan, but the best engineers called it madness. Three thousand men, with more than two hundred wagons, were immediately set at work. After eight days of hard work, when the dams were nearly done, the pressure of the water swept away a portion of their support. Seizing the opportunity, Porter ordered the Lexington to pass over with the rushing water. Steadily she steered for the opening. It seemed as if the whirlpool must carry her down. "The silence was so great, as the Lexington approached the dam, that a pin might almost have been heard to fall. She entered the gap with a full head of steam on, pitched down the roaring torrent, made two or three spasmodic rolls, hung for a moment on the rocks below, was then swept into deep water by the currents, and rounded safely into the bank. Thirty thousand voices rose in one deafening cheer." The Neosho, Osage, and Hinman followed. In three days the dams were repaired, and the other vessels came safely over the rocks. On the 13th of May army and fleet had left Alexandria, and the Red River expedition was abandoned. The town of Alexandria was left in flames. Let us hope, for the honor of the Union cause, that helpless old men, women, and children were not made homeless by the defenders of the Stars and Stripes.

In March, General Steele had left Little Rock to join Banks's expedition. By a flank movement he had captured the town of Camden, Ark. But Banks's failure had left the Confederates free to operate in that State. The safety of Steele's command was endangered; and he retreated to Little Rock, having narrowly escaped capture with his half-starved army. The withdrawal of Steele opened once more the way for the invasion of Missouri. General Price's guerillas swarmed over the country, and his army threa-

tened the larger cities. At last he started for Kansas; but Curtis met him, and Rosecrans followed him: so he again turned south toward the Osage River. General Pleasanton, then in command at Jefferson City, sent General Sanborn in pursuit of Price; and after a severe fight, on the 25th of October, the rebels were badly beaten. Generals Marmaduke and Cabell were captured; while Price and his men

DEATH OF MORGAN.

fled from Missouri, and never afterward made an attempt to enter that State.

During this summer John Morgan rode again through Kentucky, repeating with variations the old story of destruction. At length he entered East Tennessee, where he was surprised by a Union force under General Gillem. The house in which Morgan had taken refuge was surrounded. He ran out to hide in a vineyard near by, when a soldier ordered him to halt. Morgan drew his pistol, but before he could fire a Union bullet had pierced his heart.

In connection with the Red River expedition, it is only honest to own that it brought reproach and shame with it. The war seemed to develop all that was both good and bad in human nature, as thunder-storms bring out of the ground both blades of grass and poisonous weeds. While earnest, self-sacrificing men and women devoted their lives and their money to their country, bad, grasping men used the war as only a means of filling their purses. Cotton was very dear and scarce; and a motley company of hangers-on, armed with passes, went with Banks's army for the purpose of taking, not buying, cotton which did not belong to them. In other words, they wished to enrich themselves at the cost of hungry women and children, whose protectors were known to be absent from them.

It was such men who manufactured shoes with worthless paper soles for the soldiers, and made cloth for them from refuse wool, and old rags beaten into shreds, instead of honest yarn. This cloth was called "shoddy," which means something which appears to be what it really is not. Since the war, we often hear that word applied to people who make a show of something which they do not actually possess.

While Sherman was advancing upon Meridian, and Banks was operating on the Red River, General Gillmore led an expedition into Florida. He set sail from Hilton Head on the 5th of February. The Union troops landed at Jacksonville, on the St. John's River, so completely surprising the enemy that no resistance was made. They then marched to Baldwin, eighteen miles west, where General Gillmore left General Seymour in command, and returned to Hilton Head. There was an understanding that no farther advance should be made at present. Seymour, however, took the responsibility of marching into the enemy's country without orders and without supplies. On the 19th he encountered the Confederates in force. He was obliged to fight on a

battle-ground of the enemy's selection, and was defeated with heavy loss, although the troops, both black and white, fought nobly. Seymour retreated to Jacksonville, and no further active operations were attempted in the interior of Florida.

It was about this time that a rough-looking sergeant who had seen hard fighting at the West was recommended for a lieutenancy in the regular army. His company officers had all been killed; and his bravery and skill in handling his men under fire had inspired the admiration of the officers of his regiment, brigade, and division, all of whom joined in the recommendation. In worn and tattered uniform he presented himself before an Examining Board at Washington. Whether they had ever seen service or not, the officers composing the board were well versed in military tactics. They examined him as to engineering, mathematics, philosophy, and ordnance; and not a question could the poor sergeant answer. "What is an *échelon?*" was asked. "Don't know," he answered. "An *abatis?*" was the next question. "Never saw one." — "Well, sir, what is a hollow square?" — "You fellows have got me again," said the sergeant sorrowfully. "Guess they don't have them out West." — "Well, what would you do in command of a company, if the cavalry should charge on you?" — "I'd give them Hail Columbia, that is what I'd do," he answered with flashing eyes; "and I'd make a hollow square in every mother's son of 'em." A few more questions were asked, but not answered, and the examination was closed. The record was sent to Mr. Lincoln with the official opinion that the sergeant would not do for an officer. The President's secretary read the report to him; and, when he came to the only answer that the sergeant had given, he exclaimed, "That's just the sort of men that our army wants!" Taking up his pen, the President wrote on the back of the paper, "Give this man a captain's commission. — *A. Lincoln.*"

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### A PULL ALL TOGETHER.

ONCE upon a time, just as a class in mathematics was assembling in the Military Academy at West Point, some of his classmates presented Cadet Grant with a very small alarm-clock. A little puzzled by their unusual generosity perhaps, but quite unsuspicious, he put the thing in his pocket. The recitation began, and the innocent victim of the plot was solving a knotty problem at the blackboard, when, "Whirr, whirr!" went the alarm. The guilty rogues who had planned the mischief tried to look unconscious. The professor was amazed and furious. Young Grant, alone, was cool and unembarrassed. In the midst of the confusion which followed, he stepped quietly to an open window, and tossed the clock out, resuming his blackboard exercise as if nothing had happened. The presence of mind which then served the young cadet had since helped him over many hard places, and now fitted the successful general to lead others.

The North clamored loudly for a man at the head of military affairs who should press the advantage already gained, and speedily bring the war to a happy ending. Naturally all eyes turned toward General Grant, and President Lincoln cheerfully confirmed the people's choice. On the afternoon of the 9th of March, therefore, in the presence of the cabinet, General Halleck, General Grant's staff, and his eldest son, Fred, General Ulysses S. Grant was appointed

GENERAL GRANT.

Commander-in-Chief of all the armies of the United States, with the rank of lieutenant-general. General Scott had held that grade by *brevet;* but he had only retained the "rank, pay, and allowance" of a major-general in the regular army. The long unused title, which had belonged fully to no one but General Washington, was now revived for General Grant. Three days later Halleck was relieved, and made chief-of-staff to the new lieutenant-general.

No important military operations marked the beginning of the year 1864. North of the Rapidan the white tents of the Army of the Potomac clustered around Culpeper Court-House, where Grant and Meade made their headquarters. On the bluff banks across the river lay the Army of Northern Virginia, watching.

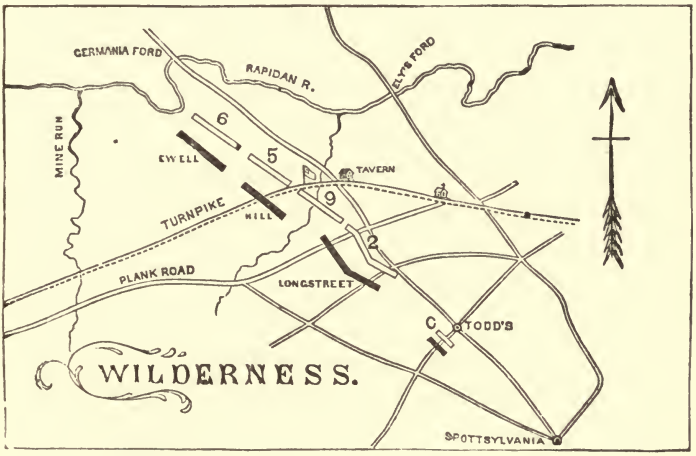
Early in February, General Butler sent General Wistar upon an expedition to attempt the release of the Union prisoners in Richmond. General Meade was absent from the army at the time; but Sedgwick readily seconded his effort, and sent Kilpatrick to assist him. Through an escaped prisoner, the secret got out; so that the raiders were met by a superior Confederate force, and driven back. But rumors of the miserable condition of Union prisoners continued to reach their comrades. It was about this time that Colonel Streight made his way out of Libby prison by tunnelling with a butcher-knife, and his sufferings may have helped to fire the soldiers' hearts.

On the 28th of February, Kilpatrick again crossed the Rapidan, upon the same mission. At Spottsylvania, Colonel Ulric Dahlgren, with a hundred followers, left the main force, and turned to the right, in order to strike Richmond from the south. Kilpatrick advanced rapidly, fighting often. He reached the outer fortifications of Richmond, but not hearing from Dahlgren, and not having enough men to assault alone, he withdrew to a safer distance. He was soon at-

tacked, and driven back across the Chickahominy. But Ulric Dahlgren never came. A negro guide, either accidentally or purposely, led him the wrong way; for which Dahlgren hung him as soon as the mistake was discovered, believing that the man had meant to betray him. Soon after Dahlgren had penetrated the outer line of works, he was discovered. He was surrounded, but fought his way out, and fled toward the Chickahominy. He was hotly pursued, and killed in a battle on the Mattapony River. When a messenger bore the tidings of his son's death to Xenophon, the Greek historian, he found the old man wearing a crown upon his head. But when he heard the news he dashed the crown to his feet in an agony of grief; then, turning to the messenger he said, "How did my son die?"—"Fighting the foes of his country to the last," was the answer. Upon this, the aged father again put the crown upon his head, and said, "Then I have no cause to mourn." So might Admiral Dahlgren have received the news of the death of his young and only son. But twenty-two years of age, brave and loyal, Ulric Dahlgren had eagerly hailed the privilege of leading his followers to deliver the prisoners at Richmond. An attempt was made to justify the cruel insults which the rebels heaped upon the poor boy's body after death, by charging upon him a conspiracy to burn Richmond and murder the Confederate leaders. But the papers which they pretended to find upon him were proved to be forgeries. Dahlgren's followers were threatened with death, and only the fact that a son of General Lee was a prisoner in the Union lines saved their lives.

No sooner was Grant placed in command than he began to lay plans for a final campaign. Like a chess-player, he chose a method of attack, and grouped his pieces. The moves of his antagonist could only be guessed at, it is true. But Grant knew that there were some things which Lee must

do, and he meant to force Lee to do others. One thing, however, Grant was determined upon. After a series of independent operations in their present positions, he would unite the armies of the East and West in a grand movement. To accomplish the desired end, Grant ordered an advance in every department upon the same day. Promptly at the time appointed, Wednesday, May 4, the Army of the Poto-




mac marched to the Rapidan. Its five corps had been reduced to three, commanded by Hancock, Sedgwick, and General Gouverneur K. Warren; Sheridan being in charge of the cavalry. When night came they had crossed the river, and were once more in the Wilderness, not far from Chancellorsville. Lee, well aware of their movements, was advancing in force to meet them. His army, numbering sixty thousand men, was also divided into three corps, under Longstreet, Ewell, and A. P. Hill. Stuart commanded the Confederate cavalry. That night Grant and Lee slept only three miles apart.

It had been Grant's intention to march through the Wilderness, to the rear of Lee's army, not looking for an attack here: so Warren's column had begun to move very early on the morning of May 5, when Ewell fell upon it with great violence. Sedgwick hastened to Warren's relief, taking a gallant part in the battle, that raged until four in the afternoon. General Alexander Hayes was killed. At nightfall both sides rested on their arms. Neither commander thought of retreat. During the night Lee was reenforced by the arrival of Longstreet, and Burnside joined Grant. At five o'clock the next morning, Friday, the 6th, Ewell and Sedgwick swept forward, meeting with a crash. Hancock and Hill struck each other soon after, on the Union left. Hancock drove Hill back a mile and a half, when Lee, seeing the danger, dashed to the head of the Confederates, to urge them on. But, fearing for his safety, his men refused to move until he retired from the front. Most unwillingly Lee withdrew, but his example had done its work. The next moment the rebels rallied, driving the Federals before them. General Wadsworth was mortally wounded, falling into the enemy's hands. At the beginning of the war he offered his "purse and his person" to the Government. Although nearly seventy years of age at that time, General Wadsworth had served his country faithfully.

Longstreet now pressed his troops to the front. The fighting was severe, — such fighting as was unknown outside of Indian warfare. Cavalry was almost useless. The trees and undergrowth were so dense, that it required an expert rider to keep his seat in the saddle. The ground was piled up with the slain. The woods were on fire in many places; and the sulphurous smoke of powder made that hot, close atmosphere almost unendurable. Artillery was in the way. Men clubbed each other with muskets, often too near to fire.

At noon Longstreet rode to the front. As he came into

a clearing, he met an old friend, General Jenkins, whom he had not seen for years. Supposing them to be Federals, a party of Confederates in ambush fired upon them, killing Jenkins, and wounding Longstreet. This occurred not six miles from the spot where poor "Stonewall" Jackson met his death the year previous. Lee then took the field. Hancock, in the mean while, had been throwing up intrenchments, behind which he was resting his troops. Suddenly the wind fanned into flame the smouldering brush, driving the fire upon them. Taking advantage of Hancock's misfortune, the rebels rushed on him with yells, swarming over his parapet, and planting their flag upon it. They were gallantly driven back, but not without a sharp fight. It must have been then that some brave fellow began to sing, —

"We'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!"

The chorus was caught up by his comrades; then the next regiment in the line joined in the refrain, —

"The Union, forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!"

Until above the roar and din of battle rose the soul-inspiring song.

Just at dark Generals Seymour and Shaler were surprised, and with their entire brigades captured, — three thousand in all. When night came on, Grant had lost fifteen thousand men in killed and wounded. Lee's loss was one-third less. The next day nobody seemed to be anxious to begin fighting. Neither army moved from its position. During the day Grant received news that Sherman had advanced toward Atlanta, and that Butler was on his way from Fortress Monroe, up the James River, to City Point. This, at least, was encouraging.

Marching-orders had been issued that day, and soon after dark the Union army started for Spottsylvania Court-House. It was Saturday, May 7, only three days after the crossing of the Rapidan. Grant and Meade, with a slender escort, followed later in the evening. A cavalryman whom they met asked where they were going. "To Spottsylvania," was the answer. "I reckon you'll have a scrimmage before you get through," he said. "Why?" — "Well, nothin' in pertic'ler," was the answer, "except that there are forty or

fifty thousand rebels in front of you, and I reckon there's work to be done." The man was right. Suspecting Grant's intention, Lee had got ahead of him, reaching the goal first. When Grant arrived at Spottsylvania, Lee was in possession of a ridge which divides the little hamlet.

Warren's troops were more than half inclined to run when they found themselves under fire, as they entered the town; but Sedgwick soon came to his support, and lines of battle were formed in the midst of whizzing bullets. All Monday, May 9, was spent in getting ready to fight. In the morning General Sedgwick, who was field-commander, noticed that

the men winced under the bullets which hailed around them. "Pooh, pooh, men!" he said pleasantly. "Why, they couldn't hit an elephant at that distance." The men laughed; and Colonel McMahon, chief-of-staff, made some remark to the general, but received no answer. He turned, and saw the smile fade from Sedgwick's face as he reeled backwards; and, catching the general in his arms, McMahon saw that he was dead. A bullet had pierced his brain. General Sedgwick was a good soldier, and well beloved by officers and men. Grant felt that his loss was a great misfortune. Brigadier-General Horatio G. Wright succeeded to Sedgwick's command.

Tuesday, the 10th, the battle began at daybreak; and although it lasted all day, excepting for an hour it was not very severe. It was then that Grant sent the famous despatch, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." This message of the commanding general stirred the nation, and was echoed in a campaign song, the refrain of which was, —

> "We'll fight it out here on the old Union line,
> No odds if it take us all summer."

The "line" to which Grant referred was one by which he could keep his army between Lee and Washington, still crowding the enemy toward Richmond.

Wednesday, the 11th, there was more fighting of the same kind. Very early on the 12th, before a ray of light had streaked the sky, Hancock's corps was noiselessly moved toward a weak point in the enemy's lines. The fog was so thick, that not a soul could be seen; and the wet ground deadened the sound of the men's feet. Firing no shot, they swept over the Confederate pickets. Then, with shouts, away they went over the breastworks into the rebel camp, where they found the men at breakfast. In spite of their

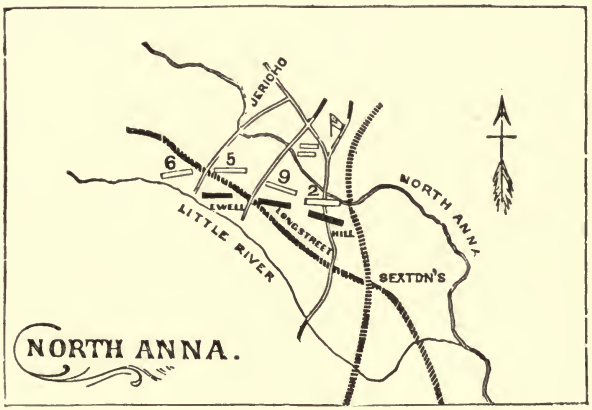
surprise, however, the Confederates rallied, and fought bravely. Hancock captured four thousand prisoners in a twinkling, including the famous "Stonewall Brigade." Generals Edward Johnson and George H. Stewart were taken. The latter was an old friend of General Hancock. "How are you, Stewart?" said the Union commander, offering his hand to his former comrade. "I am General Stewart of the Confederate army," the prisoner replied; "and under the circumstances I decline to take your hand."—"And under any other circumstances, General," returned Hancock, "I should not have offered it."

Ewell's corps was now in great danger, and Hill and Longstreet rallied to its rescue. The Confederates made five distinct assaults to recover their lost "salient," or angle of fortifications, but were every time gallantly repulsed. Grant had ordered a general attack to keep them from overwhelming Hancock with numbers. With the loss of ten thousand on each side, the only point gained was the captured salient, which Hancock held to the very end. During the battle, General Rice, a brigade commander in the Union army, was carried to the rear, mortally wounded. After the surgeon had attended to his wounds, he tried to soothe his patient's sufferings. The sounds of battle rose and fell on his dull ear, and his dim eyes were almost closed in death, when he said faintly, "Turn me over."—"Which way?"—"Let me die with my face to the enemy," said the dying general.

On the 21st of May, Grant took up his line of march for the North Anna River; but, as usual, Lee had guessed his intention, and was there before him. After some hard fighting, Lee allowed Grant to cross at two fords four miles apart, and then pushed his own army between the two Union columns, and Grant was obliged to recross in order to unite his divided army. Both Lee and Grant had received reenforcements after the battle of Spottsylvania: so their rela-

tive strength was still the same. In order to reach the White House, where Grant wished to establish his base of supply, he was forced to make a wide circuit around the enemy. He therefore crossed the Pamunkey River at Hanovertown, fifteen miles from Richmond, and moved his wagon-train to the White House. Lee, thus released, quickly fell back toward Richmond.

Nearly a month before, when Grant reached Spottsylvania, he had hurried Sheridan off to cut Lee's communication with

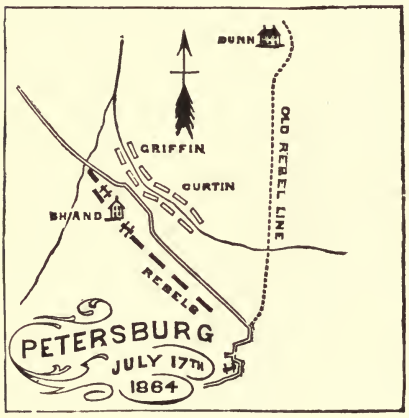



Richmond. Sheridan first made a feint of going in another direction; but scarcely had he turned around to go upon his real errand when General "Jeb" Stuart was at his heels. Sheridan, nevertheless, managed to destroy several miles of railway and "rolling-stock," as we sometimes call cars and locomotives. He also seized and freed four hundred Union prisoners on their way to rebel prisons. Near Richmond he encountered Stuart in a sharp battle, in which the latter was mortally wounded. Another commander so skilful and so daring would be hard to find in the Confederate military family,

and Stuart's loss was deeply felt. Sheridan carried the first line of fortifications before Richmond, as others had done; but, like them, he was repulsed at the second. He therefore recrossed the Chickahominy, and returned to the main army.

On the 31st of May, by a bold dash, Sheridan captured Cold Harbor, or, as it is sometimes called, "Cool Arbor," and held it against great odds.

The Union army was already on the north bank of the Chickahominy. Grant wished to cross near Cold Harbor; but in order to do so he must dislodge Lee, who lay in his path. He therefore sent Wright with the Sixth Corps to assist Sheridan in holding his position. At the same time a force of sixteen thousand men, which had arrived from Butler's army, was also ordered to Sheridan's relief. The enemy was likewise re-enforced by troops under Breckinridge. On the afternoon of June 1, Wright and W. F. Smith attacked the Confederates, taking six hundred prisoners; but they could not drive Lee beyond his first line of works, nor could Lee retake Cold Harbor. Grant then determined to force a passage across the Chickahominy. At half-past four on the morning of June 3 the whole strength of both armies stood in battle-array. Each side had thrown up such rude breastworks as the soldiers could make with the material at hand, often using their tin cups for tools. The Federals made a



bold and sudden assault. The Confederates grimly received it behind their intrenchments with a sheet of flame. In fifteen minutes Barlow alone lost one-third of his division. In an hour the Army of the Potomac had been repulsed again, leaving thirteen thousand on the battle-field. Lee had suffered far less than Grant in this engagement.

The Unionists had another misfortune about this time. General George Crook was to advance up the Kanawha Valley in West Virginia while Sigel went up the Shenandoah Valley from Winchester. Both expeditions had failed. Breckinridge had defeated Sigel, and John Morgan had upset Crook's plans. Later, however, early in June, General David Hunter relieved Sigel, and in the battle of Piedmont, June 5, whipped the Confederates. Encouraged by this, Hunter and Crook met at Staunton, and together they undertook to capture Lynchburg. Lee, as usual, guessed this plan, and sent a strong garrison to defend Lynchburg: so Hunter did not venture to make the attack. To save his army, he retreated beyond the mountains, into West Virginia, leaving the Shenandoah Valley unprotected.

For ten days after the battle of Cold Harbor, the two armies remained opposite each other, so near as to be within rifle-range. Skirmishing was kept up every day except one, when under flag of truce they buried the dead. As Lee would not move, Grant was obliged to take the first step. Once more the Army of the Potomac wearily marched through the Chickahominy swamps, and crossed the James River near Malvern Hills, where McClellan had fought such a desperate battle two years before. There must have been good steel in that Army of the Potomac, neither to rust nor to wear out, for both had been tried. Lee had not looked for this movement on Grant's part, but supposed that he was going directly to Richmond: so Lee fell back within the lines of the Confederate capital.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

A GLANCE at your map will show you the city of Petersburg, twenty-two miles south of Richmond, on the right bank of the Appomattox River. It was the junction of several lines of railway over which the Confederates brought their supplies; yet, up to the spring of 1864, neither side had seemed to consider it worth having, as the Federals had made no effort to take it, and the Confederates had not kept it strongly garrisoned. On the 10th of June, Butler undertook to capture Petersburg, and failed. Five days later, when General Smith returned from the battle of Cold Harbor, he renewed the attack, with partial success. He carried the outer works, and captured six hundred prisoners and fifteen guns. Unfortunately, however, although he was re-enforced by Hancock, Smith did not press his advantage that night. Beauregard made the most of the time thus gained. Fresh troops were hurried to Petersburg from Richmond. The long hours of that moonlight night were spent by the rebels in throwing up another line of earthworks around the city; the men using bayonets, cups, and even their hands, for tools. The Federals had lost their opportunity. Indeed, it seemed to be putting things off which lay at the bottom of most of the failures. Well, Smith assaulted Petersburg the next day, June 16. The greater part of both armies were by this time engaged. The fighting continued till the evening of the 18th: then Grant

gave up the struggle, and began a regular siege. It had been a bloody battle. One night of delay had cost the armies of the Potomac and the James nearly ten thousand men. So long as their garrisons could be fed, neither Petersburg nor Richmond was in danger of capture. During the siege, which lasted ten months, but two attempts were made

ARMY-CORPS CHAPEL NEAR PETERSBURG.

to carry Petersburg by assault. The first was suggested by one of Burnside's men, who had been a miner in the Pennsylvania coal-regions. Meade agreed to his plan, and the work began. The month of July was spent in digging a mine, or tunnel, from a point in the Federal lines under a fort within the enemy's works. Proper tools were not to be had; and cracker-boxes were used to take the earth out of the

trench, which was five hundred and twenty feet long, four feet and a half wide, and the same in height. Under the fort this gallery branched in opposite directions, thirty-five feet each way. In these were placed eight magazines filled with gunpowder, connected with each other by means of fuzes, and extending to the mouth of the main shaft. As soon as all was ready, Hancock made a feint on the north side of the James, and Lee withdrew a part of his force from Petersburg, believing Richmond to be threatened. The signal was given at half-past three, on the afternoon of July 30. The fuze was lighted. An hour passed, yet no sound was heard. Then two courageous fellows crept into the mine, and found that the fuze was broken. They joined it, lighted it again, and had only just made their escape when the crash came. The next moment a yawning chasm two hundred feet long, fifty feet wide, and sixty feet deep, swallowed up the fort and its garrison. The Union batteries opened at the same instant, and the Union troops dashed into the mouth of the crater. Then came a moment of hesitation and wavering, which turned the solid ranks into a disordered mob. For half an hour the enemy was paralyzed by the shock; and that was time enough to win a glorious victory, if all had gone well. It had been long enough for the enemy to recover breath. Rebel artillery and infantry were quickly disposed for defence. Every attempt to carry the slope by assault was defeated. At last the rebel guns were turned upon the struggling mass of Union troops in the crater. The mine had failed. Four thousand victims swelled the Union loss in Virginia. General Burnside asked to be relieved, and the Ninth Corps was placed under the command of General John G. Parke. The Confederates still held Petersburg with its lines of railway. During August, Meade seized and held the Weldon Railroad, by which the greater part of Lee's supplies were brought to Petersburg. A short line was built,

connecting the Weldon Railway with Grant's own depot of supplies at City Point.

All this while General Butler's colored troops had been digging the Dutch Gap Canal across a sharp bend in the James to save going around the long curve. Just as it was finished, an accident occurred which threw the earth back into the channel again. As a Confederate battery commanded the work, it had to be given up.

During that summer, at City Point, a member of the Christian Commission, on hospital duty, found time to teach the colored people to read. One day an old negro, whose unused eyes found it hard to keep the letters separate, drew his sleeve across his face, dripping with perspiration after a struggle with the alphabet, and said with a comical grin, "Massa, dis yer do make me sweat!" There were a great many agents of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions about, and one day the guard mistook a stranger who approached for one of them. "No sanitary folks allowed inside."—"I guess General Grant will see me," the visitor replied. "I can't let you pass, but I'll send him your name. What is it?"—"Abraham Lincoln." The guard dropped his musket, and, giving the military salute, allowed the President to pass.

Since Hunter's retreat, there had been no Union force in the Shenandoah Valley. The undefended side of the capital, therefore, invited a rebel invasion. Lee was quick to take in the situation, and sent Early with a force of twenty thousand men down the Shenandoah Valley. The troops marched rapidly in spite of hot weather. On the 3d of July they reached Martinsburg, driving out the garrison under Sigel, who retreated across the Potomac. Three days later Early arrived at Hagerstown. He destroyed the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and cut the Ohio and Chesapeake Canal. General Wallace, who was at Baltimore, took position on the Monocacy River, hoping to cover Washington until the

arrival of re-enforcements, which he knew were coming. But on the 9th the Confederates came up, and assaulted Wallace with double his number. When the Federals could hold out no longer, they fled to Baltimore. Colonel Harry Gilmor took advantage of the approach of the rebels to seize railroad-trains between Philadelphia and Baltimore, and to rob the mails and passengers. General Franklin was taken, but made his escape while his captors slept. Early then moved straight toward Washington. On the night of the 10th of July he rested ten miles from the city. The next day he had reached the outer line of fortifications. But a body of troops, under Generals Wright and Emory, reached Washington at the same time, by way of the Potomac. As the veterans landed, the welcome form of the President greeted them. He had a kind word for everybody, and a bright smile made his plain face beautiful. He was eating some "hard tack;" for he had missed his dinner that day, that he might enjoy the pleasure of receiving them. The soldiers cheered till the echoes rang. As they marched through the streets, they were welcomed with the cry, "It is the old Sixth Corps that took Marye's Hill!"

The next day (July 12), a smart skirmish took place, after which Early retreated, but took with him five thousand horses and two thousand cattle. Wright quickly followed, overtaking him at the Shenandoah River. About the same time the Confederates were defeated by Averill in a battle at Winchester. Wright's troops were then ordered back to Petersburg, and Hunter again came into the valley. Crook, supposing that Early was out of the way, went up the valley at the same time. At Kearnstown he came upon the Confederates, who drove him back with heavy loss. Colonel Mulligan, the hero of the siege of Lexington, was killed while gallantly leading a charge. As he fell, some of his men tried to carry him off the field. Seeing his colors in

danger, he cried, "Lay me down, and save the flag!" He died in the enemy's hands.

Seeing that the way was open, after Crook recrossed the Potomac, Early made another destructive raid in the North. He reached Chambersburg, Penn., on the 30th, and demanded a ransom for the town of two hundred thousand dollars in gold. As it was impossible to raise that amount, he ordered Colonel Harry Gilmor to set fire to the place. In an hour two-thirds of the thriving city of Chambersburg was in ashes. Early then hurried across the Potomac, and after a sharp skirmish at Cumberland he got away into Virginia.

Grant now determined to put a stop to rebel invasions, and in order to do it he felt it necessary to place one man at the head of all the forces in the Shenandoah Valley. General Hunter was not sorry to be relieved, and the choice fell upon General Philip H. Sheridan. On the 7th of August, Sheridan assumed command of the new Army of the Shenandoah, numbering thirty-six thousand men. He took a strong position at Harper's Ferry, where the next fortnight was spent in preparations to attack the Confederates. People began to get impatient to hear from him; and even Grant went to see Sheridan, and hurry him up. Sheridan was untiring in his study of his surroundings. It is said that whenever he fell asleep, day or night, he had a map in his hand or by his side. He organized a body of scouts to give information concerning the enemy's numbers and movements. An old colored man lived about fifteen miles from headquarters, who had a pass to sell vegetables in Winchester three times a week. As Early was on the west bank of the Opequan Creek, not far from Winchester, the young commander thought that the old negro might be of service to him. General Crook had given Sheridan the name of Mr. Amos M. Wright, as a loyal and trustworthy Unionist in

Winchester. His eldest daughter, Miss Rebecca L. Wright, was also mentioned to the general, as one devoted to the Union, and to her Sheridan decided to appeal for aid. At midnight two scouts brought the old vegetable man to Sheridan's tent; and, after some other questions, he was asked if he knew Miss Wright. He did know her, and agreed to carry to her a letter, written upon tissue-paper, and rolled up in tin-foil, which he must hide in his capacious mouth. He was to deliver the letter privately, with a hint of its importance, and to bring an answer on the next market-day. In case of capture, he was to chew and swallow the precious morsel. The colored man was returned to his home. The next day Sheridan wrote the letter to Miss Wright, appealing to her love for the "old flag" to give him all the information concerning the enemy which she could obtain. A trusty scout took it to Winchester, and delivered it to the vegetable man. The next day Miss Wright received it safely. In return, she sent two letters at different times, bearing important news, and at length the third, of still greater value; and it was for this last that Sheridan waited before attacking Early. It gave the information, that Early had weakened his force by sending Kershaw's division to Richmond; and Sheridan resolved to fall upon Winchester without delay.

On the morning of the 19th of September he crossed the Opequan River, and the battle began. Sheridan's attack was energetic and well sustained, and Early's defence was heroic. Up to three o'clock in the afternoon the battle had been equal. Crook's corps was then brought into action, and Emory's corps sprang from the ground where it had been lying. Cavalry and infantry swept over the field, and drove the enemy before them. Away fled Early, through Winchester, to Fisher's Hill, twelve miles distant.

When the battle was over, Sheridan sought the house of Mr. Wright, on the main street of Winchester. In the little

RUINS OF CHAMBERSBURG.

schoolroom of Miss Rebecca, and sitting at her desk, Sheridan wrote this message to General Grant: "We have just sent them whirling through Winchester, and we are after them to-morrow. This army behaved splendidly." Then he took Miss Wright's hand, and thanked her for her courage and loyalty. He afterward wrote of her, "The battle of Winchester at the Opequan was fought and won upon information received by me from this young lady."

A victory had been won at last. Sheridan did not stop to exult, but kept right on in hot pursuit. On the 22d he attacked the rebels in front of their position at Fisher's Hill, which resulted in a Federal success. Early was routed again, with a loss of eleven hundred prisoners. Night and day, Sheridan pursued him, through Harrisonburg, Staunton, and the Blue-Ridge gaps, having captured nearly half of Early's army at the end of a week.

The rich and fertile Shenandoah Valley would always tempt the Confederate army, and Grant determined to lay it waste. It seemed a cruel measure; but the people in the valley were ready to assist every Confederate expedition, so long as they had the means. So Sheridan destroyed barns filled with hay and grain, mills, farming-utensils, cattle and sheep. "The land was as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness."

In the mean time Early was re-enforced from Lee's army, and returned to Fisher's Hill. On the 18th of October, Sheridan was posted at Cedar Creek, facing south. Soon after midnight, Early began to steal a march upon the Union army. Every thing depended upon secrecy, and all precautions were taken to secure it. Canteens even were left behind, for fear that their rattling should betray the men as they crept cautiously upon the Union camp. The first rays of dawn were just streaking the sky, when with wild yells the Confederates charged, — in front, flank, and rear.

In fifteen minutes Crook's sleeping soldiers were routed. The first line was carried, and the Sixth Corps alone stood its ground. Wright was wounded, but refused to leave the field. Stoutly resisting the enemy, he covered the Federal retreat toward Winchester.

Sheridan had slept at Winchester that night, on his return from Washington. He heard the sound of battle, and hastened toward it to meet his own army in the full flight which told of defeat. Swinging his old hat, he cried, "Face about! Face about, boys! We're all right. We'll whip them yet! We'll sleep in our old quarters to-night!" Cheer after cheer greeted their leader, as the fugitives quickly turned toward the battle-field again. On he rode, as fast as his jet-black horse could carry him.

> "He dashed down the line mid a storm of hurrahs;
> And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
> The sight of the master compelled it to pause."

One more charge, and the war in the Shenandoah Valley was ended. Early was whipped. His army became a mob, and took to the hills and open fields. Each army had lost heavily in this campaign, — Early, twenty-three thousand; and Sheridan, seventeen thousand men.

Early was never heard from but once again during the war, when a body of troops which he led were captured, and Lee immediately relieved him from all command.

GENERAL SHERIDAN IN THE VALLEY.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### "IF ONE WISHES A THING DONE WELL, LET HIM DO IT HIMSELF."

BY the beginning of May, General Sherman was all ready to move. Having succeeded to Grant's old command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, Sherman was responsible for all the armies within that district. He therefore paid a visit to each of his three army commanders, and explained to them his plans and wishes. General James B. McPherson had taken Sherman's place at the head of the Army of the Tennessee. To General John M. Schofield had been given the Army of the Ohio; and General Thomas remained with the Army of the Cumberland, at Chattanooga. The most thorough preparations were made for a campaign in which both officers and men resolved to compel success. To the staff of every general competent civil engineers were attached, whose duties were to construct bridges, repair roads, and to furnish accurate information and maps of the country through which the army must pass. A telegraph-corps accompanied the expedition, carrying its own wires and instruments, but depending upon the forest-trees for the necessary poles. There was also a signal-corps for the purpose of communicating by means of flags or lights. Allowing but the smallest amount of necessary baggage, the wagon-train for such an army must be immense. The commanding general was strict in his orders to cut down the amount of personal baggage; and he set an example of sac-

rifice of comfort by carrying no tent for himself, except such slight shelter as was allowed to every soldier.

His storehouses at Chattanooga were bursting with food for his soldiers. His ranks were full, and Sherman only awaited marching-orders. But, before the tramp of a hun-

PATRIOT ORPHAN HOME.

dred thousand men falls upon our ears, let us spread out our map, and see what enemies they were likely to meet.

Behind a range of mountains which lies to the south-east of Chattanooga is the town of Dalton, Ga. Here, intrenched in a deep gorge of Rocky Face Mountain, lay the Confederate army. The gap is known as Buzzard's Roost, and between its rugged sides flows Mill Creek. The rebel position was strong; and General J. E. Johnston had succeeded Bragg in command, so that Sherman felt that he had to

deal with a foeman "worthy of his steel." Johnston's army commanders were Hardee, Hood, and Polk; and his force was about sixty thousand men.

On Thursday, May 5, Sherman's army started for Atlanta. On the 7th and 8th Thomas and Schofield made an attempt to force the pass of Rocky Face; but Hardee led the rebel troops in person, and easily held the crest against superior numbers. The affair of Buzzard's Roost, however, was not Sherman's chief business in hand. While the main army was pressing the enemy in front, McPherson had moved up Snake Creek Valley, intending to surprise Resaca, in Johnston's rear. Unfortunately, however, McPherson thought it too strong to attack, and fell back to Snake Creek Gap to wait for re-enforcements. But the opportunity was gone. Johnston had heard of Sherman's flank movement; and on the night of May 12 he withdrew from Dalton to Resaca, where, two days later, Sherman attacked him. Skirmishing was kept up the first day; but during the second, the 15th, the fighting was sharp and continuous. That night Johnston retreated across the Oostangula and Etowah Rivers, burnt his bridges behind him, and took a strong position behind Allatoona Pass. Sherman knew that region of the country too well to sacrifice his men by an attempt to force that stronghold when he could just as well get it by strategy. Bridges were quickly rebuilt, and preparations were made for an immediate advance. One day a heavy storm swept over the Union camp at Resaca, unroofing buildings and doing great damage. Finally the lightning set fire to the tow in which some shells were packed. The bravest soldiers were filled with dismay, and either ran away or lay down upon the ground to escape certain death. Only one stout-hearted fellow seemed to have his senses. Climbing to the top of the pile, he seized the burning tow; and, holding it up, he cried, "No fireworks this time, boys;" and the danger was past.

Sherman next marched straight on Dallas, Ga. Near Dallas, at New Hope Church, he encountered the enemy in force, where a stubborn battle was fought, in which both entire armies were engaged, and which lasted from the 25th of May till the 1st of June, with scarcely a breathing spell. The Confederates held their ground; but, in order to do so, Johnston was forced to evacuate Allatoona Pass. Sherman was satisfied to accomplish here the object which he had aimed to reach at Dallas. Continued heavy rains made the roads almost impassable. The wild and beautiful country in which the two armies were engaged was certainly not meant for soldiering; yet for a month they had fought a battle, great or small, nearly every day. The struggle at New Hope Church had been a drawn battle, as neither had surrendered; but it had given Sherman advantage of position. Johnston then withdrew to Kenesaw, Lost, and Pine Mountains; and Sherman pressed his lines still closer upon him.

One morning a regiment passed Sherman's bivouac, and saw him lying asleep by the roadside. One of the men, supposing him to be intoxicated, exclaimed, "That is the way we are commanded, — officered by drunken major-generals!" Sherman heard the remark, and, springing up, said pleasantly, "Not drunk, my boy; but I was up all night, and I am very tired and sleepy." The next time Sherman rode past that regiment, he was received with cheers.

General Jeff. C. Davis had in the mean time captured Rome, and secured possession of its guns and stores. He also destroyed its founderies and mills for the manufacture of Confederate ordnance and ammunition.

The three mountain peaks which Johnston now occupied lay to the left and north of Marietta, — Kenesaw nearest, Lost Mountain to the west farther still, and Pine Mountain about halfway between the two but farther north, like the

three balls over a pawnbroker's shop. By the 12th of June a strong Union force held Allatoona Pass, the Etowah had been bridged again, and "the whistle of a locomotive was heard at Big Shanty, notifying friend and foe that Sherman's supplies were now close in the rear of his line." Sherman's losses had been made up to him by the arrival of Blair's troops. The Union army was in position, and an advance was ordered. On the 14th Generals Johnston, Hardee, and Polk were on Pine Mountain, where General Polk was killed by a shot from a Federal gun. Johnston and Hardee had seen the shell and avoided it; but Polk, slower in his movements, was unable to get out of its way. General Polk's body was taken to Atlanta, where funeral services were held. Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, lieutenant-general in the Confederate army, and brother of a former President of the United States, his loss was deeply felt. General S. D. Lee was given General Polk's command.

The next day Johnston abandoned Pine Mountain. Lost Mountain was then given up. It is understood, that, with such antagonists as Johnston and Sherman, not a single point was yielded by either, without fighting. As fast as Johnston retreated, Sherman pushed his army into the abandoned position. On the 25th of June, Johnston covered Marietta, and held Kenesaw, "the key to the whole country." Two days later Sherman assaulted the enemy in his intrenched position. Officers and men behaved with heroic bravery in the bloody battle, in which the Federals were repulsed. The Union general Harker was killed, and General D. McCook was wounded. Sherman now determined upon another flank movement, which his quick-witted enemy guessed, warily falling back to Marietta. Before dawn on the morning of the 3d of July the Union pickets flung out the starry banner from the crest of Kenesaw, for the rebels

had fled toward the Chattahoochee River. Sherman took possession of Marietta the same morning. Johnston had evidently anticipated his own retreat; for he had ordered a "strongly intrenched camp prepared on the Chattahoochee, covering the railway-crossing and his pontoon-bridges." Sherman was therefore obliged to content himself with strategy; and, while making a feint below the rebel lines, he seized a good crossing above, and fortified it. For more than thirty miles the north bank of the Chattahoochee bristled with bayonets. So near were the two lines, that even the commanding Union general came near being captured; and Colonel Frank Sherman rode placidly into the enemy's camp, supposing it to be that of Thomas. Colonel Sherman was taken to Atlanta, and the rebels thought at first that they had caught General Sherman himself.

During the month of June, Sherman's army had lost about two hundred men a day: the Confederates had suffered even more severely. By the 9th of July, Johnston had crossed the river, and fallen back to Atlanta, eight miles distant. Sherman already held the railway from Chattanooga to the rear of his camp, at Vining Station, with entire possession of the west bank of the Chattahoochee. He wished to break the lines between Johnston and his supplies. To do this, Sherman sent General Rousseau with a large body of cavalry into Alabama. Starting at Decatur on the 9th, Rousseau dashed through Opelika, and, after destroying twenty miles of railway, turned to Marietta. On the 17th of July, Sherman put his army once more in motion. Near Decatur he learned that General John B. Hood had relieved Johnston in the command of the rebel army. Hood's reputation for fighting was so well known, that Sherman sent word to every division commander to be always ready for a battle. On the 20th, at noon, while the Federals were resting with stacked arms, Hood's troops

poured out of their intrenchments, and fell upon them. The enemy was handsomely repulsed, but with heavy loss, Hooker's corps having been badly cut up. The enemy's dead and wounded numbered four thousand. The Union lines were closing around Atlanta. On the morning of July 22 the outer works to the north and east were abandoned.

DEATH OF M^cPHERSON.

That morning, Sherman was wakened by the sound of battle too far to the rear to be accounted for, which finally grew to a steady roar. General McPherson offered to go to see what was the matter, and with his staff he rode away. The firing came nearer in the mean time. As Sherman was impatiently pacing up and down the piazza of the Howard House, where his headquarters were, one of McPherson's

staff rode rapidly up, and told him that McPherson was either killed or a prisoner; for his horse had come back covered with blood. A few minutes after leaving Sherman, McPherson had crossed the railroad track; and, finding that the rebels had attacked his rear, he had sent the members of his staff in different directions with various orders. Then with an orderly he had taken a wood-road, unaware that he was in the enemy's lines. An instant later he met a party of Confederates, who called upon him to halt. McPherson bowed politely and raised his hat as he turned his horse to ride away. Upon this, the rebels fired, killing McPherson instantly. His orderly, Jack Thompson, was wounded, and taken prisoner. George Reynolds, himself wounded, brought the news of McPherson's death to Colonel William E. Strong of the general's staff. Securing an ambulance, they went to the spot where McPherson lay, and, placing his body in the ambulance, drove out of the enemy's lines "on the keen run." The general's watch, hat, sword-belt, field-glass, and papers were already gone. They were recovered, however, from prisoners who were taken soon after. Captains Gile and Steele of McPherson's staff took his body home to his mother in Clyde, O. General Sherman thus makes tender mention of his dead general, "History tells us of but few who so blended the grace and gentleness of friend with the dignity, courage, faith, and manliness of the soldier."

To young Reynolds was given, in the presence of his regiment under arms, the "gold medal of honor of the Seventeenth Corps," for his bravery and his kindness to General McPherson.

General O. O. Howard succeeded to McPherson's command. Like Schofield and Thomas, he was conscientious, free from jealousy, brave, and efficient. Hooker asked to be relieved when Howard was given the right wing: so the Twentieth Corps fell to General H. W. Slocum.

The firing which had cost McPherson's life proved to be more than a skirmish, lasting till four in the afternoon, and ending in Hood's repulse. Hood then withdrew to his intrenchments inside the city, and Sherman "closed in." The Macon Railway was the only line by which the Confederate army was now supplied, and Sherman determined to destroy that. He sent McCook and Stoneman, with nearly nine thousand cavalry for that purpose, and moved General Howard's army around to the right to threaten the same road. The cavalry accomplished nothing of importance; while Stoneman, and those of his command who had not already fled or been killed, were taken prisoners. Hood then fiercely attacked Howard at Ezra Church. Logan's corps sustained the brunt of the battle for four hours, but at last succeeded in driving the rebels into their own intrenchments. "Half a dozen such battles," says a military writer, "would have left Hood without an army."

"Well, Johnny, how many are there left of you?" said a Federal picket, after the battle, to a rebel on duty. "Oh! about enough for another killing," returned the Confederate grimly.

The siege of Atlanta now fairly began. During the month of August the Union army kept "hammering away" night and day. With plenty of wood, water, and provisions, the men were very comfortable, making for themselves huts to keep off the scorching sun.

In the mean time Kilpatrick's cavalry was sent to strike a final blow at the Macon Railroad. In four days the work was done, and the rebel supplies were stopped. Then Sherman marched his army off to Jonesborough, on the Macon Railroad. At first Hood was joyful, and telegraphed the good news to Richmond, that the "Yankees" were gone. But he soon saw that Sherman meant to destroy his communications and compel him to come out of his trenches:

so he attacked Howard again, only to be repulsed. On the night of Sept. 1 Hood blew up his arsenals and magazines. At daylight Slocum's corps of the Union army marched into Atlanta unopposed, for Hood's troops had left the city and were well on their way to Macon. Sherman telegraphed to Mr. Lincoln, "Atlanta is ours and fairly won." The message was welcomed with wildest demonstrations of joy by all loyal people. Bells were rung, and every town that owned a cannon fired a salute. In the four months of the Atlanta campaign, Sherman had won a glorious victory at the cost of thirty-one thousand men. On the other hand, Hood's army was still at large; but he could ill afford to spare the thirty-five thousand men whom he had lost. The city of Atlanta was the trading and manufacturing centre of the South, having a population of twenty thousand. It contained numerous workshops, mills, and founderies for the manufacture of guns and ammunition, as well as factories for wagons, clothing, and shoes for the Confederate army. Of course, those employed in these industries were disloyal to the Union; and, as Sherman determined to convert Atlanta into a military post, he ordered the removal of the entire population for the safety of his own army. A copy of the "Atlanta Appeal" for July 18 contained the following advertisement, of interest because it was one of the last of its kind ever published in that city.

$300 REWARD!

Will be paid for the apprehension and delivery of the GIRL ALICE, who ran away on the 11th. She weighs about one hundred and fifty pounds, has a round, full face, wavy hair, and has a feeble and depressed voice when spoken to. Her color is a medium or light-brown mulatto. Those who arrest her will deliver her to the City Marshal.

A. J. RIDDLE

Not long after the occupation of Atlanta, Sherman detected signs of another rebel invasion. Garrisons had been

left at all the places lately captured, but they would not be strong enough to resist either Hood or Forrest. Thomas was therefore hurried back to Tennessee, while General John M. Corse was to guard the railway north of the Etowah. These precautions were not taken a minute too soon, for Hood attacked Allatoona Pass on the 5th of October. That day Sherman reached Kenesaw Mountain, from which he signalled Corse at Rome to hasten to Allatoona; for even then a line of smoke and the distant booming of guns told that the battle had begun. For a long time the smoke at Allatoona hid the signal-flags on Kenesaw from view. At last, however, they spelled out the words, "Hold the fort, for I am coming!" Soon the anxious watchers on Kenesaw made out the reply, "C.," "R.," "S.," "E.," "H.," "E.," "R." (Corse is here). As soon as Sherman made out the word "Corse," he exclaimed, "If Corse is there, he will hold it. I know the man!" That was a reputation worth having, but not better than Corse and his little army deserved; for, in the long hours of the 5th of October, Allatoona lost half of its defenders. Although Corse was wounded in the face at noon, he held out all day, and whipped Hood soundly. The next day he sent word to Sherman that he was "short a cheek and an ear;" but he could whip the enemy yet. After his repulse at Allatoona, Hood pushed on to the northward, threatening Kingston and Rome; but as Sherman was so near he did not venture upon an attack. When at last Sherman saw that Hood really meant to go into Tennessee, he ceased to follow; for Sherman thought, rightly, that it would be safe to "leave Hood to Thomas."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

IT was the first of November before Hood and Sherman parted company. Hood was sure that Sherman would pursue, and therefore did not consider what the consequences would be in that case. Sherman, on the other hand, was equally sure that Thomas was a match for Hood, and was very glad to have Hood cross the Tennessee River, and move northward. Forrest, who had been checked in his operations in West Tennessee, now turned to assist Hood, making the Confederate force forty thousand strong. By the middle of November, Hood's whole army was rapidly approaching Nashville, and Sherman had turned back to Atlanta.

Thomas had about thirty thousand men in Nashville, and as many more scattered here and there at various posts. Schofield immediately gathered these latter troops, and upon Hood's approach fell back with this army toward Nashville. On the way, at dead of night, the Union army passed, without being discovered, within half a mile of the Confederate bivouac at Spring Hill. When it reached Franklin, eighteen miles south of Nashville, Schofield got his trains safely over the Harpeth River; but the fords were in such condition, that, before his army could follow, the enemy overtook him. Hood attacked Schofield on the afternoon of Nov. 30. The battle, which lasted from four in the afternoon till dark, was a hard struggle and became

at last a hand-to-hand encounter. For a while all seemed lost, but at the word of command Opdyke's brigade resolutely and swiftly charged the enemy and saved the day. The Confederates were driven back; and in the night Schofield crossed the river, and joined Thomas at Nashville.

General Stanley was wounded at the battle of Franklin. Hood lost five thousand men, among whom were thirteen general officers. Thomas was soon re-enforced by General

CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

Steedman from Chattanooga, and General A. J. Smith from Missouri; thus increasing his force to fifty-five thousand.

Hood had appeared in front of Nashville on the 2d of December; but the weather was too cold and stormy to attempt a demonstration, and both armies huddled shivering around their camp-fires. Especially did the rebels feel the biting cold, for their thin and well-worn garments were little protection from the frost. On the morning of Dec. 15, very early, General Thomas advanced upon the enemy. A thick fog hid the two armies so completely from each other

as to conceal the assault. To withstand the shock on his right, Hood moved troops from his left, when Wilson's cavalry fell upon his left thus weakened, Schofield and Smith at the same time pressing the advantage, while Wood assaulted the rebel line in front, driving the enemy completely out of his works. By nine o'clock that night Thomas held the ground already taken, and was preparing to attack the enemy in the morning. The next day, however, Thomas was repulsed at first; and only after desperate fighting were Hood's lines broken, his guns captured, and his army "routed as no army had been in the history of the war." The Confederate generals, Johnson and Jackson, were captured. "Prisoners were taken by the regiment, and artillery by batteries." General James H. Wilson pursued the fugitives to Franklin, where Hood made another fruitless attempt at resistance. His army, already dwindled to a pitifully small remnant, grew smaller every hour; and the few men that were left were ragged and hungry.

Forrest now returned from one of his raids in time to assist Hood in crossing the Tennessee, whence they fled into Mississippi. The unfortunate Hood was scolded, blamed, and finally forced to resign his command. His successor was General Dick Taylor, whom we last met in Louisiana.

We left Sherman's army moving back to Atlanta, eager to begin the great march by which it was meant to flank Richmond, and open a way to the sea. Colonel T. E. G. Ransom, a young officer of great promise, died on the return march. As soon as Sherman reached Atlanta again, he sent all the sick and wounded, the refugees, and all supplies and materiel of war not needed, to Chattanooga. He ordered the country around Atlanta to be laid waste, bridges burned, railroads destroyed, and telegraph wires cut, so that his army could neither be followed nor heard from. He then caused the city to be burned, in order to keep it from again

becoming a rebel stronghold the moment that he should withdraw his troops. On the 15th of November, to the tune of "John Brown's Body," the Union army, sixty-two thousand strong, marched away from the blackened ruins of Atlanta; and the men took up the chorus, "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" singing it with a will. Not knowing whither they were going, they firmly trusted that their leader would bring them out all right somewhere. Officers and men in the ranks, as well as the commander-in-chief, felt sure that the long journey of three hundred miles upon which they had entered must somehow end the war. As Sherman rode past the long lines on that November day, now and then a soldier would call out, "Uncle Billy, I guess that Grant is waiting for us at Richmond."

The army was divided into two wings. Major-General O. O. Howard commanded the right wing, in which were the Fifteenth Corps under Major-General P. J. Osterhaus, and the Seventeenth under Major-General Frank P. Blair. The left wing was led by Major-General H. W. Slocum; being made up of the Fourteenth Corps under Major-General Jefferson C. Davis, and the Twentieth under Brigadier-General A. S. Williams. The cavalry, under the especial direction of the commander-in-chief, was led by Brigadier-General Judson Kilpatrick. Every arrangement had been carefully made for the comfort and government of Sherman's military family. A day's march was to be fifteen miles, beginning at seven o'clock in the morning. Now and then the troops were halted for a breathing-spell; and trains were stopped, that horses and mules might rest a moment. Every railroad on the route was to be destroyed. Foraging parties were organized to collect necessary food for soldiers and horses. But the men were strictly forbidden to enter houses, or to "forage" on their own account. The soldiers who thus gathered supplies from plantations were

called "bummers." One day a man passed Sherman with a ham, a jug of molasses, and a piece of honey which he was eating. Seeing that his watchful chief had discovered him, he said in a loud voice to a comrade, "Forage liberally on the country," quoting from one of Sherman's general orders. Sherman reproved the man kindly, and made him share his luxuries with his messmates.

The two columns marched by different routes; and Milledgeville, then the capital of Georgia, was the first point at which the whole force was united after leaving Atlanta. At the approach of Sherman, the governor and State officers had fled; but the inhabitants remained.

On the 23d the march began again. One day an old negro was brought to General Sherman, who asked him if there were any Yankees at Sandersville. "Yes," replied the man. "First there come along some cavalry-men, and they burned the depot; then come along some infantry-men, and they tore up the track, and burned it, and then they sot fire to the well!" General Sherman afterward learned that his soldiers had destroyed a pump used to lift water to a tank. Then, throwing the boards and rubbish into the tank, they had set them on fire.

On the 3d of December the army reached Millen, where there was a prison for Union soldiers. The men, as well as their officers, were eager to free the poor fellows confined there; but to their sorrow the prisoners had already been removed to another place. The prison pen at Millen was second only in size to that at Andersonville. A part of Sherman's army also passed very near Andersonville, but unfortunately they could not turn aside to liberate the prisoners.

On the 8th of December, within fifteen miles of Savannah, an accident discovered that the road was planted with torpedoes. A fine young officer had his foot blown off, and

A BUMMER.

several men were wounded. Sherman was very angry, and ordered some rebel prisoners to dig up the torpedoes, or else to march over, and explode them.

Now that we are so near, let us take the map, and trace the long journey over again, — Atlanta, Milledgeville, Millen, then more nearly to the south, along the bank of the Ogeechee River, we come to Savannah, to find it well fortified, and defended by General William J. Hardee. Sherman determined to communicate immediately with the Federal fleet in Ossibaw Sound. Already General Howard had sent Captain Duncan, a trusty scout, down the Ogeechee, past Fort McAllister, and so out to the fleet, with the news of the arrival of Sherman's army. As Duncan and his comrades crept along in their little "dug-out," they saw rebel pickets on the shore, and heard negroes praying and singing. They could only travel in the dark: so toward morning they hauled up their boat, and hid both it and themselves in the bushes. The next night they started again. Suddenly a cloud drifted over the moon, and made the darkness intense. As they rounded a bend, they saw a huge dark object right in their path. Another pull brought them alongside a rebel gunboat anchored in the stream. Noiselessly they pulled off, and were well out of its way when the moon shone out again. They passed Fort McAllister safely, out of the river, into the sea, where for the next day they took refuge on a little desert island. When the tide set in, they got into their little boat again, and pushed off. As they rose and fell on the big waves, the mainland grew every moment fainter. They were hungry and thirsty, and, oh, so tired! when at last a gunboat came in sight. Never before did the Stars and Stripes seem so beautiful. The men were seen, and taken on board the gunboat. Captain Duncan's despatches, which had been hidden in a plug of tobacco, were delivered into Admiral Dahlgren's own

hands. The "dug-out" fared better than its captain. It was placed in the Museum of the Washington Navy-Yard while Captain Duncan's services were never rewarded in any way. This was the first tidings of the marching army since it left Atlanta. People had been very anxious to know where Sherman was going, and how he fared; but not even the President himself had any means of finding out. At a levee one evening during that month of suspense, Mr. Lincoln was very silent and absent-minded. Rousing himself with a great effort at last, he said to some one, "Excuse me if I am a little pre-occupied. To tell the truth, I was thinking about a man down South." He afterward confessed that "the man down South" was Sherman.

In the mean time Sherman had ordered Hazen's division to capture Fort McAllister. General Howard had established a signal-station in an old rice-mill on the Ogeechee River, where he watched as anxiously for some ship of the blockading squadron, as "Sister Ann" watched for her brother in the tale of "Bluebeard." General Sherman now began to fear that Duncan's party had been captured. Hazen had been ordered to attack at sunset, and a signal-flag assured Sherman that he was getting ready. Just at that moment the smoke of a steamer streaked the sky; then a gunboat appeared in sight, bearing the Union banner. "Flutter, flutter, up and down, right and left; and our signal-officer read the despatch out loud, so that all could hear it, — 'Who are you?' Answer. — 'General Sherman. Who are you?' Flutter, flutter, up and down, right and left. Reply. — 'Admiral Dahlgren and General Foster. Is Fort McAllister captured?' Answer. — 'No; but it will be in twenty minutes.' And as the last word was telegraphed, a dozen heavy guns opened fire upon Hazen's division, which was forming for an assault. Four minutes to five o'clock, and across the water come floating the bugle-notes, and away they go.

SHERMAN'S BUMMERS.

I never saw the like. Over every conceivable obstacle known to military skill and ingenuity, never wavering, never faltering for an instant, with a fierce and impetuous rush to the front, with a gallantry almost unparalleled, and with a wild cheer which I can never forget, away they went. Every officer and enlisted man proved himself a soldier and a hero. The sun went down, McAllister was ours, and General Hazen had won his second star." [1]

Up to this time General Hazen did not know that a gunboat was near, nor could those on the gunboat see the engagement at Fort McAllister. The only communication was by means of signals to and from the rice-mill. Sherman now prepared to bombard Savannah, and General Foster was ready to lend a hand. But on the night of Dec. 20 Colonel Barnum of Howard's corps, who was not more than three hundred yards from the rebel works, cautiously crept out beyond the rebel picket-line to reconnoitre. All was still, and he half suspected that the Confederates had "skedaddled." With ten trusty men he scaled the parapet, then passed quickly to the fortifications. The rebel campfires burned, but not a soul was to be seen. Barnum sent for more men. They moved from earthwork to earthwork, and just at dawn they entered the beautiful city, to see, away across the marsh, the gray coats flying from them. A large force was set at work to remove the torpedoes and other obstructions from the river, and Savannah became a depot for Union supplies. The 24th of December brought General Sherman news of Thomas's victory in Tennessee, which he considered a part of his own campaign. Immediately after the surrender, he wrote to the President, "I beg to present you as a Christmas present the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton."

[1] From a manuscript book by General William E. Strong.

Mr. Lincoln got the pleasant message on Christmas Eve. The next day the news of the fall of Savannah appeared in the newspapers, and from the Atlantic coast to the frontier there was great rejoicing.

> "So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
> Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main:
> Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
> While we were marching through Georgia."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### THEY THAT GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS.

JOHN LAIRD was a British subject and a member of the House of Commons. Very early in the war he built a fine steamer in his shipyard near Liverpool, which excited much interest. The vessel received no name, being simply known as the "290" as she lay upon the stocks. Although nobody asked whom she was built for, or where she was going, yet everybody seemed to know. Just as she was ready for sea, the American minister to England complained so loudly about her, that, in order to keep up the appearance of neutrality, a tardy order was procured to detain her. Before this, however, the Confederate agents, for whom she was intended, had gotten her well out of the Mersey on a "trial-trip," from which, by the way, she never came back. She sailed for the Azores, where her crew and officers met her. She received there her armament, and thus quickly became a man-of-war; then she steamed out of the neutral port for a league from land. Suddenly, as if touched by a fairy's wand, out upon her quarter-deck stepped Captain Raphael Semmes, dressed from top to toe in the Confederate uniform. In a neat speech he named the steamer the Alabama, and proclaimed her to be in the service of the Confederate States of America. Down came the British flag, and up went the Stars and Bars. Semmes urged the officers and crew to enlist in the Confederate service, offering plenty of prize-money to tempt them. Hoping

for a frolic with good pay, they consented; and the most powerful pirate-ship on the high seas was thus fairly manned, equipped, and set afloat. Semmes was well taught in his profession, for he had learned it in the American navy. Among the first to desert the Union flag, he had been in active service in the Confederacy since the war began. From the 7th of September, 1863, till the summer of 1864, the Alabama's captures were enough to satisfy the love of adventure of even such a crew as hers. On the 11th of June, 1864, she put into Cherbourg for repairs. While there, the United-States steam sloop Kearsarge appeared off Cherbourg. Her commander, Captain John A. Winslow, was looking for just such sort of craft as the Alabama. The two vessels were fully equal in size and armament. Semmes, wishing to show his skill and strength, sent word to Winslow, that, if he would lay off for a day, the Alabama would be ready to go out and give him battle outside of neutral waters. Winslow accepted the challenge gladly. On the 19th of June the Alabama steamed out of Cherbourg, under the escort of the French ironclad Couronne, and an English steam-yacht carrying a party of ladies and gentlemen to witness the duel. At a distance of seven miles from land, the Kearsarge turned head on, and made for the Alabama. The Alabama circled around her, as a hawk circles around a hen; the Kearsarge all the time trying to get near her. At the end of an hour the Alabama made a dash for neutral French waters, where the Kearsarge would not dare to touch her. But it was too late; for the Kearsarge, already up with the enemy, gave her a raking fire across her bows. A white flag fluttered from the Alabama. She was sinking. Captain Winslow hastily lowered his boats, and the French pilot-boats and the English yacht did the same; but nineteen wounded men went down with the Alabama. Captain Semmes childishly threw his sword into the sea. In the two years in which the Ala-

WINSLOW AND THE KEARSARGE.

bama plied her occupation, she had taken sixty-five prizes, and destroyed Federal property worth ten millions of dollars. She sailed under the English flag to catch her prey, only hoisting the Confederate ensign when making a prize, and she never touched Confederate waters. Semmes was made brigadier-general in the Confederate army, having made his escape by the help of the English yacht.

The Oreto was another vessel which put to sea as a cruiser from a British port, against the remonstrance of the American minister. Her commander, Captain John H. Maffitt, had also learned the art of war in the United-States navy. The Oreto slipped into Mobile harbor, where she remained for four months, changing her name in the mean time to the Florida. She escaped from Mobile, and in the autumn of 1864 entered a harbor in Brazil where the United States steamer Wachusett was lying. Although she was in neutral waters, the Wachusett seized her, after having made several attempts to get her outside to fight. She was taken to Hampton Roads, and soon after sank in a collision with another vessel. The Brazilian Government made such a fuss about it, that Commander Collins was suspended from service. These are but instances of the many cruisers built by English shipbuilders for the Confederacy. Two fine ironclad rams were just ready for sea, when Mr. Adams assured the British Government that war would be declared if they were allowed to sail; and Mr. Laird was forbidden to let them go.

The Stonewall, a powerful ironclad built in France, was purchased by the Confederates, and afterwards, through the Spanish authorities in Cuba, surrendered to the Federal Government. After the war the United States demanded payment for damages done to her commerce and property by English-built cruisers. As the two powers could come to no terms of agreement, a board of "arbitrators," or um-

pires, was chosen, — one by each nation, and three by Italy, Switzerland, and Brazil, — to meet in Geneva, Switzerland, to decide the matter. This board declared that Great Britain had broken the laws of neutrality, and required her to pay the sum of fifteen million, five hundred thousand dollars' penalty to the United States. This was called "The Geneva Award."

Among General Grant's moves in the game of war, one of the most important was the capture of Mobile, Ala. Standing as sentinels at the entrance of Mobile Bay were Forts Morgan, Gaines, and Powell. Inside the bay the ironclad ram Tennessee, and three Confederate gunboats, guarded the town. The main ship-channel, about four miles wide, was between Fort Morgan on the right, and Gaines on the left, as one enters the harbor. To the left of Dauphin Island, on which Fort Gaines stood, between it and Fort Powell, was Grant's Pass, a narrow channel, only deep enough to admit small vessels. A glance at the map will fix in your minds the position of these forts. General Canby, who had recently succeeded General Banks, sent General Gordon Granger to Dauphin Island, to attack Fort Gaines. At sunrise on the 5th of August the fort opened a sharp fire upon the besiegers, and there was prospect of a bloody battle, when the deep boom of artillery fell upon their ears, and all eyes turned to behold Farragut's fleet forcing its way into the bay. It moved in pairs firmly lashed together, — the Brooklyn and the Octorara, Hartford and Metacomet, Richmond and Port Royal, Lackawanna and Seminole, Monongahela and Kennebec, Ossipee and Itasca, Oneida and Galena.

"We see our ships; we name each pair;
We greet the gallant flagship there:
God help them all this day!
Through crashing shot and bursting shell,
With a courage that no words can tell,
They force a fiery way!

And he who planned, who cheered, who led,
Was where the shot flew overhead
As thick as swarming bees:
What might betide, what might befall,
Here was the brave old admiral
Lashed in the main cross-trees!"

The Hartford was the admiral's flagship; but, because the Brooklyn carried a torpedo-catcher, she took the lead. The day was fair and the sea calm. Admiral Farragut was perched in the maintop shrouds, where, high in air with glass in hand, he was able to direct the battle. To guard against accident, Captain Percival Drayton, the commander of the Hartford, caused a rope to be passed around the admiral, and secured to the shrouds. By the "shrouds" of a ship, we mean the rope-ladder reaching from the masthead to the vessel's side. In the maintop, above the admiral's head, was Martin Freeman, as trusty a pilot as ever trod deck. Captain Jouett commanded the Metacomet, the Hartford's mate. When the Union fleet was signalled, the Confederate fleet took position in single file across the channel. The monitor Tecumseh, which did not reach Farragut's fleet till sunset of the evening before, fired the first gun upon Fort Morgan. As she advanced, she suddenly shivered, reeled over, paused an instant, with her screw revolving high out of water, then went down head foremost, and with her nearly every soul on board. She had struck a torpedo. Her commander, Captain T. A. Craven, met the pilot at the foot of the ladder which led to the only chance for life, — the top of the turret. Captain Craven stepped back with a courtesy and nobility that a king might envy, and said simply, "After you, pilot." "There was nothing after me," said Mr. Collins, who, through his commander's heroism, was spared to tell the story. "When I reached the topmost round of the ladder,

the vessel seemed to drop from beneath me." Farragut sent a boat to pick up those who might have escaped death in the Tecumseh. Just then the Brooklyn wavered, stopped, and began to "back water." There was no time to reason or hesitate. Farragut ordered his own ship to go ahead. As he passed the Brooklyn, the captain called through his trumpet that a line of torpedoes lay across the channel. "Jouett, full speed!" shouted Farragut. "Four bells, Captain Drayton! eight bells! sixteen bells! give her all the steam you've got!" And away they went safely over both lines of torpedoes. The Brooklyn and the others followed. The action now became general. An hour of hard fighting, and the forts were passed. As the fleet entered the bay, the Tennessee put on full head of steam to ram the Hartford. Missing her, the Tennessee discharged a broadside into each of the others. The flagship then signalled, "Chase enemy's gunboats." Instantly Captain Jouett cut loose from the Hartford, and with the Metacomet started for them. Three others followed. By nine o'clock in the evening the Selma was captured, the Gaines was burned, and the Morgan ran under the guns of Fort Morgan, whither the Tennessee had already gone for repairs. The latter steamed out again to attack the Hartford; and the Monongahela made a rush at her with such force as to knock men off their feet on each vessel. Then the Lackawanna and the Hartford rammed the Tennessee, pouring shot and shell upon her that rattled harmlessly off her iron sides. For an hour the Tennessee held the whole Union fleet at bay. At last the Lackawanna and the Hartford came into collision, nearly cutting the flagship in two. Boats were lowered, and there was a cry, "Save the admiral!" But the stanch old commander, refusing to go over the side, ordered the Hartford to ram the Tennessee again, when a white flag on the Tennessee proclaimed her surrender. Her smoke-stack was

FARRAGUT IN THE SHROUDS.

gone, her steering-apparatus broken, and her commander, Captain Buchanan, was wounded; but she had made a gallant fight. By the next afternoon the Union vessels were patched up, and just before sunset they opened upon Fort Gaines. After a few shots the admiral invited Colonel Anderson and his staff to come on board the Hartford under a flag of truce. They went, and Farragut convinced the commander of Fort Gaines that it would be a needless sacrifice of life to try to hold it against bombardment. Colonel Anderson agreed to surrender Fort Gaines the next morning, and he kept his word. General Page, however, declined to give up Fort Morgan: so Granger's troops were landed behind it, and on the 22d of August the bombardment was begun by both army and navy.

Fort Morgan held out till its citadel took fire, its walls were broken, its guns disabled, and its magazines in danger. When the flames could be no longer resisted, the flag of truce was hoisted. At the end of the battle the lighthouse was a picturesque ruin, being but a skeleton in stone. With the surrender of Fort Morgan, Mobile Bay came into full Federal possession, for the rebels had already blown up Fort Powell; but the city of Mobile still held out.

The town of Plymouth, N.C., on the Roanoke River, was held by a Union garrison, under General Henry W. Wessels. In April it was surprised by General R. F. Hoke, with a Confederate force twice the number of its defenders. They shelled the town after having taken Fort Wessels, farther down the river. Three Union gunboats lay near the fort, but were of little use against the ironclad ram Albemarle, which accompanied the rebel expedition. Plymouth was carried by assault, and General Wessels and his command were captured.

A month later the Albemarle, with the Cotton-Plant and the Bomb-Shell, attacked the Union blockading-fleet off the

mouth of the Roanoke River. After a sharp battle with the steamer Sassacus, the Albemarle returned to Plymouth, having lost both of her consorts. General Hoke then went back to Virginia.

The port of Wilmington, in North Carolina, on the Cape Fear River, had never been entirely closed to blockade-runners, owing to the advantages of its situation, the peculiar build of Confederate cruisers, and the strength of Fort Fisher which defended it. In June, Lieutenant William B. Cushing obtained leave to destroy the Confederate ram Raleigh, lying in Cape Fear River. With two other officers and a small crew, he set out, and pulled past the forts and the little town of Smithville. Toward morning they landed within seven miles of Wilmington, and hid in the swamp till night fell again. They watched the river, and captured two fishing-boats, compelling their crews to act as guides. The next night was spent in reconnoitring below the town. At dawn Captain Cushing captured a mounted courier from Fort Fisher, and obtained much valuable information from his mail. One of the officers put on the courier's hat and coat, and rode to market, returning with a good dinner for the party. They cut the telegraph-wires; and as soon as it was dark they started on their homeward way, having found that the Raleigh had already been destroyed. Setting their prisoners adrift in the stream, with neither sails nor oars, they steadily pulled toward the mouth of the river. Suddenly the moon rose, and a guard-boat discovered them; then another and another, till five came out of the darkness. Always cool in the presence of danger, Cushing darted into the shadow so quickly, that for a moment they could not find him. Every stroke told as the crew bent to their oars. Away they went, out of the river, into the surf, where their pursuers dared not venture.

The destruction of the Albemarle was next undertaken.

THE MAGIC-LANTERN IN THE HOSPITAL.

A steam-launch with a torpedo attachment had been rigged for this purpose, and Lieutenant Cushing was the man chosen to do the work. With a volunteer crew of six officers and six men, he left the fleet in the launch, at midnight on the 27th of October. The Albemarle was lying in the Roanoke River, at Plymouth, carefully guarded by Confederate picket-boats. Stealthily Cushing slipped past them all, without being caught. At length he crossed a belt of light, and a dog barked. Then came the challenge, "Who comes there?" followed by a shower of rebel bullets. The Albemarle was protected by a boom of logs around her, thirty feet wide. The launch made a wide circle, and with bows on, dashed upon the enemy at full speed. The launch went over the logs close to the ram. The torpedo spar was lowered; and with his own hands Cushing fixed it in place, and pulled the line which exploded it. At the same moment the Albemarle fired, with the muzzle of her great gun almost within touch of the tiny launch. Crying to his men to save themselves, Cushing jumped into the water. The bullets fell like hail around them. Only one man beside the brave leader escaped. Cushing swam ashore; and, weary and faint from a wound in his wrist, he crawled into a swamp. He was kindly cared for by a friendly negro, who brought him the welcome news that he had done his work well. He had sunk the Albemarle. Cushing then captured a skiff, and made his way back to the Union gunboats.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### A PEEP INSIDE.

SINCE the outbreak of the Rebellion, the war had cost an immense sum of money. Who furnished it? You will answer, "Congress." It did indeed deal generously with the army; but do you know where the money came from, which it so freely gave? Let us see. Mr. Salmon P. Chase was Secretary of the Treasury, and proved himself well fitted for the place. He issued government bonds payable in gold, bearing six per cent interest, which were readily bought by the people. A tax was imposed upon all State banks, manufactured articles of home and foreign production, and indeed nearly every thing used. To this end, revenue-stamps were bought from the government, and attached by the seller, thus slightly raising the price to the buyer. Gold and silver became very scarce; and, for the convenience of commerce, Mr. Chase issued four hundred millions of treasury-notes bearing the same interest as the bonds. These notes were to circulate like bank-bills, being a "legal tender;" that is, worth the face value of the note in gold. The smaller coins had almost disappeared; and, instead of them, postage and revenue stamps were commonly used. So fifty millions of "fractional" paper currency of small denominations were placed in circulation.

On the other hand, the Confederates were really suffering from "hard times." Their debt amounted to a billion dollars, with no means of filling up their empty treasury. They,

too, issued bonds, which at first were freely taken by their foreign sympathizers. But the market value of these bonds grew less as the chances of Confederate success grew smaller. In 1864 the paper currency of the Confederate States was sold for from four to six cents on the dollar. So it took a great many dollars to supply them with the simple comforts of life.

Toward the end of the war, upon a battle-field, a Confederate ten-dollar bill was found, upon the back of which were written the following touching verses: —

"Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And nought in the water below it,
As a pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it, —

Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale this paper can tell,
Of liberty born, of the patriot's dream,
Of the storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issued to-day our promise to pay,
And hoped to redeem it to-morrow.

The days rolled on, and weeks became years;
But our coffers were empty still:
Coin was so rare, that the treasury quaked,
If a dollar should drop in the till.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it:
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or of bills that were overdue:
We knew if it brought us bread to-day,
'Twas the best our poor country could do.

Keep it: it tells our history over,
From the birth of its dream to the last.
Modest, and born of the angel of hope,
Like the hope of success, it has passed."

And the sad tale hinted at was but a shadow of the truth. Southern railroads needed repairing, and cars were tumbling to pieces. One by one, Southern ports were closed; so that the means to send their few products to market were nearly gone. Certain articles of food were thus difficult to get at any price. Salt was so scarce, that those who had smoke-houses where meat had been cured dug up the cemented floor, and boiled it to get the salt which had accumulated on it from year to year. Parched peas or rye stood for coffee in the rebel bill of fare. Molasses took the place of sugar until the supply gave out altogether. Tea, sweetmeats, cake, and calico were out of the question. In the winter of 1863–64 there was a "Starvation Club," which met in Richmond every Tuesday evening, where the refreshments consisted of cold water. Women plaited pretty rice-straw hats for themselves, and trimmed them with cocks' tails. Old silk dresses, of every color and style, were set off by those made of homespun cotton cloth; and the brave girls who wore them never once wished for Northern fashions or finery. Towns and cities freely gave their church-bells to be cast into cannon. Envelopes were made of wall-paper with the figures inside, while leaves of old account-books served for letter-paper. But for the pluck which proved them near of kin to the hated "Yankees," the Confederates would have given up the struggle long before. In no way was the feeling of bitterness manifested to such a degree as by their treatment of the Union prisoners. They refused to exchange colored troops, and even ordered the shooting of white officers captured while commanding them. Mr. Lincoln quickly ended this state of

GUNBOAT SUBSCRIPTION IN AID OF THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

affairs, however, by ordering, that for every Union soldier thus executed a Confederate prisoner should die; also, if colored troops were enslaved again, Confederate prisoners should be put at hard labor on the public works.

In 1861 there was a three-story warehouse on the corner of Carey and Twentieth Streets in the city of Richmond, backing upon the Canal and James River. A plain sign-board upon one corner bore the inscription: —

LIBBY & SON,
SHIP-CHANDLERS.

That warehouse became the famous Libby Prison. At one time twelve thousand Union prisoners, officers of all grades, were confined within its walls. Nearly all the windows were broken; and the climate of Virginia, always severe in its extremes of heat and cold, was especially trying to the half-clad and half-starved inmates. Only one blanket was allowed to each: many had none. The food was scanty, stale, and maggoty. But bitter as was the lot of officers within the walls of Libby Prison, that of private soldiers upon Belle-Isle, in the James River, was far worse. The bridge over which the prisoners crossed from the mainland has well been called the modern "Bridge of Sighs." One part of the island was rolling and wooded; but, even in the heat of a summer's sun, the captives were not allowed to seek the shade of the hill. With no shelter from heat or cold, eleven thousand men were confined by well-guarded earthworks within a space of five acres. They had so little to eat that they would quarrel over a tablespoonful of corn-meal. The poor wretches sometimes spoke of the North as

"God's country." No wonder that they often felt as if He had forgotten them in their land of bondage. "From his peculiar fitness for the work required of him," the supreme control of rebel prisons was given to General John H. Winder, once an officer in the service of the United States. At the beginning of 1864 he left Richmond to direct the management of the prison-camp at Andersonville, near Macon, Ga. His trusty lieutenant, Captain Henry Wirz, carried out Winder's orders with cruel variations. The camp was enclosed by a strong stockade. No buildings, trees, huts, or tents were allowed within the enclosure. A lazy stream six inches deep, which ran through a marshy hollow, supplied the prisoners with their only water, making this pen too foul and loathsome to be described. The clothes of the captives were tattered, dirty, and covered with vermin; and the little food allowed them was disgusting beyond the power of the happy reader to imagine. Many a poor fellow starved to death. It was Winder who invented "the dead-line." A row of posts three feet high was placed thirty feet inside the stockade, and to these was fastened a light rail. Any prisoner who should so much as extend a part of his body over this rail was instantly shot. One night, when death seemed very near these thirsty, hungry prisoners, a heavy thunderstorm burst upon them. Scarcely had the sky cleared, when a pure, cool spring gushed out of the hillside, and is flowing to-day.

Shrink as we may, after the lapse of years, from recalling those dark days, simple justice to the memory of those who died in rebel prisons forbids us to pass by their sufferings. It is urged in apology, that the Confederates had neither food nor clothing enough for their own soldiers, and therefore they could not supply their prisoners. Even if this were true, it cannot excuse the brutal cruelty of personal treatment given to the Union prisoners.

In grateful contrast let us return to the North, where noble bands of men and women devoted their lives to the sick and wounded in hospitals and on battle-fields. As far as possible, the government provided for the needs of its soldiers; but, to cover the deficiencies, two great societies were organized, known as the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. The former supplied trained nurses, delicacies, and comforts for the sick. At the close of the war it had expended, in money and material, twenty millions of dollars. Immense fairs were held in all the large cities to carry on the work, the results of which were magnificent. General Grant was asked to contribute something to the fair in Chicago; and he gave his cream-colored horse, "Old Jack." When he reached the city, the general found "Old Jack" all saddled and bridled, waiting for his master, and the crowd insisted that Grant should ride. A hundred guns saluted him, and deafening cheers rent the air. Jeff. Davis's revolver was one of the curiosities of the fair. The war-eagle was another. Photographs of "Old Abe" were sold by children to the amount of sixteen thousand dollars. The original Proclamation of Emancipation brought three thousand dollars. It was unfortunately destroyed in the great Chicago fire in 1871. The fair in Chicago netted one-quarter of a million of dollars.

The Christian Commission, originating with the Young Men's Christian Association in New York, was soon in active operation all over the country. Its object was to afford moral and religious instruction to the soldiers, while, as far as possible, it also distributed comforts. It scattered Bibles, hymn-books, newspapers, books, and magazines among the men. It held daily prayer-meetings in every camp, and through its means the Bible was read to eager groups at some hour of every day. Pleasant rooms in all prominent cities or camps were provided with books and

writing-materials, where soldiers were welcome to rest, or to read and write. At such places, signs like these were hung upon the walls: —

SOLDIERS'
FREE
WRITING-MATERIALS.

SIT DOWN
AND
WRITE HOME.

In Philadelphia there were two immense Volunteer Refreshment Saloons, where food was given to passing troops. Clean and comfortable prison-camps were provided for rebel prisoners: among the largest were Camp Chase at Columbus, O., Camp Douglas in Chicago, and one at Elmira, N.Y. Wholesome food was provided in abundance for the prisoners, and charitable people sent delicacies to the sick.

Toward the close of 1864, came the election of a President for the next four years. The opposing candidates were Abraham Lincoln, Republican, and General George B. McClellan, Democratic. We know Mr. Lincoln's "platform," or creed of political belief. The Democratic platform declared that "the Union must be preserved at all hazards," — without slavery if possible, but with it if necessary, — and that the war had been a failure. Strange as it may seem, many loyal people who had been in favor of the war at its beginning were now discouraged and tired of sacrifices. McClellan's prospects of election, therefore, brightened at every Union defeat. To make matters worse, another draft was ordered just before McClellan's nomination; and the "Peace Democrats" put into their platform a resolution of sympathy with "the poor soldier," intended to secure his vote. From the moment that Mr. Lincoln was renominated, the enemies of the government used every means to prevent his re-election. A band of con-

IN THE FIELD.

spirators was organized to stop the war, and give the Confederates "a government of their own choice." One spoke in the wheel of their great scheme, was to liberate the eight thousand Confederate prisoners at Camp Douglas, Chicago. They were to be joined by the "Knights of the Golden Circle," who were scattered throughout the West and South, nearly one hundred thousand strong. Providentially, however, Colonel B. J. Sweet, who commanded Camp Douglas, found out the plot. Suspecting something wrong, he caused some of the many letters written by the prisoners to be held before a fire, when, lo! it brought out the evidence of a well-arranged scheme for an uprising on the 4th of July. He took measures to prevent its success, and it was postponed until the night of the election of President Lincoln. Just as all was ready, Colonel Sweet arrested the ringleaders in the camp and city, and in other parts of the State of Illinois. So the danger passed.

The timely fall of Atlanta no doubt affected public opinion; for on the 8th of November Mr. Lincoln was re-elected, receiving nearly half a million more votes than were cast for General McClellan.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

SLOWLY but surely, like the walls of the famous "contracting chamber," the Union lines were closing around the Confederates. At the opening of 1865 they held but three great seaports. Although Charleston harbor was well blockaded, and Mobile Bay was in Federal possession, neither city had surrendered. Wilmington still carried on a brisk trade with blockade-runners, "without let or hinderance." A large land force was necessary to co-operate with the navy for the capture of these cities, and it had not been thought wise heretofore to withdraw troops for that purpose. In November, however, General Butler undertook an expedition for the capture of Wilmington's stanch sentry, — Fort Fisher. Admiral D. D. Porter conducted the war-fleet, and General Godfrey Weitzel commanded the troops. On the 13th of December they set sail, — the largest fleet that had ever left Hampton Roads. Butler's head was full of a gunpowder plot for the capture of Fort Fisher, and after some delay he secured Grant's permission to try it. He knew that buildings had been destroyed by the shock of gunpowder a long way off from the real explosion. He reasoned, that to set off a shipload of powder near the fort would knock down its walls, and spread panic in its garrison. The Louisiana was therefore loaded with two hundred and fifteen tons of gunpowder, and disguised as a blockade-runner. The powder was placed in barrels

and canvas bags. Through each a fuze was passed; and a clock-work apparatus was connected with the fuzes and with candles, by which, when they burned down to a certain point, they would all go off at the same moment. A pile of kindlings was also to be lighted in the cabin. On the night of Dec. 23 the monster torpedo was anchored near Fort Fisher.

Although the Louisiana was a steamer, probably to avoid the danger of an explosion before the time, she was towed by the Wilderness until she was near her destination. She then steamed to a point three hundred yards north-east of Fort Fisher, when her anchor was dropped, her fires hauled, and her crew put in the boat in which they were to leave the ship. Commodore A. C. Rhind and Lieutenant S. W. Preston then lighted the candles and the fires in the cabin, and got in the boat with the crew.

They reached the steamer which was waiting for them, precisely at midnight. As soon as they were on board, the Wilderness steamed off as fast as she could to a distance of twelve miles, to escape the shock of the Louisiana's explosion. No doubt they were glad to put so great a space between themselves and the novel engine of war which seemed so terrible.

The Wilderness finally anchored, and, after waiting for almost two hours, a heavy boom was heard at the fort, but was scarcely noticed, although the fleet twelve miles away felt the shock, and glass was broken at that distance. Butler's experiment had failed.

Now that so much had already been done, Porter determined to open his guns upon Fort Fisher without waiting for Butler. He therefore began the bombardment the next morning. In the evening, just after the engagement had ceased, Butler arrived; and on the next day, which was Christmas, under cover of Porter's guns he landed

his troops. General Weitzel strongly advised against an assault upon the sand-walls of Fort Fisher, which, if skilfully defended, ought to resist any force. From a prisoner, also, Butler learned that the garrison had been re-enforced: so he withdrew, and re-embarked his troops. Butler's failure resulted in his removal from command. But another expedition to take Fort Fisher was immediately organized by General Alfred H. Terry. On the 13th of January the Union fleet again anchored off Fort Fisher. Porter renewed his bombardment vigorously, and kept it up for two days, till the troops arrived. At three in the afternoon of the 15th Terry ordered an assault from the land side, at the same time that Porter fired from the ships. An opening was quickly made in the palisades, through which the Union troops pressed. Fighting from one point to another, the rebels bravely contested every step. At length their commander, General Whiting, mortally wounded, was captured. Discouraged by the loss of their leader, and feeling that further resistance was hopeless, the garrison surrendered at midnight. The loss on both sides had been heavy.

In the mean while Schofield, no longer needed in Tennessee, arrived at Fort Fisher with his command, and took charge of the Department of North Carolina. He therefore proceeded northward on both sides of Cape Fear River, while Porter's fleet advanced up the stream. Hoke, Bragg's "best man," had evacuated Fort Anderson, and the rebels had blown up Fort Caswell. On the morning of Feb. 22 the Union army entered the deserted city, whose capture was necessary in order to supply Sherman's army then marching northward from Savannah. On his way to Goldsboro', Schofield met Hoke in two battles, beating him in the second, but being beaten in the first.

Wishing to threaten the city of Charleston, and to force a large body of men to remain there for its defence, Sher-

man had sent Howard's corps to Pocataligo, on the railway between Charleston and Savannah. It was also generally supposed that Augusta was to be attacked, although Sherman had really no such intention. Leaving a strong garrison at Savannah, under General Foster, on the 1st of February the army took up its line of march again. Its destination was Goldsboro', on the Neuse River; but this was kept secret, for fear that the rebels would hear of it, and resist in force. It was a long and dangerous road. Constant and heavy rains swelled the streams, and made the daily tramp most difficult. General John A. Logan had succeeded Osterhaus in command of the Fifteenth Corps, but no other important changes had been made since the army left Atlanta. Arrived at the Salkahatchie River, the passage of the Seventeenth Corps was strongly disputed; but Generals Mower and Smith, who were in advance, led their men through water waist-deep, and put the rebels to flight on the other side. General Wager Swayne lost a leg in the fight, but few were killed. Near Midway, on the Augusta and Charleston Railroad, Howard halted his column to prepare for the fight which he naturally expected there. As that general and his staff were resting by the roadside, an odd-looking man on an old white horse, with rope for bridle, and blanket for saddle, dashed down the road at breakneck speed, shouting, "Hurry up, general! We've got the railroad, and we'll hold it against any force till you come up." It was true. Some foragers had "got ahead, and actually captured the South Carolina Railroad, a line of vital importance to the rebel government." Then followed the complete destruction of the railroad for thirty miles; after which the army pressed northward, across the Edisto and Congaree Rivers, straight on Columbia, the capital of South Carolina. On the morning of Feb. 17 the mayor came out, and surrendered that

city to General Sherman. The Union troops then marched in, with Sherman, Howard, and Logan at their head.

General Wade Hampton had ordered all the cotton in Columbia to be burned. A strong wind was blowing, and spread the fire rapidly: notwithstanding the efforts of the soldiers, it could not be put out. It seemed as if every man, woman, and child, white or black, must be in the streets, so dense was the throng of anxious, frightened faces. The name "Yankee" struck terror to their hearts; and it is humiliating to own that there was good reason to dread the soldiers, for in many cases they had not behaved well. Many stories are told of their destruction of private property, which they would scarcely have liked to tell to their children. As General Sherman rode through Columbia, picking his way through the burning cotton, a man thrust a folded paper into his hand, asking him to read it at his leisure. It proved to be the stirring poem, "Sherman's March to the Sea," which has been sung at almost every soldiers' re-union from that day to this. It was given him by the author, Adjutant G. H. M. Byers, who wrote it while in a rebel prison at Columbia.

Sherman has been unjustly charged with having burned Columbia. The fire originated with the burning cotton; and, although the Union soldiers worked heroically, it was only with the utmost difficulty that the flames were put out before every house was burned. Sherman kindly provided both food and shelter for the hungry and homeless inhabitants. All public buildings were destroyed, — churches, schools, State House, and Confederate Mint. Plenty of unfinished Confederate notes were found, to which the soldiers helped themselves. Even now one of these "promises to pay" is sometimes brought to light by some relic-hunter.

Upon leaving Columbia, Sherman took the route to Charlotte; but that was only a make-believe, as his real course

"HURRY UP, GENERAL!"

lay through Cheraw, where he arrived on the 30th of March. The journey was very tedious, for it rained continually; and the roads were so heavy, that the greater part of the way had to be "corduroyed," or bridged with logs placed crosswise.

General Sherman was an object of curiosity and awe to the negroes. One day, as he was riding a very handsome horse, he stopped to talk with a group of negroes about the road. "They say Massa Sherman will be along soon," said one. "Why, that was General Sherman that you were talking to," replied an officer. "De great God!" exclaimed the negro. "Look at his hoss!" Sherman says that the fellow trotted by his side for a long way, admiring the "hoss" far more than the rider.

Cheraw was found deserted by the rebels, but full of supplies for hungry men and cattle. There Sherman heard that Johnston had succeeded to Beauregard's command, with the purpose of opposing his own march northward; but he also learned of the surrender of Wilmington, and that Hardee had evacuated the city of Charleston on the 18th, the day after Sherman entered Columbia. Having determined to leave Charleston, Hardee had detailed a force to fire every building in which cotton was stored. The result was the destruction of a large portion of the city. Some boys, playing with powder which was stored in a railway-station, carelessly spilled it along the ground. The train thus made was accidentally set off, and a terrific explosion followed, killing many people, and doing great damage to property. At length, through the untiring efforts of Gillmore's soldiers, who had entered Charleston, the flames were put out. The mayor having surrendered the city, a military governor was appointed, by whose firm and wise administration of the laws, peace and quiet were soon restored. The Union flag was raised over Sumter and the other forts in the harbor. But by order of the President, on the 14th of April, a few

weeks later, on the anniversary of its dishonor, the same old flag was again flung out to the breeze by the hands of the gallant General Anderson, while the band played the "Star-spangled Banner," and every fort in the harbor gave it welcome. The Rev. Matthew Harris, the same chaplain who asked God's protection for the little band in December, 1860, again offered a prayer.

After leaving Charleston, Hardee managed to join Beauregard on the border of North Carolina. They went to Cheraw and Florence, and afterward to Fayetteville, whither Sherman followed on the 11th of March. At Fayetteville, Wade Hampton surprised Kilpatrick, capturing the house in which he was. Kilpatrick and most of his command escaped, however, and, turning back, put the enemy to flight. After that, skirmishes were an almost every-day occurrence. At Bentonville, on Sunday, March 19, the Confederates made a resolute attack under Johnston, with the remnants of the armies of Hardee, Hood, and Bragg. The day's march had just begun, when the sound of firing was heard. Sherman supposed it to be the usual skirmish with Wade Hampton. Instead of that, Johnston with his whole army had struck Slocum's advancing column. It was a hard-fought battle, lasting all day. Johnston felt that it was the "last chance of the Confederacy," and he improved his opportunity. At first, with the shock and surprise, the Federals rapidly lost ground; but at length Jeff. C. Davis's command made a stand, with orders to "fight it out." They repelled charge after charge, and came out at dark victorious. After the battle General Mitchell threw himself down upon a blanket to sleep, when a rebel orderly gave him this singular message: "Colonel Hardee presents his compliments to you, and asks that you will apprise your line that he is forming in your front to charge the Yankees on your left." — "What Colonel Hardee?" asked General

SINGING "JOHN BROWN" IN CHARLESTON.

Mitchell. "Colonel Hardee of the Twenty-third Georgia, commanding a brigade in Hoke's division," replied the messenger. General Mitchell invited the young man to take supper if he had not already done so: and, calling a staff-officer, he sent the messenger to the rear, a prisoner; for, in the confusion which had grown out of the battle, he had made the mistake of communicating his message to the wrong commander. General Mitchell quickly drew his men up in order of battle. One loud tap of the drum, and a volley was fired low; "and the next morning there was displayed in front of our works," says an eye-witness, "among the dead, a line of new Enfield rifles and knapsacks almost as straight as if laid out for a Sunday morning's inspection." Defeat would have been disastrous. Success was bravely won. This was the last and only hard-fought battle between Savannah and Goldsboro'.

On the 23d of March the goal was reached, the march was done. Four hundred and twenty-five miles had been tramped in the dead of winter, and Goldsboro' was won. Schofield and Terry joined Sherman at Goldsboro', thus increasing the Union strength to nearly ninety thousand men. There was no lack of provision for such an army; for communication was established with Wilmington, Newbern, and Norfolk.

Leaving Schofield in charge of affairs at Goldsboro', Sherman hastened to City Point for consultation with Grant. Mr. Lincoln was also there, full of interest in Sherman's great march, and amused by every incident connected with it. But the President often said that he would feel better if Sherman were back with his army at Goldsboro'. Sherman has thus borne testimony to the character of the kindly President: "Of all the men whom I ever met, he seemed to possess more of the elements of greatness combined with goodness than any other."

On the 20th of March, Stoneman left Knoxville, Tenn., at the head of a body of cavalry, and rode into Virginia, destroying the railroad from Tennessee almost to Lynchburg, so as to keep Lee from getting away toward the south. Stoneman then dashed into Salisbury, N.C., routing the Confederates, and capturing the town. The prisoners had already been sent away from the prison-camp, so that he had not the satisfaction of releasing them. He returned to East Tennessee, after destroying every line of railroad in his way and a large amount of rebel property.

About the same time Generals Grierson and A. J. Smith, with their forces, were sent to assist General Canby in the capture of Mobile, which was commanded by General D. S. Maury. All that country was subject, however, to General Dick Taylor's orders. General Canby attacked the strongest point, the old Spanish Fort, on the 27th of March. Soon, however, it became apparent that nothing less than a siege could capture it: so both land and naval forces opened a bombardment upon it. At the same time General Steele, with a division of colored troops, battered away upon Fort Blakely, ten miles to the north. A fortnight of hard fighting passed, during which the rebels at the Spanish Fort made some desperate sallies outside of their works. On the 8th, however, the Federals assaulted and carried a part of the works, when the fort was immediately abandoned, and Canby took possession. The fleet then moved up to bombard the city, and the army turned its attention to Fort Blakely. The assault upon the latter resembled, in its determined bravery, that upon Fort McAllister; and, although strongly fortified and gallantly defended, it yielded at last. On the 11th of April, Mobile, the last seaport of the Confederacy, was captured, and with it two hundred guns and four thousand prisoners. While the siege had been going on, General James H. Wilson had moved into the interior of Alabama

with a mounted army, to keep the rebels from sending supplies and re-enforcements to Mobile. He constantly encountered the enemy's cavalry; but his advance was not seriously hindered until he met Forrest, with five thousand men, near Plantersville. Here Greek met Greek. After a short but bloody battle, Forrest was defeated. Wilson pursued him to Selma, where, on the 2d of April, the rebel works were taken by assault, with three thousand prisoners. Forrest fled before the Federals; first, however, setting fire to all the cotton on which he could lay his hands. Wilson destroyed arsenals, founderies, and machine-shops at Selma, and then pushed on to Montgomery, the capital of Alabama. The State authorities surrendered without resistance; and the Union flag was raised over the State House, where the first Confederate Congress had met. Wilson then crossed the Chattahoochee, and captured Columbus, Ga., destroying its workshops and Confederate property. On the 21st of April, Macon was peaceably surrendered, with sixty field-guns, twelve thousand Home Guards, and five generals of the State militia.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

GENERAL LEE'S position, caged up within the lines of Petersburg and Richmond, had come to be far from comfortable. His only means of communication was the Southside Railroad, leading to Lynchburg, by which all his supplies were drawn. Early in February, Grant sent a force to capture that; but Lee, too well aware of its necessity to give it up, stoutly resisted the attack, which ended in the repulse of the Union troops, although they had gained advantage in position. No doubt Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, on the 4th of March, dealt the death-blow to Lee's hopes; for he knew the man, and that nothing short of unconditional surrender without slavery would satisfy him.

In February, Sheridan, who was still in the Shenandoah Valley, was ordered to take Lynchburg. The attempt was made; but, finding it too well defended to attack, he made his way to Grant, at Petersburg, where he arrived on the 27th of March. On the 25th Lee had made an effort to free himself by a sudden attack upon the Union works, in which he captured Fort Steedman with five hundred prisoners. He then turned the Federal guns upon the Federal lines, and for a little while the enemy was master of the situation. It did not take long, however, to mass the Union batteries on all sides against Fort Steedman, which was soon retaken with two thousand prisoners. Grant then sent

Sheridan around to the south and west of Petersburg to capture the Southside Railway. With a force of twenty-five thousand men, he started on the 29th of March, reaching Dinwiddie Court-House that night. It rained very hard all night and the next day (Thursday) ; so that Sheridan could do but little. Lee, on the other hand, lost no

SHERIDAN'S CHARGE.

time in arranging his troops to meet the attack, of which he had been duly informed. On Friday, the 31st, Sheridan pushed on to a place where five roads meet, called Five Forks. Here he found Generals Picket and Johnson, at the head of a large Confederate force. In order to protect his base of supplies, Lee had wisely left his defences at Petersburg, nearly ten miles in extent, under the care of

ten thousand men. Sheridan's advance was stoutly resisted, and after a sharp battle he was forced back beyond the position which he had occupied in the morning. The next day, Saturday, April 1, Sheridan's cavalry assaulted the enemy behind his earthworks, while Warren attacked on his left. Late in the day the brunt of the battle fell upon Ayer's troops. Sheridan inspired them with courage by his own example. Seizing the battle-flag, he led them in a furious charge, ordering the bands at the same time to play. With a wild shout they carried the enemy's works. The rebels fled from the field, with the Union cavalry in hot pursuit. Sheridan took nearly six thousand prisoners. While leading the charge of Ayer's men, just when the hesitation of a single man might spread panic among them, a trooper was mortally hurt by a ball, and reeled in his saddle. As he was about to fall, Sheridan's quick eye saw him; and, knowing that a riderless horse might demoralize the whole line, he shouted cheerfully, "All right, my man: keep right on!" The soldier heard and obeyed. He rode straight on with the line over the breastworks, and fell dead inside the rebel fortifications.

The army at Petersburg welcomed Sheridan's victory with loud cheers. The sound was heard in a low, close room full of sick and wounded soldiers; and some one asked what it meant. When a nurse explained the cause, a poor maimed fellow exclaimed, "Well, boys, that pays us for all our suffering."

Grant ordered the enemy's works to be bombarded all night, and very early the next morning the whole line in front of Petersburg was attacked. Fort Gregg was desperately assailed; but its brave little rebel garrison of three hundred men repulsed the Federals, ten times their number. For an hour and a half they fought like tigers. Suddenly a deafening cheer rose from the struggling mass. Fort

Gregg had been taken. The enemy's line was pierced, and the Confederate army divided. Wright was already destroying the Southside Railroad, west of Petersburg. From Petersburg to Five Forks, it was one continuous battle-field.

Lee was at that time in the city, with Generals Mahone and A. P. Hill, trying to decide upon some plan of action. The sounds of battle were every moment growing nearer. "How is this, general?" said Lee. "Your men are giving way." Hill at once went out, and with a single orderly rode toward the firing. In a wooded ravine he came upon soldiers wearing the Federal uniform. With astonishing coolness Hill dashed upon them, and ordered them to surrender. They hesitated for a second, and then, raising their rifles, fired; and the great commander fell from his horse, dead. Second only to "Stonewall" Jackson, Hill had been Lee's right hand through all the varied fortunes of the war, beginning at Bull Run. He had worn the badge of every grade, from a colonel of infantry to that of lieutenant-general.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning in Richmond. The air was full of the scent of flowers and the songs of birds, when, in his pew at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Mr. Davis devoutly confessed his sins. He had good reason to pray that God would "succor, help, and comfort all who are in danger, necessity, and tribulation." A messenger entered the church, and gave him a despatch which announced the disaster at Petersburg and the necessity of immediate flight. Mr. Davis rose, and walked out of church with a stately step. Instead of announcing the usual evening service, the rector gave notice, that, by order of General Ewell, the Home Guards would meet at three o'clock. Not a word was said about the defeat. But ill tidings speed fast; and, although the people were never warned, it became apparent, before many hours, that the city was being evacuated. Mr. Davis and his cabinet left Richmond that evening for Danville by a special

train. Before nightfall the Confederate capital presented a scene of wild disorder. All who owned movable property were trying to get it away. The city council ordered liquors to be destroyed; but, as the heads of casks were knocked out, pails were filled, and a maddened mob thronged the streets. Ewell fired several large tobacco warehouses, at the same time withdrawing his garrison; thus depriving the town of its only protection. Libby Prison was spared from the flames. The State Penitentiary being no longer guarded, the prisoners escaped. The engine-hose were cut, and the fire spread, until whole blocks of buildings were burned. In the midst of it all, the ground was shaken by the explosion in the James River of rams and gunboats, which had been blown up by Semmes's order. As if the terror and suffering endured by the citizens of Richmond were not enough, on Monday morning, soon after sunrise, there arose the cry, "The Yankees! The Yankees!" No doubt the people expected to be murdered outright. Instead, however, a part of the Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry rode quietly into the town. Lieutenant De Peyster, one of General Weitzel's aides, a youth of eighteen, raised the Union flag on the Confederate Capitol, while the bands played National airs. Order was quickly restored. The fires were put out, and guards were established over the city. A colored regiment entered Richmond, and witnessed the surrender. The next morning the telegraph bore the news to the North that Richmond had fallen.

Lee in the mean while spent the short hours of Sunday in making arrangements to leave Petersburg with the remnants of his army. On that night, April 2, they marched out of Petersburg, and hastened across the Appomattox to Amelia Court-House. As soon as he learned of the flight, Grant started in pursuit, with the intention of cutting Lee off from Danville, where he evidently meant to go. Lee had several

hours the start, it is true ; but as his supply-train was burned, and his army was faint and hungry, he was obliged to wait at Amelia Court-House for his foragers to bring in provision before going on. Sheridan reached Jettersville, a few miles to the west of Amelia Court-House, in Lee's front, on Tuesday afternoon. On Wednesday, April 5, Sheridan destroyed one of Lee's wagon-trains, and captured many prisoners. He then sent a despatch to Grant with news of his success, adding, "I wish you were here yourself. If things were pressed, I think Lee would surrender." To which Sheridan received the characteristic reply, "Press things." That night the greater part of the Army of the Potomac came up. Of course Lee heard of Sheridan's movements ; and instead of going to Burkesville, as he had intended, he went to Farmville, hoping to escape to Lynchburg, across the Appomattox River. The sufferings of the rebel troops were very hard to bear, and sad to see. Discouraged, hungry, weary, exhausted, they straggled or fell by the way, the columns hourly growing thinner. At Sailor's Creek, Ewell's entire corps was captured, including Semmes, of Alabama fame, Custis Lee, a son of General R. E. Lee, and many other officers. But, hurry on as best Lee could, the Union army was at his heels. Lee got across the Appomattox near Farmville, but not in time to destroy the bridges. At Farmville, Grant wrote a letter to Lee, which was intended to spare him the humiliation of a first proposal of surrender. It ran thus : —

April 7, 1865.

General, — The result of last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

U. S. Grant, *Lieutenant-General*

General R. E. Lee.

Lee's own officers wished him to surrender, seeing nothing but hopeless suffering in resistance. Still Lee refused to yield, but nevertheless wrote to Grant, asking upon what terms he would receive the surrender. Grant answered, that the men and officers must not again take up arms against the United States until released or exchanged.

On the 8th of April, Custer, Crook, and Merritt were off again after Lee, halting but once in twenty-eight miles. Arriving at Appomattox Station, Custer seized the station, with its cars and engines and several trains; but it cost a bloody battle with the advance-guard of Lee's army. Early on the morning of April 9 Lee advanced hotly upon Sheridan at Appomattox Court-House, supposing his force to be only dismounted cavalry, while, in truth, Ord was forming his lines of infantry in a wood at the rear. Crook received the rebel shock, and fell back slowly as Gordon's division rushed upon him with yells. Suddenly Sheridan's cavalry withdrew to the enemy's left, while a grim line of bayonets advanced at double-quick to meet General Gordon. Before the remounted cavalry could charge upon his flank, Lee displayed a flag of truce. On that morning he had received a letter from Grant, declining Lee's request for a meeting to discuss the terms of peace, on the ground that he (Grant) had no authority to do so.

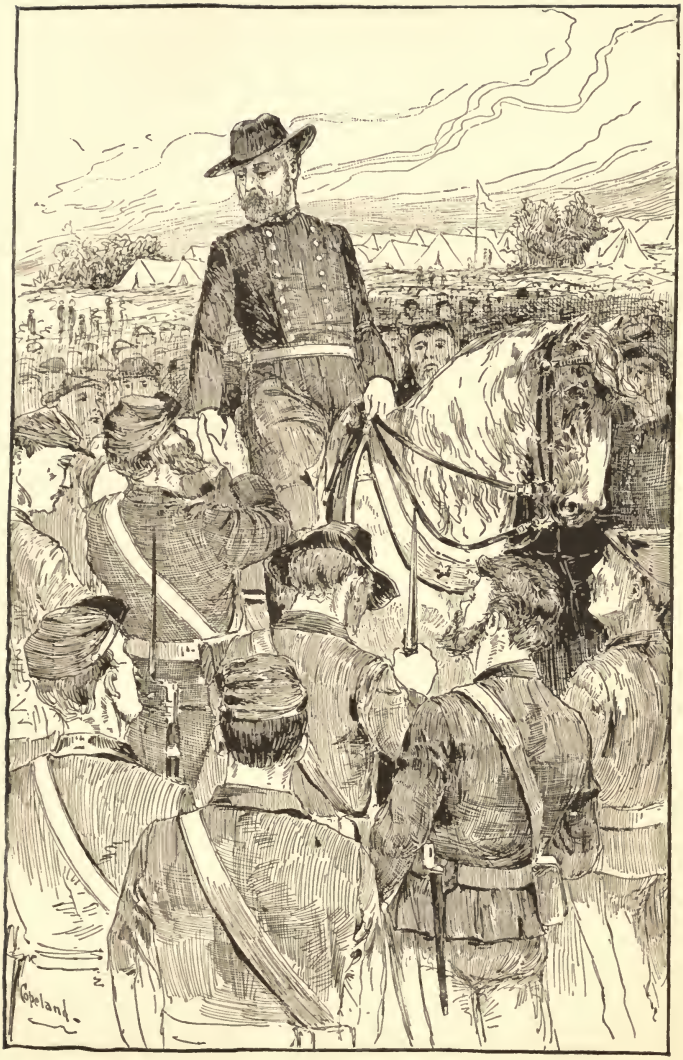
After the battle Sheridan rode over to Appomattox Court-House, where General Gordon positively assured him that Lee meant to surrender, having already sent to ask an interview with Grant in order to reconsider the matter. Well, at last Grant joined Sheridan; and, with the members of his own staff and several other officers, he entered the house of Wilmer McLean at Appomattox Court-House, which Lee had chosen for the interview. It is possible that McLean did not enjoy the honor thus unexpectedly thrust upon him. Four years before, the first battle of

Bull Run had been fought upon his farm. In order to escape the tramp of armies and the horrors of war, he removed with his family to Appomattox Court-House. The last battle of the Rebellion had just been lost upon his farm. Now his house was suddenly entered by a company of officers without so much as saying, "By your leave."

Lee was in the parlor with his aide-de-camp, Colonel Marshall, when Grant entered with Sheridan, Ord, Williams, Rawlins, and Ingalls. After a few words of greeting, all the officers withdrew, leaving Grant and Lee alone together with their aides-de-camp. Lee was dressed in his best from top to toe, wearing a fine sword, which had been the gift of the State of Virginia. Grant looked rather the worse for the long and dusty ride which he had taken, wearing neither sword nor epaulets, his rank being indicated only by the three stars on his shoulder. The bearing of the two men was very simple, and one could not have guessed which it was who was going to surrender. After a little conversation, Lee very readily agreed to the terms of surrender, which Grant wrote out. They were surely not hard terms. The Confederates were to become prisoners-of-war upon parole; giving up all ammunition, weapons, and supplies. They were allowed to keep their side-arms and baggage, and to return to their homes, where they were to remain until they were released or exchanged. Lee was thus saved from the humiliation of giving up his sword. After all was done, and Lee had signed the agreement, he said that he had forgotten to ask that the men in the cavalry and artillery might keep their horses, but he supposed it was too late now. Grant replied, that his officers should be instructed to allow this also, saying, "They will need them to do their spring ploughing." Lee was touched by Grant's generosity, and said earnestly, "General, there is nothing that could have been done to accomplish more good, either for them or the Govern-

ment." The two great commanders again shook hands; and, as Lee passed out, the National officers saluted him. As he waited for his horse, that was browsing in the yard, he looked toward the valley where the two armies lay, and struck his hands together more than once, as if overcome by his feelings. Grant must have been immensely pleased at Lee's surrender, but he looked as stolid as a statue. Mounting his horse, he also rode away. Scarcely was their chief gone, when the Union officers left behind began to look about for mementos of the surrender. Sheridan bought, for twenty dollars in gold, the plain little table upon which the agreement was signed, and sent it with his compliments to Mrs. Custer. Ord bought the marble-top table. Other furniture shared the same fortune. Tables and chairs were purchased and taken away, until the room was stripped. Then the yard was invaded; and flowers, buds, and even leaves, were plucked in remembrance of the 9th of April, 1865, when the Rebellion died. Poor McLean must have felt that after all it would have been better for him to have staid at Manassas.

At Lee's request, Grant had gladly furnished him with twenty-five thousand rations for his hungry men, even before they had given up their arms. As Lee rode through his own lines, the men crowded around him, and tried to touch his hand. With tears streaming down his face, he said in a trembling voice, "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done the best that I could for you." The next day he made a farewell address to his troops, and rode away to Richmond a paroled prisoner. On the 12th the Army of Northern Virginia formed for its last parade. Then, marching to Appomattox Court-House, in silence the men stacked arms, and laid down their colors, when — still wearing the rebel gray, but without the marks of rank — they disbanded to return to their homes. Grant never entered




LEE'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY.

the rebel lines, but hastened to Washington, leaving Meade in charge of the surrender. Neither gun nor martial music proclaimed the Union victory. There was a general hand-shaking among the officers of the opposing armies afterwards, and the men of the armies of the Potomac and the James shared their blankets and their rations with their late enemies. The Union army remained at Petersburg and Richmond, let us hope never again to carry arms. From one end of the world to the other, the news flew on the wings of the wind, — "Richmond has fallen; Lee has surrendered!" What the rejoicing was, let your own hearts tell you when you remember the suffering and bloodshed of the preceding four years.

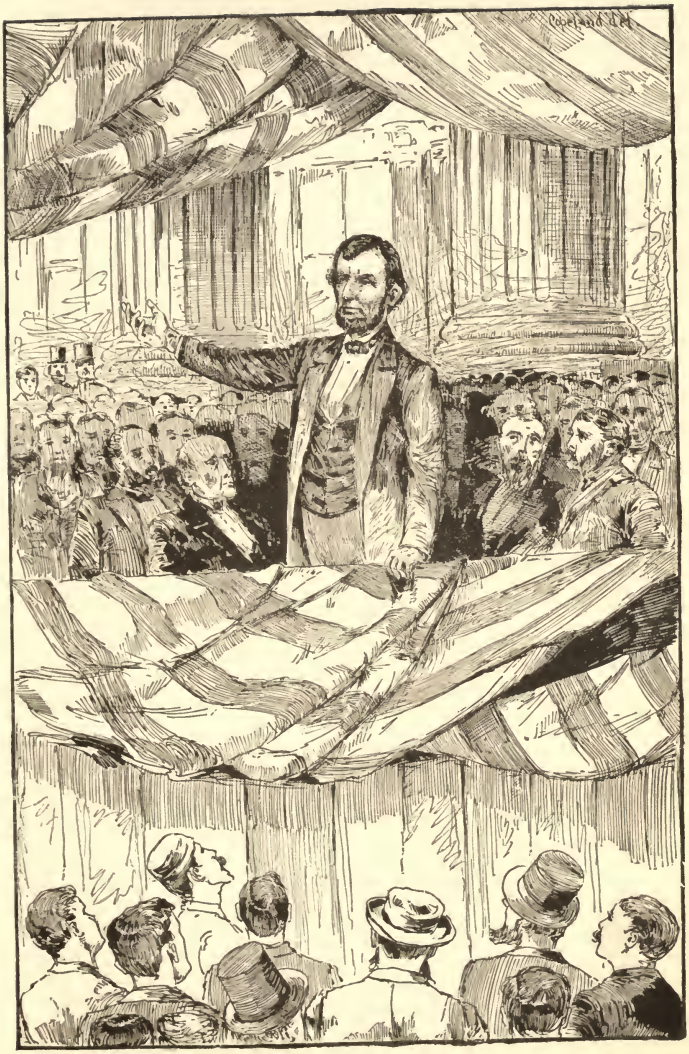
Jeff. Davis and his cabinet left Richmond that evening by a special train for Danville.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### THE END.

IF the people and the soldiers were glad to know that peace had come once more, how thankful must Mr. Lincoln have been! He had aged perceptibly in the past four years. The weight of his responsibility and his constant sympathy with the sufferings of the people had saddened him. By his kindly interest he had endeared himself to every officer and soldier in the army. He had already been at City Point for several days, when the end came. On Monday he and Admiral Porter went up to Richmond together. He was very grave, although very glad; for he thought of the years of sorrow that had had to be endured for this great day. General Weitzel escorted Mr. Lincoln about the city in an open carriage, coming at last to the Confederate Capitol. They walked through its rooms until they reached the cabinet-chamber. Pointing to a seat, General Weitzel said, "Mr. President, this is the chair occupied by President Davis." Another might have rejoiced in an enemy's downfall; but Mr. Lincoln stepped wearily to the vacant seat, and without a word sat down, letting his head fall into his open hands. For a moment not a sound broke the silence, and all present felt that the great statesman and beloved ruler was reviewing the events of the past sad year. He drew a deep sigh at last, and no one witnessed the scene with dry eyes.

The President returned to Washington on the 9th. Two



LINCOLN ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE.

days later, in honor of the recent National victories, the White House was illuminated, and a throng gathered in the grounds, cheering and calling loudly for Mr. Lincoln. "As Mr. Lincoln and a few friends mounted the stairs to the upper part of the house, there was a tremendous din outside, as if roars of laughter were mingling with the music and the cheers. Inside of the house, at one of the windows on the right of the staircase, was old Edward, the conservative and dignified butler of the White House, struggling with Tad, and trying to drag him back from the window, from which he was waving a Confederate flag, captured in some fight, and given to the boy. The crowd recognized Tad, who frantically waved the flag as he fought with Edward, while the people roared with delight. 'The likes of it, Mister Tad,' said the scandalized butler, — 'the likes of a rebel flag out of the windows of the White House! Oh, did I ever!' Edward conquered; and, followed by a parting cheer from the throng below, Tad rushed to his father with his complaints. But the President, just then approaching the centre window overlooking the portico, stood with a beaming face before the vast assembly beneath; and the mighty cheer that arose drowned all other sounds." The President then began his address.

This was Mr. Lincoln's last speech to a devoted people. On the 14th the Washington newspapers announced that General Grant would accompany Mr. Lincoln and his party to Ford's Theatre that evening. Although the President had invited him, General Grant excused himself in order to pay a visit to his children, whom he was in haste to see. So with Mrs. Lincoln, another lady, and Major Rathbone, the President occupied a box in the theatre, which was draped and decorated with the prettiest banner in the world. When the interest in the play was at its height, and every eye was fixed upon the stage, a man stole into the box and shot the President in the head. The assassin was John Wilkes

Booth, an actor, and son of the English actor, Junius Brutus Booth. In the confusion which followed, Booth jumped from the box to the stage, shouting, "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" ("So be it always with tyrants!") But, one of his spurs becoming entangled with a flag, he fell, breaking his leg. He recovered himself, however, and cried loudly, "The South is avenged!" as, brandishing his dagger, he made his escape. Although he did not die until the next morning, Mr. Lincoln was never conscious after the ball entered his brain. They took him to a house opposite the theatre, where his cabinet, and many persons high in the State, kept watch by his bed. Six hours after Mr. Lincoln's death, the oath of the presidential office was privately administered to the Vice-President, Andrew Johnson, by Chief Justice Chase.

Booth's part in the tragedy had not been due to the mere fancy of a madman. It was but one thread in the web that a band of wicked men had woven to catch the chief officers of the government. General Grant was to have shared the fate of the President, but his timely journey saved his life. One who was concerned in the plot succeeded in getting into Secretary Seward's bed-chamber, where he was lying ill, and stabbed the secretary three times with an ugly knife. Mr. Seward was seriously injured, but the would-be murderer got away. To each one of the gang of desperate men, had been allotted a victim to despatch; but only Booth accomplished his purpose. It is little wonder that this crime, following so closely upon the heels of the late Confederate defeat, and taken in connection with Booth's exclamation, "The South is avenged!" should have been charged upon the Confederacy. The new President even offered a reward of one hundred thousand dollars for the arrest of President Davis, believing him to have suggested the plot. Afterwards, when the public mind grew calmer, that idea was abandoned. Booth was hunted like a wild animal. With one other of the

ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.

conspirators, a youth named Harold, he was captured in Virginia. Booth was mortally wounded in the struggle. His companion and two others were speedily hanged.

The body of the martyr President was prepared for burial, and lay in state in Washington until the funeral, where it was visited by throngs of weeping people. It was afterward carried to his home in Springfield, Ill. Countless thousands looked at that beloved face when the procession stopped at all the large towns or cities on the way. After nearly twenty years his memory is as fresh in the hearts of a grateful people as when he paid for their liberty with his life. How inglorious, on the other hand, was the career of the President of the boasted Confederacy! Mr. Davis waited anxiously at Danville for Lee, who never came. Having escaped Grant, he hastened to join Johnston at Greensborough, in the interior of North Carolina. On the very day of Lincoln's assassination, Davis was living in a box-car on the railroad, because nobody offered him hospitality. The armies of Lee and Johnston were not more than a hundred and fifty miles apart at this time; but Sherman and Grant were between, and a junction was impossible. Immediately upon the surrender of Lee, Sherman hastened to execute Grant's orders to "push on and finish the job." As Sherman advanced, Johnston retreated, until on the 13th of April the Union army entered Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina. The next day a message arrived from Johnston, asking if Sherman would suspend operations, that some terms of peace could be arranged. Sherman had in the mean time heard of Grant's success in Virginia, and he answered Johnston that he could surrender on the same terms as Lee. An appointment was then made for a meeting between the two generals.

Sherman in the mean time received the news of the death of the President and the attacks upon the lives of members

of the Cabinet. When he arrived at the meeting-place, the generals shook hands, and passed into a small farm-house not far away. When they were left alone, Sherman showed Johnston the telegram that he received at starting. The rebel general was greatly agitated. "The perspiration came out in large drops on his forehead, and he did not attempt to conceal his distress. "And," adds Sherman, "he denounced the act as a disgrace to the age, and hoped that I did not charge it to the Confederate Government." After much talk, Johnston admitted that to carry on the war further would be "murder," and wished to make terms for all the rebel armies as well as his own. They parted, to meet again the next day at noon. Johnston hastened to Jeff. Davis for advice and instruction. Sherman returned to his headquarters, and told his army of the assassination of the President. On the 18th Sherman and Johnston again met, unfortunately, for much trouble came out of Sherman's efforts to settle terms of peace. Johnston brought General John C. Breckinridge with him. Of course they wished to get all they could for the rebel armies, and Sherman agreed to send on to Washington for definite orders. At the same time he offered to make very liberal terms, a statement of which he forwarded to the President for approval. What a breeze that bit of paper stirred! Since the death of Lincoln was laid at the rebel door, no terms would seem to suit the Union Government or people. Notwithstanding that the Confederacy had fallen, Johnston asked for more than Lee had. Sherman was blamed officially and by the public press. Stanton telegraphed to him a savage message, and followed it up by sending Grant to look after him.

Halleck once more entered upon the scene, and ordered Meade and Sheridan and Wright to North Carolina. Grant declared that this treatment of a man who had done such service as Sherman was "infamous." But after all, on the

26th, Johnston surrendered upon Lee's terms. A month later Kirby E. Smith surrendered to Canby, and all was over.

But poor Jeff. Davis began to feel like the Wandering Jew. A price was put upon his head. He dared rest nowhere, for fear of meeting the fate of traitors. Afraid to risk an interview with Sherman, and not daring to wait for Johnston's surrender, he fled to Charlotte. When he learned that Johnston had made terms with Sherman, he made his way west, hoping to join Kirby Smith in Mississippi. The grand body of cavalry that started with Davis and his cabinet had daily grown smaller, until but a few friends remained. The Confederate chief rode beside the carriage which contained his wife and family. But General James H. Wilson, the only man who ever defeated Forrest, was looking for Mr. Davis. Colonel Hardin, of Wilson's command, found and arrested him near Macon, on the 11th of May. The fallen president was disguised as a woman, wearing a "waterproof cloak gathered at the waist, with a shawl over his head, and carrying a tin pail." Mrs. Davis excused her husband's dress by saying that he wore a "Raglan" cloak, and that she threw a shawl over his head. Davis had in his possession one hundred thousand dollars in gold, belonging to the Confederate Government. He was taken to Fortress Monroe, and there confined as a prisoner-of-state for two years. He was never tried, and was released in December, 1868. Vice-President Alexander H. Stephens was also captured, and confined at Fort Warren in Boston harbor, but, like Davis, was given up without trial. The gold which Davis had in his possession still remains untouched in the National treasury at Washington.

Now began the work of breaking up the Union armies, gathered and drilled and disciplined at such cost. The whole number of men called into service during the war

had been more than two and one half millions. It is estimated that at least three hundred thousand soldiers were lost on either side, and that in both armies those permanently crippled were over four hundred thousand. Before the day came for disbanding, there was a grand military review in Washington, such a review as America had never before dreamed of. It took two whole days for the armies of Meade and Sherman to pass before the President and his party, who sat in a pavilion prepared for them. There was patriotism in the air. Flowers breathed it, bands played it, and flags, torn and blood-stained, gave it to the breeze. The wildest enthusiasm prevailed. And this was the last meeting of the veterans who had well earned their honors. Then came farewells and hand-shakings. The boys in blue went home to the loving embrace of proud and happy friends — heroes forever.

But what of the six hundred thousand, wearing the blue and the gray, who never went back to their homes! To-day, on all the great battle-fields, are national cemeteries where the dead are garnered. No city or town is so poor or unpatriotic as to be without its "soldiers' plot," often marked by a costly monument. From New Orleans to Maine, a day is set apart for decorating soldiers' graves. The 30th of May is chosen at the North as Memorial Day; while a day in the month of April is kept as a sad holiday at the South.

At the unveiling of the Soldiers' Monument in New Orleans, the most beautiful tribute of flowers sent was from the Grand Army of the Republic. The women of Columbus, Miss., strew flowers on the graves of both Federal and Confederate soldiers. Time will efface the scars, as it has already healed the wounds, made by the war of the Rebellion.

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT.

"By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep on the ranks of the dead,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory
In the dusk of eternity meet,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain,—

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done:
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red:
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray."

# INDEX.


A.

African slave-trade, 2.
Alabama, the, 475.
Albatross, the, 385.
Albemarle, the, destroyed, 489.
Alexandria, La., burned, 420.
Alexandria, Va., 67.
Alger, Major Russell, 322.
Amelia Court-House, 521.
Anderson, Confederate general, 485.
Anderson, Robert, at Moultrie, 26.
  at Sumter, 27–40, 510.
  in Kentucky, 125, 129.
Andersonville prison, 496.
Anecdotes:
  A brave telegraph-operator, 259.
  A company's rations, 301.
  A dress trimmed with buttons, 136.
  A novel petticoat, 136.
  A true patriot, 199.
  A victor who did not exult, 530.
  Beauregard's boast fulfilled, 204.
  Birds on a battle-field, 334.
  Boy saves Gosport dry-dock, 56.
  Brownell, 68.
  Butterfield's happy thought, 265.
  "Caliber 54," 376.
  Capture of the Albemarle, 486
  Children at Cumberland Gap, 412.
  Color-sergeant at Missionary Ridge, 409.
  Commander Cummings's reply, 386.
  Commodore Foote's sermon, 177.
  Confederate soldier after battle, 379.
  Contraband's lesson too hard for him, 72.
  Craven at Mobile Bay, 481.
  Cushing's exploit in Cape Fear River, 486.
  Death of Lyon, 242.
Anecdotes, *continued.*
  Death of William Scott, 242.
  Death of Stonewall Jackson, 434.
  "Don't shoot, boys!" 276.
  Drummer-boy at Antietam, 298.
  Dying drummer-boy, 261.
  Farragut's orders at Mobile, 482.
  Foraging for supper, 371.
  Forrest's adventure in Memphis, 417.
  Garfield's ride, 402.
  George Hunt, and the hot shell, 335.
  Georgian troops and the Union gunner, 357.
  "Good-by, Sammy," 297.
  Grant as a cadet, 424.
  Grant's characteristic telegram, 521.
  Grant rides "Old Jack," 497.
  Grant's sword broken by a ball, 211.
  Grierson's raid, 371.
  Hadn't any home, 337.
  Hancock and Stewart, 434.
  Hancock's famous order, 244.
  Hill's dying words, 434.
  Howard looks out for "Yanks," 407.
  Howard's foragers capture a railway, 505.
  How Floyd escaped capture, 180.
  How Stonewall Jackson got his name, 78.
  Jenkins paid in his own coin, 352.
  Jennie Wade, 362.
  "Joe is dead," 234.
  John Burns, 354.
  Johnny Clem, 403.
  Kearney's example of bravery, 244
  Kentucky boy in Pea Ridge hospital, 410.
  Kindness of Confederate soldier. 383.
  Lamb on battle-field, 212.

Anecdotes, *continued.*
Lee and Hill at Petersburg, 519.
Lee goes North for rations, 350.
Lee's farewell to his troops, 526.
Lieutenant Estes and the rebels, 350.
Lincoln introduced to soldiers, 268.
pardons deserters, 267.
and the man down South, 470.
and the birds, 266.
Lincoln's dinner of hard-tack, 442.
whiskers, 267.
Lyon's visit to Camp Jackson, 79.
"Mamma, is God a Union man?" 336.
Major Peyton and his son, 265.
Marching over torpedoes, 469.
Miles's conduct at Harper's Ferry, 293.
Mitchell and rebel orderly, 510.
Mulligan's ammunition, 119.
Negro who admired Sherman's "hoss," 509.
"No sanitary folks allowed inside," 441.
Officer of Sixth Wisconsin wounded at Gettysburg, 354.
Old woman's strange pet, 407.
Orderly-Sergeant Goodfellow, 75.
Pemberton's messenger, 381.
Peter Hart fights fire, 41.
Pickets at Ezra Church, 459.
Porter's balloon-ride, 238.
Promoted by Lincoln, 423.
Reuben Davis's shield, 184.
Robert Hendershott, 305.
Rosecrans' vigilance, 381.
Scott's answer to treason, 71.
wrath, 70.
Scrimmage predicted, 432.
Shall he go below? 385.
Sheridan's charge at Five Forks, 518.
famous telegram, 447.
ride, 448.
way of getting information, 444.
Sherman, William T., asleep by the roadside, 454.
and the bummer, 466.
narrowly escapes capture, 415.
threatens to shoot, 143.
Sherman's thorough work at Meridian, 415.
Sign of a battle, 346.
Soldier's coolness in a storm, 453.
song on the battle-field, 431.
Stuck in the mud, 307.
Anecdotes, *concluded.*
Surrender of Vicksburg, 382.
Tad Lincoln at Fredericksburg, 343.
in the White House, 533.
Telegram misspelled, 307.
Telegraphing from the seat of war, 208.
The Marion passing Sumter, 32.
Then they set fire to the well, 466.
They "couldn't stop to bother with us," 183.
Three friends study geography, 170.
Too sure for safety, 278.
Vegetable wagon captured, 137.
War-eagle's history, 193.
"We can buy our gloves together," 261.
"What is your badge?" 407.
Who is a coward? 208.
William Scott's pardon, 140.
Woman who carried warning to Somerset, 399.
Wounded boy in hospital, 518.
Wounded confederate and General Howard, 258.
Writer of a famous song, 509.
Xenophon's answer, 428.
Yankee who could fix an engine, 58.
Annapolis, 56, 58.
Antislavery society, 6.
Appomattox Court-House, 522, 525.
Army of the Cumberland, 213, 396, 403, 451.
of the Mississippi, 321, 369, 383.
of Northern Virginia, 000.
of the Ohio, 330, 401, 451.
of the Potomac, 228, 245, 437.
of the Tennessee, 451, 903.
Sherman's, 462–474, 505–513.
Arkansas Post, 370.
Ashby Turner killed, 253.
Atlanta, burning of, 465.
siege of, 459.
taken, 465.
the iron-clad, 392.
Averill at Winchester, 442.
Ayer's troops at Five Forks, 518.

B.

Bailey, Joseph, 425.
Baker, Edward D., death of, 148.
Ball's Bluff, battle of, 147.
Baltimore, occupied by Butler, 71.
Union troops mobbed at, 53.
Banks, N. P., attacks Fort Hudson, 384.

Banks, N. P., at Cedar Creek, 272.
at New Orleans, 384.
at Washington, 289.
at Winchester, 253.
succeeded by Canby, 480.
Barlow, General, at Gettysburg, 362.
Barron, S., 161.
Baton Rouge, La., captured, 317.
Battle above the clouds, 408.
Baylor, General, killed, 278.
Beauregard, P. G. T., at Bull Run, 204.
at Charleston, 394.
at Corinth, 200.
at Petersburg, 438.
at Shiloh, 204.
Bee, B. E., General, at Bull Run, 98.
Belle Isle, 495.
Belmont, battle of, 130.
Benton, the, 370.
Bentonville, battle of, 510.
Berry, General Hiram G., killed at Chancellorsville, 347.
Big Bethel, battle of, 75.
Big Tybee Island, 168.
Bill of fare at Vicksburg, 380.
Blair, Frank P., 79, 455.
Blockading, 62, 392, 476, 779, 486.
Blue and Gray, 543.
Body-guard, Frémont's, 114.
Bomb-Shell, the, 486.
Booneville, Miss., battle of, 322.
Boonville, Mo., battle of, 83.
Booth, J. Wilkes, assassinates Mr. Lincoln, 543.
Booth, Major, at Fort Pillow, 416.
Bradford, Major, at Fort Pillow, 416.
Bragg, Braxton, at Chattanooga, 396, 410.
at Chickamauga, 401.
at Murfreesboro', 330.
at Tupelo, 321.
Breckinridge, John C., at Cold Harbor, 436.
at Murfreesboro', 331.
Bridge of sighs, 495.
Brown, John, 9–17.
Brown, Colonel Harvey, 161.
Brownell, 70.
Brownlow, Parson, 134.
Brooklyn, the, 480.
Buchanan, James, 22.
Buchanan, Franklin, in the Tennessee, 485.
Buckner, Simon B., at Fort Donelson, 179.
Buckner, Simon B., sent to Fort Warren, 181.
Buell, Don Carlos, at Corinth, 200.
at Shiloh, 207.
relieved, 328.
in Tennessee, 324.
Bull Run, battle of, 95, 97.
Burns, John, at Gettysburg, 354.
Burnside, Ambrose E., at Antietam, 297.
at Fredericksburg, 306.
at Knoxville, 411.
at Petersburg mine, 439.
at South Mountain, 294.
at Wilderness, 344.
commands Army of the Potomac, 305.
Butler, Benjamin F., at Annapolis, 57.
at Baltimore, 69.
at Fort Fisher, 503.
at Hatteras Inlet, 161.
at Fortress Monroe, 92.
at New Orleans, 220.
at Petersburg, 428.
digs Dutch Gap Canal, 441.

C.

Cabell, General, captured, 421.
Calhoun, John C., 5.
Cameron, Simon, 226.
Camp Butler, 71.
Chase, 498.
Dick Robinson, 124.
Douglas, 498.
Hamilton, 71.
Jackson, 79.
Joe Holt, 124.
Canal, Dutch Gap, 441.
at Island Number Ten, 190.
at Vicksburg, 37, 370.
Canby, E. R. S., 134, 480, 514.
Cape Fear River, 486.
Carnifex Ferry, battle of, 151.
Carondelet, the, 178.
Carrick's Ford, battle of, 88.
Carter, General, killed, 399.
Casey, General, 258.
Cass, Lewis, 26.
Catskill, the, 391.
Cedar Creek, battle of, 447.
Chalmers, General, at Fort Pillow, 417.
Chambersburg, Penn., 443.
Champion Hills, battle of, 374.
Chancellorsville, battle of, 345.
Chantilly, battle of, 281.
Charleston, S.C., 21.
burning of, 509.
naval attack on, 391.

Chase, Salmon P., 490.
Chattanooga, beleaguered, 403.
Chickahominy, battle of, 358.
  Grant's campaign, 436.
  McClellan's campaign, 358.
Chickamauga, battle of, 402.
Christian Commission, 106.
  at Gettysburg, 361.
  work of, 497.
Clem, Johnny, 403.
Cobb, Howell, 25.
Cold Harbor, battle of, 436.
  Sheridan captures, 436.
Columbia, burning of, 506.
Columbia, Miss., women of, 540.
Columbus, Ga., captured, 515.
Collins, Napoleon, 479.
Comfort, Old Point, 72.
Confederacy, army of the, cut in two, 519.
  finances of, 50.
  in 1865, 539.
  uniform of, 66.
Congress, the, 233.
  Confederate, 101.
  Peace, 22.
Conspirators at Camp Douglas, 501.
Constitution, the, 57.
Contraband, 72.
Corinth, battle of, 320.
  Union army at, 318.
Corse, John M., at Allatoona, 461.
  at Rome, Ga., 461.
Cotton-Plant, the, 486.
Cox, J. D., 151.
Crawford, Penn., reserves, 357.
Craven, Captain T. A., at Mobile Bay, 481.
Crittenden, G. B., 172.
Crook, General George, 437.
  at Appomattox, 522.
  at the Opequan, 444.
Cullom, General, 170.
Cumberland, the, 233.
Cummings, Lieutenant-Commander, 386.
Curtis, Samuel R., 117.
  at Pea Ridge, 198.
  resists Price, 421.
Cushing, William B., destroys the Albemarle, 489.
Custer, at Gettysburg, 361.
  at Appomattox, 522.

D.

Dahlgren, John A , 393.
Dahlgren, Ulric, 428.
Davis, C. H., 314.
Davis, Jefferson, 22, 58.
  at Murfreesboro', 331.
  captured, 539.
  flight of, 537.
  leaves for Danville, 519.
  released, 539.
  reward for, 534.
Davis, Jefferson C., at Bentonville, 510.
  at Pea Ridge, 198.
  at Rome, Ga., 454.
DeCourcy, General, 411.
De Peyster, Johnston, 520.
Devens, Colonel, 147.
Dix, John A., 352.
Donelson, Fort, battle of, 180.
Douglas, Stephen A., death of, 76.
Drayton, Percival, at Mobile Bay, 481.
  at Port Royal, 166.
Drayton, T. F., at Port Royal, 166.
Dug Springs, battle of, 108.
Duncan, Captain, 469.
Dupont, S. F., at Charleston, 391.
  at Hilton Head, 166.
Duryea, Colonel, 71.

E.

Eads, J. D., 314.
Early, Jubal, at Chambersburg, 441.
  at the Opequan, 444.
  at Winchester, 448.
  attacks Washington, 442.
  in Shenandoah Valley, 441.
Eastman, Chaplain, 361.
Ellet, A. W., 314.
Ellet, Charles, jun., 314.
Ellsworth, Elmer E., 66, 68.
Emancipation, Proclamation of, 302.
Emancipation Proclamation burned, 497.
Emory, General, at New Orleans, 387.
  at the Opequan, 444.
  at Washington, 442.
Ericsson, John, 230.
Ewell, R. S., attacks Winchester, 351.
  captured, 521.
  in the Wilderness, 430.
  wounded, 276.
Ezra Church, battle of, 459.

F.

Fair Oaks, battle of, 258.
Farragut, David G., at Mobile Bay, 481.

Farragut, David G., at New Orleans, 223.
at Port Hudson, 385.
refuses to be "saved," 482.
Fisher's Hill, battle of, 447.
Fitch, Colonel, at Memphis, 502.
Five Forks, battle of, 518.
Florida, the, 479.
Floyd, John B., 25–28, 150.
at Donelson, 179.
in West Virginia, 151.
Folly Island, 393.
Foote, Andrew H., 173, 177.
at Fort Donelson, 179.
at Fort Henry, 174.
death of, 393.
succeeds Dupont, 393.
Ford, Colonel, cashiered, 293.
Forrest, N. B., at Guntown, 417.
at Murfreesboro', 324.
at Pillow, 416.
at Tupelo, 417.
defeated by Wilson, 513.
in Tennessee, 416.
joins Hood, 462.
raid of, around Grant, 368.
Foster, John G., at Savannah, 505.
Fort Anderson destroyed, 504.
Caswell, 504.
De Russy taken, 418.
Donelson, battle of, 177.
Fisher taken, 503.
Gaines, battle of, 485.
Gregg, battle of, 519.
Henry, battle of, 174.
McAllister captured, 388.
Morgan, battle of, 485.
Moultrie abandoned, 26.
Pickens, 46, 161.
Pillow, abandoned, 317.
massacre of, 416.
Sumter, 26, 32, 40.
bombarded, 394.
Wagner evacuated, 394.
Franklin, battle of, 462.
Franklin, W. B., 257.
assists in Red River expedition, 418.
at Fredericksburg, 306.
at South Mountain, 294.
captured, 442.
Frankfort, Ky., taken, 324.
Fredericksburg, battle of, 306.
Freitchie, Barbara, 286.
Frémont, John C., 113, 119–122.
at Cross Keys, 253.
refuses to serve under Pope, 269.
French princes, 140.
Frost, General, 78.
Fugitive Slave Law, 6, 9.
Fuller, Rev. Arthur B., 305.

G.

Gaines's Mill, battle of, 263.
Gainesville, 263.
Galena, the, 480.
Galveston, 387.
Gardner, Colonel F. K., at Port Hudson, 334.
Garesché, Colonel, 334.
Garfield, James A., 171.
at Chickamauga, 401.
Garland, General, death of, 295.
Garnett, R. S., 87.
Garrison, William Lloyd, 6.
Geary, General, 407.
Geneva award, 480.
Gettysburg, battle of, 357.
Gile, Captain D. H., 458.
Gillmore, Q. A., at Charleston, 393.
in Florida, 422.
Gilmor, Harry, in Maryland, 442.
Gleason, Captain, 112.
Glendale, battle of, 265.
Goldsborough, Louis M., 215.
Goldsboro', Sherman at, 513.
Gordon, General, 522.
Gosport navy-yard, 55, 250.
Granger, Gordon, at Mobile, 402.
Grant, Colonel Fred, 373.
Grant, Ulysses S., 111, 126.
and Sheridan, 443.
at Belmont, 130.
at Chattanooga, 403.
at Corinth, 330.
at Donelson, 178.
at Henry, 174.
at Petersburg, 516.
at Spottsylvania, 434.
captures Jackson, Miss., 373.
conduct of, at Lee's surrender, 529.
letter from, to Lee, 521.
lieutenant-general, 427.
major-general, 387.
on the Chickahominy, 436.
plans for campaign, 429.
receives gold medal, 410.
reply to Lee, 522.
stands by Sherman, 538.
supplies Lee's army with rations, 526.
Greble, John T., 75.
Greirson, Benjamin H., raid of, 371.

Groveton, battle of, 277.

H.

Haines's Bluff, 373.
Halleck, Henry W., 116, 170.
  chief-of-staff, 427.
  general-in-chief, 270.
Hampton, Va., burned, 158.
Hampton, Wade, at Gettysburg, 361.
  in South Carolina, 506.
Hancock, Winfield S., at Fredericksburg, 306.
  at Gettysburg, 354.
  at Spottsylvania, 433.
  at Williamsburg, 246.
  in the Wilderness, 430.
Hanover Court-House, battle of, 255.
Hardee, J. W., at Rocky Face Mountain, 453.
  at Savannah, 469.
  evacuates Charleston, 509.
  joins Beauregard, 510.
Harding, Colonel, at Donelson, 336.
Harney, William S., 86.
Harold, conspirator with Booth, 537.
Harper's Ferry seized, 54.
Harriet Lane, the, 73.
Harris, Rev. Matthew, 510.
Harrison's Landing, 266.
Hart, Peter, 41.
Hartford, the, 385, 481.
Hatch, General, 278.
Hayes, Alexander, killed, 430.
Hazen, W. B., at Murfreesboro', 334.
  at McAllister, 470.
Heintzleman, S. P., 95, 258.
Helena, Ark., attacked, 388.
Hickenlooper, Colonel, 375.
Hicks, Colonel S. G., 416.
Hill, A. P., at Antietam, 296.
  at Gettysburg, 354.
  at Harper's Ferry, 293.
  death of, 519.
  in the Wilderness, 346.
Hill, D. H., 265.
Hilton Head, 166.
Hoge, Mrs., 182.
Hoke, R. F., 485, 504.
Holt, Joseph, 28.
Hood, J. B., at Atlanta, 459.
  at Franklin, 462.
  at Gettysburg, 357.
  at Nashville, 463.
  resigns, 464.
  succeeds Johnston, 456.
Hooker, Joseph E., succeeds to the Army of the Potomac, 341.
  at Antietam, 297.
  at Atlanta, 456.
  at Chattanooga, 404.
  at Fredericksburg, 343.
  at Williamsburg, 246.
  wounded, 297.
Howe, Daniel, 45.
Howard, O. O., at Chancellorsville, 345.
  at Fair Oaks, 260.
  at Gettysburg, 354.
  succeeds McPherson, 458.
  with Sherman's army, 505.
Humphreys, General, at Fredericksburg, 307.
Hunt, George, 335.
Hunter, David, 93, 115.
  in Shenandoah Valley, 443.
  relieves Sigel, 437.
  transferred to the South, 219.
  transferred to the West, 393.

I.

Interview between Grant and Pemberton, 381.
Irish brigade, 110.
Itasca, the, 480.
Iuka, battle of, 329.

J.

Jackson, C. F., 78, 83.
Jackson, Miss., captured, 373.
Jackson, Thomas J. (Stonewall), at Bull Run, 98.
  at Chancellorsville, 345.
  at Fredericksburg, 286.
  at South Mountain, 294.
  at Winchester, 251.
  death of, 346.
  flanks the Union army, 276.
  in the Shenandoah Valley, 262.
Jenkins, A. G., 351.
  killed in the Wilderness, 431.
Johnson, Edward, captured, 434.
Johnston, Albert S., at Corinth, 200.
  death of, 207.
Johnston, Joseph E., at Atlanta, 456.
  at Bentonville, 510.
  at Bull Run, 95, 96.
  at Kenesaw Mountain, 454.
  captured, 464.
  commands army at Vicksburg, 373.

Johnston, Joseph E., in Shenandoah Valley, 89.
relieved, 456.
retreats to Allatoona Pass, 453.
succeeds Bragg, 452.
surrenders, 539.
wounded, 261.
Jouett, Captain, at Mobile, 481.

K.

Kearney, Philip, at Bull Run, 258.
at Chantilly, 281.
death of, 281.
protest of, 269.
Kearsarge, the, 476.
Kelley, Benjamin F., 84.
Kenan, Major Peter, 345.
Kenesaw Mountain, battle of, 455.
Kennebec, the, 480.
Keokuk, the, 392.
Kernstown, battle of, 253, 442.
Keyes, General, 257.
Kilpatrick, Judson, assists Wistar, 427.
destroys Macon Railroad, 459.
escapes from Wade Hampton, 510.
Kilpatrick's raid around Richmond, 427.
"Knights of the Golden Circle," 501.
Knoxville, siege of, 412.

L.

Lackawana, the, 480.
Lady Davis, the, 62.
Laird, John, 475, 479.
Lander, General, death of, 252.
Lawlor, M. K., 375.
Lawrence, Kan., 337.
Lee, Custis, captured, 427.
Lee, Robert E., advances into Maryland, 285.
and Johnston separated, 537.
a prisoner, 526.
asks for terms of surrender, 521.
at Amelia Court-House, 520.
at Antietam, 295.
at Chancellorsville, 343.
at Cold Harbor, 436.
at Gettysburg, 352.
at Spottsylvania, 432.
beleaguered at Petersburg, 516.
captures Fort Steedman, 516.
commands Confederate armies, 261,
Lee, Robert E., commands Confederate forces in Virginia, 150.
defeated at Five Forks, 518.
falls back to Richmond, 437.
in the Wilderness, 431.
on the Rappahannock, 275.
parting from his army, 526.
recrosses the Rapidan, 360.
surrenders, 522.
Lee, S. D., succeeds Polk, 455.
Lee, W. F. H., captured, 351.
Leesburg (Ball's Bluff), 148.
Libby Prison, 495.
Lincoln, Abraham, 18, 33–37.
assassination of, 533.
cabinet of, 38.
calls for volunteers, 47.
inauguration of, 37, 38.
inauguration, second, 516.
last speech, 533.
measures of, toward colored troops, 492.
nominated the second time, 498.
orders blockade, 61.
orders celebration at Sumter, 510.
orders McClellan to advance, 227.
platform of, 498.
Proclamation of Emancipation by, 302.
re-elected, 501.
sets apart a day of thanksgiving, 410.
visits army at Antietam, 302.
visits army at Fredericksburg, 343.
visits army at Harrison's Landing, 266.
visits City Point, 530.
visits Richmond, 530.
Lincoln, Tad, at Fredericksburg, 343.
in the White House, 533.
Little rebel, the, 317.
Logan, John A., 505.
Longstreet, James, at Antietam, 296.
at Chickamauga, 401.
at Gaines's Mill, 263.
at Gettysburg, 357.
at Knoxville, 412.
at Suffolk, Va., 350.
at Williamsburg, 246.
in the Wilderness, 430.
Lookout Mountain, 408.
Louisiana, the, 503.
Lovell, Mansfield, 224.
Lowe, Professor, 92.
Lyon, Nathaniel, 79, 83.
at Dug Springs, 108.

Lyon, Nathaniel, at Wilson's Creek, 110.
Lytle, William H., at Chickamauga, 401.
at Perryville, 328.

M.

Macon, Ga , 515.
Maffit, John H., 479.
Magoffin, Governor, 124.
Magruder, J. B., at Hampton, 158.
at Yorktown, 241.
in "seven-days' battles," 264.
Malvern Hills, battle of, 266.
Manassas evacuated, 228.
second battle of, 276.
Mansfield, General, death of, 297.
Marion, the, 32.
Marks, Chaplain, 264.
Marmaduke, General, captured, 421.
Marshall, Humphrey, 171.
Mason, James M., 6, 163.
McCall, General, 263.
McClellan, George B., 84, 88.
at Antietam, 295.
at South Mountain, 294.
before Yorktown, 241.
divides his army, 228.
general-in-chief, 158.
nominated for President, 498.
on the Chickahominy, 262.
on the Peninsula, 257.
platform of, 498.
relieved, 229.
relieved at Antietam, 302.
retreats to Harrison's Landing, 266.
McClernand, John A., at Donelson, 179.
at Henry, 174.
at Vicksburg, 374.
receives appointment to command river troops, 368.
McCook, A. D., 333.
McCook, Daniel, 399, 455.
McCulloch, Ben, 108, 123.
McDowell, Irwin, 88.
Army of Potomac, under, 95.
at Bull Run, 98.
in the Shenandoah Valley, 255.
marching-orders of, 96.
under Pope, 272.
McLaws, 290.
McLean, Wilmer, 522.
McPherson, James B., at Atlanta, 458.
at Champion Hills, 374.
McPherson, James B., at Vicksburg, 382.
brigadier-general in regular army, 387.
commands Army of the Tennessee, 451.
death of, 458.
Meade, George G., at Culpeper Court-House, 363.
at Fredericksburg, 349.
at Gettysburg, 354.
commands Army of Potomac, 352.
seizes Weldon Railroad, 440.
Mechanicsville, battle of, 263.
Memorial Day, 540.
Memphis occupied, 317.
Merrimac, the, 229.
Metacomet, the, 480.
Miles, Colonel D. H., 93, 98.
death of, 293.
Milledgeville, Ga., occupied, 466.
Millen prison, 466.
Milliken's Bend, 388.
Milroy, 252, 351.
Minnesota, the, 234.
Missionary Ridge, battle of, 409.
Mitchel, O. M., death of, 388.
seizes Huntsville, Ala , 309.
transferred to the Department of the South, 388.
Mobile Bay, battle of, 481.
Mobile City falls, 514.
Monitor, the, 230, 391.
Monongahela, the, 480.
Montauk, the, 391.
Montgomery, Ala , 22, 515.
Morgan, John H., death of, 421.
marriage of, 332.
raid of, in Kentucky, 399.
raid of, in Ohio, 324.
Mower, General, 505.
Mulligan, James A., at Lexington, 110, 113.
death of, 442.
Mumfordsville, battle of, 327.
Murfreesboro', battle of, 333.
Murphy, Colonel R. C., 329, 368.

N.

Nahant, the, 392.
Nantucket, the, 391.
Nashville, battle of, 463.
Nashville, the, destroyed, 391.
Natchez, Miss., occupied, 317.

Negley, General, defends Nashville, 331.
Newberne, 219.
New Hope Church, battle of, 454.
New Ironsides, 391.
New Orleans, capture of, 224.
Newport News, 71.
Nichols, the telegraph-operator, 259.
Norfolk evacuated, 250.
Northern Virginia, Army of, 526.

O.

Octorara, the, 480.
"Old Abe," war eagle, 383.
Oneida, the, 480.
Opequan River, battle of, 444.
Ord, E. O. C., 522.
Oreto, the, 479.
Osterhaus, P. J., 465.

P.

Page (Confederate), General, at Fort Morgan, 485.
Parke, John G., relieves Burnside, 440.
Passaic, the, 391.
Patterson, Robert, 89, 102.
Paulding, Hiram, 55.
Peace Democrats, 498.
Pea Ridge, battle of, 198.
Peck, J. J., at Suffolk, Va., 350.
Pegram, Colonel, 88.
Pemberton, John C., 331.
  at Vicksburg, 369.
  surrenders, 382.
Pepper, Nathaniel, 400.
Pensacola, Fla., 162.
Perryville, battle of, 328.
Petersburg assaulted, 439.
  attacked, 438.
  mine at, 440.
Petrel, the, 62.
Pettigrew, General, at Gettysburg, 358.
Phelps, Colonel I. W., at Newport News, 71.
Phelps, Lieutenant, Commander, 177.
Philippi, battle of, 84.
Pickens, Governor, 32, 39.
Pickett at Gettysburg, 358.
Pierce, E. W., 71.
Pike, Albert, 197.
Pillow, General, 179.
Pittsburg Landing (Shiloh), battle of, 204.
Pleasant Hill, battle of, 344.
Pleasanton attacks Stuart, 351.
Polk, Bishop Leonidas, 126–129.
  at Belmont, 130.
  at Chickamauga, 402.
  at Murfreesboro', 332.
  death of, 455.
Pope, John, 123.
  at Chantilly, 282.
  at Washington, 270.
  captures Island Number Ten, 194.
  captures New Madrid, 193.
  transferred to the West, 282.
Port Gibson, battle of, 372.
Port Hudson, battle of, 386.
Port Royal, 164–166.
Porter, David D., at Fort Fisher, 504.
  at New Orleans, 223.
  at Vicksburg, 370, 372.
  in Red River expedition, 418, 420.
Porter, Fitz-John, at Hanover Court-House, 257.
  dismissed from service, 278.
  on the Peninsula, 238, 247.
Potomac, Army of the, organized, 95.
Prentiss, B. M., 204.
  defends Helena, Ark., 388.
Price, Sterling, 80, 83, 117.
  at Lexington, 110, 113.
  at Wilson's Creek, 109.
  raid of, into Kansas, 421.
  seizes Iuka, 329.
Prices in the South, 492.
Putnam, Lieutenant, 149.

Q.

Quantrel, Colonel, in Kansas and Missouri, 337.

R.

Ransom, T. E. G., death of, 464.
Rathbone, H. R., 533.
Raymond, battle of, 373.
Raymond, Henry J., 307.
Red River blockaded, 386.
  expedition, 418.
Reno, Jesse L., at Chantilly, 281.
  death of, 295.
Review of Union armies, 540.
Reward offered for slave, 460.
Reynolds, George, receives a gold medal, 458.
Reynolds, John F., death of, 354.

Reynolds, Joseph J., 152.
Rhind, A. C., 503.
Rich Mountain, battle of, 87.
Richmond, fall of, 520.
Richmond, the, 385.
  at Mobile Bay, 480.
Riots in New York, 338.
Roanoke Island, 215.
Rodgers, John, captures the Atlanta, 392.
Rosecrans, William S., 151.
  at Chattanooga, 400.
  at Chickamauga, 401.
  at Corinth, 329.
  at Murfreesboro', 333.
  follows Bragg, 456.
  in West Virginia, 152.
  succeeds Buell, 330.
Rousseau's raid in Alabama, 456.
Ruffin, Edmund, 40.

S.

Sabine Cross-roads, battle of, 419.
Sanborn, General, routs Price, 421.
Sanitary Commission, 102, 497.
  fair at Chicago, 497.
Santa Rosa Island, 161.
San Jacinto, the, 163.
Savannah, the, 6.
Savannah evacuated, 473.
St. Louis, disturbances in, 79.
Schenck, Robert E., 88.
  wounded at Manassas, 278.
Schofield, John M., at Franklin, 462.
  at Goldsboro', 513.
  at Nashville, 464.
  commands Department of North Carolina, 504.
  in Atlanta campaign, 451.
Scott, William, 140, 244.
Scott, Winfield, 48, 71, 149.
Secession, Act of, 22.
Sedgwick, John, at Fredericksburg, 349.
  killed at Spottsylvania, 433.
  on the Chickahominy, 258.
Selma, the, 482.
Semmes, Raphael, captured, 521.
  in the Alabama, 475.
Seven Pines, battle of, 257.
Seward, William H., 38.
Seymour, Freeman, at Fort Wagner, 393.
Seymour, Freeman, captured, 431.
  defeated in Florida, 422.
Shackleford, General, 411.
Shaler, General, captured, 431.
Shaw, Robert G., killed at Fort Wagner, 393.
Shenandoah Valley laid waste, 447.
Sheridan, Philip H., and Miss Wright, 444.
  and Stuart, 435.
  at Appomattox, 522.
  at Booneville, Miss., 321.
  at Chickamauga, 402.
  at Cold Harbor, 436.
  at Five Forks, 518.
  at Missionary Ridge, 409.
  at Murfreesboro', 333.
  at Petersburg, 516.
  at Winchester, 448.
  in Shenandoah Valley, 447.
  pursues Lee, 521.
Sherman, Colonel Frank, 456.
Sherman, T. W., at Hilton Head, 165.
Sherman, William T., at Atlanta, 460.
  at Bull Run, 97.
  at Chattanooga, 403.
  at Chickasaw Bluffs, 368.
  at Columbia, 509.
  at Knoxville, 412.
  at Memphis, 367.
  at Meridian campaign, 415.
  at Raleigh, 537.
  at Savannah, 473.
  at Shiloh, 204.
  at St. Louis, 170.
  at Vicksburg, 376.
  censured, 538.
  closes in around Atlanta, 459.
  enters Goldsboro', 513.
  in Kentucky, 129.
  offers terms to Johnston, 537.
  signal from, to Corse, 461.
  telegram to Lincoln, 473.
  visits Lincoln at City Point, 513.
Shields, General, succeeds Lander 252.
Shiloh, battle of, 207.
Sickles, Daniel, at Gettysburg, 357.
Sibley, H. H., 133.
Sigel, Franz, at Carthage, 104.
  at St. Louis, 80.
  at Wilson's Creek, 113.
  under Pope, 269.
Slemmer, Adam, 46.
Slidell, John, 163.
Slocum, H. W., at Bentonville, 510.
  succeeds Hooker, 458.
Smith, A. J., at Tupelo, 417.

Smith, A. J., joins Thomas, 463.
Smith, C. F., and Grant, 200.
at Donelson, 179.
at Fort Henry, 174.
Smith, E. Kirby, at Bull Run, 98.
in Kentucky, 324.
succeeds Canby, 539.
Smith, W. F., at Petersburg, 438.
Soldiers' monuments, 540.
Spottsylvania, battle of, 433.
Springfield, Mo., 120.
Stanley, D. S., 336, 463.
Stanton, Edwin M., 226.
Star of the West, the, 31.
"Starvation Club" in Richmond, 492.
Steedman, at Chickamauga, 402.
at Nashville, 463.
Steele, F., in Arkansas, 420, 458.
at Mobile, 514.
Steward, George H., captured, 434.
Stevens, Alexander H., 22.
captured and released, 539.
Stone, C. P., at Ball's Bluff, 147.
Stone fleet, 169.
Stoneman, George, captures Salisbury, N.C., 514.
raid of, around Atlanta, 459.
raid of, behind Lee, 349.
Stonewall, the, 479.
Streight, A. D., captured, 336.
escapes, 427.
Stringham, Silas H., 158.
Strong, George C., 391.
Strong, William E., 382, 458.
Stuart, J. E. B., at Catlett's Station, 275.
at Chambersburg, 302.
at Chancellorsville, 348.
at Culpeper Court-House, 351.
death of, 435.
Sturgis, General, at Guntown, 417.
at Wilson's Creek, 109.
Sumner, E. V., at Antietam, 297.
at Fair Oaks, 258.
at Fredericksburg, 306.
death of, 341.
transferred to the West, 341.
Sumter, attack on, 40.
bombardment of, 392.
removal to, 26.
surrender of, 42.
Swamp Angel, the, 394.
Swayne, Wager, 505.
Sweet, B. J., at Camp Douglas, 501.

T.

Tatnell, Josiah, 166.
Taylor, Dick, 387, 464.
Tecumseh, the, 481.
Tennessee, the, 482.
Terry, Alfred H., captures Fort Fisher, 504.
Thomas, George H., 172.
at Chattanooga, 451.
at Chickamauga, 401.
in Kentucky, 328.
in Murfreesboro', 333.
in Nashville, 463.
succeeds Rosecrans, 403.
Thompson, Secretary, 26, 31.
Thompson, Jack, scout, 458.
Thompson, Jeff., 130.
Tigress, the, 371.
Tilghman, Lloyd, at Fort Henry, 174.
Toucey, Secretary, 25.
Tower, General, at Manassas, 278.
Trent, the, 163.
Turner's Gap, battle of, 294.
Twiggs, General, 46.
Tyler, E. B., 93–95.
Tyler, John, country house, 73.

U.

Union flag, 66.

V.

Van Dorn, at Corinth, 330.
at Holly Springs, 367.
at Iuka, 329.
relieved, 331.
Verses found on a battle-field, 491.
Vicksburg bombarded, 317.
siege of, 379.
surrenders, 382.
Vienna, 88.
Virginia secedes, 54.

W.

Wabash, the, 165.
Wachusett, the, 479.
Wade, Jennie, 362.
Wadsworth, death of, 430.
Wagner, Fort, bombarded, 393.
Walke, Captain, 130, 178.
Walker, General, at Milliken's Bend, 388.
Wallace, W. H. L., at Shiloh, 207.
Wallace, Lewis, at Donelson, 178.
at Henry, 174.

Wallace, Lewis, at Shiloh, 207.
defends Cincinnati, 324.
Warren, G. K., in the Wilderness, 430.
Washington attacked by Early, 449.
threatened, 52.
Weehawken, 391, 394.
Weitzel, Godfrey, at Fort Fisher, 502.
enters Richmond, 520.
Welles, Gideon, 38.
Wessells, Henry W., at Plymouth, 485.
West Virginia, 84.
White House, Va., 257.
White, Julius, succeeds Miles, 293.
Whiting, General, captured, 504.
Wigfall, 41.
Wilderness, the, 503.
Wilder, T. J., at Mumfordsville, 327.
Wilkes, Charles, 163.
Williams, A. S., 370.
death of, 318.
Williamsburg, battle of, 246.
Winslow, Captain John E., 476.
Wilson, James H., captures Davis, 539.
defeats Forrest, 515.
Wilson's Creek, battle of, 106.
Winder, John H., 496.
Winthrop, Major Theodore, 71, 75.
Wirz, Henry, 496.
Wise, Henry A., 152.
Wistar, General, 427.
Wright, Miss Rebecca, 444.
Wright, Horatio G., at Cedar Creek, 448.
succeeds Sedgwick, 433.
Women of Gettysburg, 357.
of the South, 492.
Wool, John E., 158.
Worden, John L., 237.
destroys the Nashville, 388.

Y.

Yorktown, siege of, 241.

Z.

Zacharias, Rev. Dr., 289.
Zagonyi, Major, 120.
Zollicoffer, General, 130.
Zouaves, 66, 161.

Mrs. E. King

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
EDUCATION–PSYCHOLOGY
LIBRARY
This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

JUL 9 1969
JUL 3 RECD -11 AM

LD 21A–30*m*-6,'67
(H2472s10)476

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

YB 30375